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George Wrong
from Clement L. Burrows.

Bournemouth

Sept. 13. 1913.



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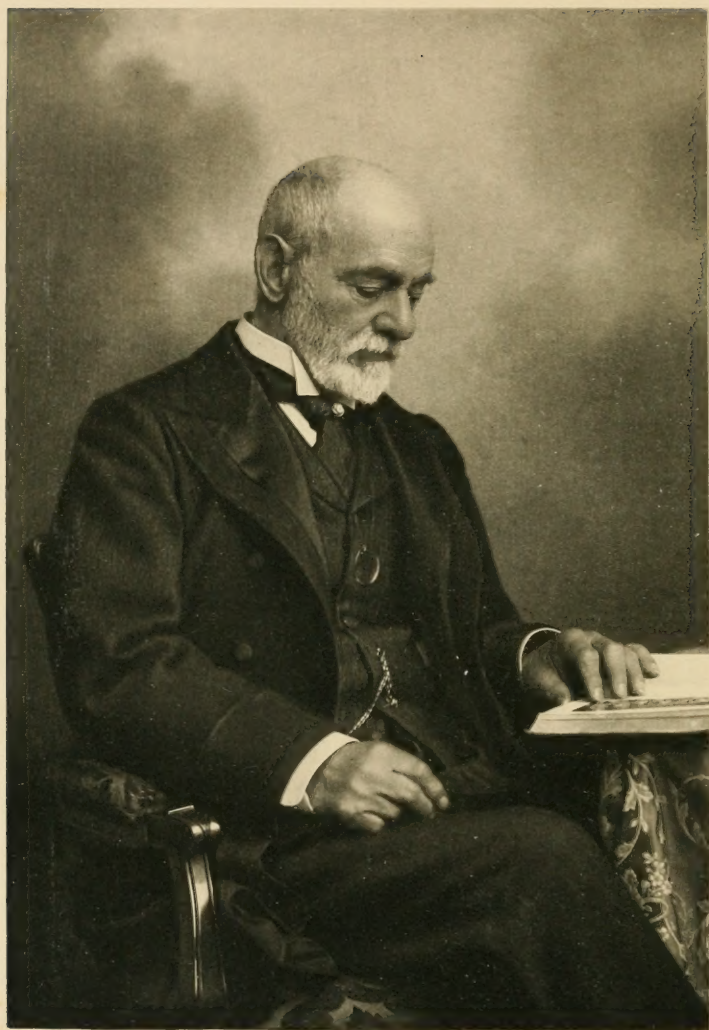
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MONTAGU BURROWS



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Montagu Burrows
Aged 84

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
MONTAGU BURROWS

CAPTAIN R.N.

CHICHELE PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY
FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE
OFFICIER DE L'INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE

EDITED BY HIS SON
STEPHEN MONTAGU BURROWS

WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE BY
PROFESSOR OMAN

" One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO.

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INTRODUCTION

WHETHER the autobiography of Montagu Burrows is of sufficient general interest to be published, is a question that can be settled only by the verdict of that jury against whom there is no appeal—the public. And, no doubt, considering the growing flood of biographical literature that is poured forth year by year, it becomes more and more difficult to decide what is of purely personal and what of public importance. But it is not impossible that the description of naval life at the very beginning of the Victorian era, which this memoir contains, may prove to be of interest to the general, and more particularly to the naval, reader, although it is true that the picture is drawn on a different scheme and in different colours from those of Smollett and Marryat. The descriptions, in fact, are incidental; the main object in view will sufficiently appear from a perusal of the narrative. The duty of the editor at least is clear—to let the author speak for himself as fully as possible, and to confine his own additions and elucidations to as small a compass as is consistent with clearness. But if the life story is to be complete, it is necessary to go into origins a little more fully than is done in the autobiography. Some men of genius appear to have no origins; nothing, that is, in the history of their ancestors or their early environment which can throw any real light on their phenomenal development. Other men who, though not accredited with genius, have nevertheless done a remarkable work in the world, seem to have been influenced throughout

their lives by ancestral example and early training. Montagu Burrows belonged to the latter category, and has made it the more easy to trace the influences that went to form his character and career, inasmuch as he was the historian of his own family, and printed for private circulation a very remarkable collection of all the facts concerning it which his energetic research was able to discover ; and of that "History" the following Introduction is a very brief *résumé*.

The first definite mention of the family of Burrows occurs in the Parish Register of Thame Church, in the year 1660. George Burrows is there described as "Marchant," with the distinctive prefix of "Mr.," and marries by licence, a rare exception during the first hundred and fifty years of the register ; but where he came from and who he was, there is practically nothing to show. It is the date of the Restoration, the date of a general resettlement after twenty years of anarchy ; just the time when a family, which had left one place for some reason connected with the universal struggle, would migrate to another. There is sufficient proof for a modern peerage that the family was a branch of the great De Burgh clan, which sprang from the celebrated Hubert, and the De Burgh arms were certainly borne on plate by the family as far back as the reign of George II. ; but the point is hardly worth pressing.

The original George Burrows left a reasonable fortune by his will ; and his descendants carried on his business (which was apparently trade in wool) for about 100 years, partly in Thame and partly in London. One of them, in the fourth generation from George, is of importance enough to become High Sheriff of Bucks in 1745, a somewhat critical year for those in authority. Some faint light is thrown upon him by his will, and by a diary kept by his nephew. By his will, among many other bequests, he leaves to his friend Thomas Hill, "all my laced waistcoats, and also a light-coloured waistcoat that was laced when I was Sheriff of the County of Bucks, and likewise the lace that was on it, and is now taken off . . . and to my nephew John Burrows my gold

watch, my gold-headed cane, and scarlet roqueleau.”¹ His nephew says of him in 1758, “I spent three days with my uncle, who is declining very fast (he was then over eighty, but lived to eighty-six), yet no prayers or entreaties can prevail upon him to make use of the one means left to establish his health, viz. exercise ; and he says in his emphatic way, ‘that to tell me of walking, to advise me to ride, is only singing psalms to a horse.’” Further on in the diary he compares the patriotism of an Irish acquaintance to his uncle’s partiality to the county of Bucks : “He will be just such a man as Giles when he is sixty ; what Giles thought of the county of Bucks, Dick thinks of poor Ireland ; willing to own it is aggrieved and oppressed, but cannot bear you to think there is any one thing, eatable, drinkable or wearable, better, or even to compare with Ireland.”

About the middle of the eighteenth century the business connexion with Thame was closed, though the possession of the ancestral lands at Sydenham and Long Crendon continued to form (and still forms) a connexion with the neighbourhood ; and we find the fifth generation, consisting of a brother, John, and three sisters, settled in London with a fortune of some £70,000 between them, left by their father. It is with them that the real interest of the story begins, though it is not easy to account for the undoubted fact that from a very early age they are found mixing freely, and on equal terms, with the best literary society of the metropolis. The historian of the family makes an interesting suggestion, that “it was the literary culture of the brilliant ‘age of Anne,’ the sudden growth and uprearing of Great Britain among the nations, the setting free of British energy

¹The red cloak or roquelaure was the correct dress of a gentleman at that period. When the Excise Bill mob tried to murder Sir Robert Walpole, as he was coming out of the House of Commons, they seized his red cloak in order to get him down, but fortunately the strings broke. (*Lord Hervey’s Memoirs*, i. 202.)

Roquelaure, a short cloak, named after the duke of Roquelaure (about 1715). (*Skeat’s Dictionary*.)

and adventure effected by the Revolution, which tended to elevate, along with the general progress, all families which had secured a place from whence to move forward." Certain it is that when John, after three years at Oxford, is called to the Bar, and finally settles in London, he and his sisters become the intimate friends of Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, Hannah More, and the rest of that distinguished company of Bas Bleus whose lives and opinions have been so copiously illustrated of recent years. This can be abundantly proved from contemporary letters from the learned ladies themselves. Mrs. Chapone, writing to the erudite Mrs. Carter from Canterbury, says: "I have spent a pleasant race-week, which I little expected, but the three Miss Burrows, and a Miss Smith¹ who is with them, came over from Margate for that week, and their company made the assemblies very agreeable to me, which would otherwise have been insufferably dull. My esteem for them increases with my intimacy, and in spite of the caution and suspicion you and Mr. C. have taught me, I am inclined to love and approve them more than is quite consistent with my new system." And in a later letter to the same correspondent, expressing her dislike of winter, she says: "I set all my affections on spring, which comes decked with snowdrops, and Carters, and Burrowses, and such-like white and lovely virgins."

So much for the sisters. That their brother, though quite unknown to public fame, was remarkable beyond the ordinary, and held his own in the most cultured circles, is abundantly clear both from his diary and common-place book, and from the side-lights thrown upon his character and career by the research of Montagu Burrows. He is well read in the classics, the best French authors, English poetry, and philosophy. He transcribes original letters from Dryden and Congreve. At the Bar his friends are Wedderburn and Dunning, who afterwards ranked among the greatest lawyers of the day. He makes tours in Cornwall and Ireland, and writes excellent accounts of them, showing a love of nature

¹ She afterwards married their brother.

and scenery, and a knowledge of art and landscape gardening, which were decidedly rare in those days. He is keenly alive to the shortcomings of the "regular clergy" he comes across, and to the growing power of Methodism. In 1757 he writes: "If pride and ambition were the prevailing vices of the clergy before the Reformation, unaccountable and shameful sloth is their characteristic now; for if the vulgar in all ages are superstitious, what should hinder the regular clergy from ingratiating themselves with the lower class of people as much as any Methodist Reformer of the age?" Meeting Wesley this same year he says: "I found Mr. Wesley the exact figure of what I had painted in my own imagination for Mahomet, Sabatai Sevi,¹ Lilburne, etc.—an unusual primitive dress, a long, lean, lank visage, a submissive downcast look, with a steadiness and perseverance that nothing can shake, a ready tongue, a busy imagination, and unintelligible language. I am not at all surprised at the number of his followers."

He eventually gives up the Bar, and in 1760 is ordained, and accepts, among other duties, that of morning preacher at St. Anne's, Soho, then a fashionable neighbourhood; and of his style of preaching some judgment may be formed from the description of a very competent critic. Mrs. Chapone, writing to Mrs. Carter in 1761, says: "I am glad that you love my Burrowses, who are, indeed, some of the most valuable persons I have ever known. I wish you were to hear Mr. Burrows preach. There is a simplicity and an earnestness in his manner more affecting than anything I ever heard from the pulpit. His matter is not less admirable than his manner: both seem to speak the true spirit of Christianity."²

The transference of the family to Hadley, and his marriage into a Hadley family³ began a connexion with that place

¹ The celebrated Jewish enthusiast, who claimed to be a prophet, if not the Messiah.

² *Posthumous Works of Mrs. Chapone*, 1804.

³ He married Maria Smith (see p. x), sister of Sir Culling Smith, Bart., of Hadley.

which lasted for a hundred years, and had some influence on the early years of Montagu Burrows. After the fashion of the times John Burrows soon becomes a pluralist, and acquires at least two livings and the lectureship at the fashionable Berkeley Chapel. His close connexion with the Bas Bleus wins for him the warm friendship of their well-known leader, Mrs. Montagu, whose name was, in consequence, handed down as a Christian name in the family. When her husband died in 1775, he becomes her chief adviser, and he takes her son into his house to be brought up with his own. A most interesting series of letters between them survives in the family archives, and deserves publication; and in his commonplace book he gives remarkable transcripts of "Conversations at Mrs. Montagu's," between "Hermes Harris," his son the ambassador, Dr. Wharton, Soame Jenyns, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, and himself, and other *dramatis personae*. They are anterior to Hannah More's well-known descriptions of the same society, and show its very origin. In fact, it may be questioned whether such vivid pictures of the manners and opinions of this famous salon, by so competent and privileged an artist, are to be found elsewhere.

His friend, the Earl of Exeter, presents him to the living of St. Clement Dane's, and he pays a visit to Burleigh Hall to express his thanks, where he "saw the old English nobility, as held forth in modern times, with all possible splendour, and a magnificence more than royal; a large college for a house, a chapel which would contain a thousand people, a porter with his silver staff, and a silver receiver at the sideboard in which a child of five years old might swim; two magnificent gold dressing tables; and every circumstance of servants, horses, equipages, etc., answering to this." It was at St. Clement Dane's that Dr. Johnson and Boswell listened to a sermon of his on Good Friday, 1779, and discussed it on the way home. It may perhaps be permitted to transcribe the passage¹: "On Friday, April 2, being Good Friday, I visited him in the

¹ *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, Macmillan & Co., 1900, vol. iii. p. 66.

morning as usual, and finding that we insensibly fell into a train of ridicule upon the foibles of one of our friends, a very worthy man, I, by way of a check, quoted some good admonition from 'The Government of the Tongue,' that very pious book. It happened also, remarkably enough, that the subject of the sermon preached to us to-day by Dr. Burrows, the rector of St. Clement Dane's, was the certainty that at the last day we must give an account of the 'deeds done in the body'; and among various acts of culpability he mentioned evil speaking. As we were moving slowly along in the crowd from church, Johnson jogged my elbow and said, 'Did you attend to the sermon?'—'Yes, sir,' said I, 'it was very applicable to *us*.' He however stood upon the defensive. 'Why, sir, the sense of ridicule is given to us, and may be lawfully used. The author of "The Government of the Tongue" would have us treat all men alike.'

His Diary is full of character-sketches and studies of the very wide circle of society in which he moved, and of literary curiosities, but there is no space here for the letter in which Mrs. Collier (a Bas Bleu) insists that he is the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and "Goldsmith" his *nom-de-plume*; or for Mrs. Chapone's delightful description of him after the manner of Ossian; or for the sonnets and *jeux d'esprit* she poured out upon him; or for the poet Cowper's description of him to Lady Hesketh¹ in his most characteristic style. If it be thought that too much space has been given to him already, the excuse must be that with him and his sisters commences the literary genealogy of the family. He died in 1786, at the early age of 54, leaving several children, of whom we need only concern ourselves with the daughter, Fanny, and the fifth son, Montagu. But a further word must be said as to his last surviving sister, Amy, who lived till 1811. She acted as mother to her brother's orphan family, and passed on, more particularly to her niece Fanny, a great deal of the learning and accomplishments which had qualified her for the intimate friendship of the Bas Bleus. It will appear from the Auto-

¹ See Bohn's *Cowper's Works*, by Southey, vol. iii. p. 301.

biography how this mental training again reacted on Montagu Burrows, and contributed towards his Oxford career. There is an excellent portrait, in her old age, of this venerable lady, in the great mob cap of the period. It is a serious, thoughtful, powerful face, with a strong touch of gentleness in the eyes. It was to her home that Mrs. Chapone came to pass the last years of her life, and there she died. "To this family," says the Editor of Mrs. Chapone's *Posthumous Works*, "she was indebted for some of the brightest hours of her prosperity, and on them she almost wholly reposed for comfort and kind alleviation in those of sorrow and distress which afterwards awaited her."

Her niece, Frances, was her constant companion; and her virile intellect responded admirably to the training which her aunt was able to give her, more particularly in Greek and Latin. This training she again was enabled to impart to the writer of this Autobiography when he came for a time under her charge; and to it he owed with gratitude that he owed the interest in literature which survived the rough experiences of a naval life, and eventually turned his steps towards an Oxford career. No doubt she bore traces of the rather alarmingly learned society in which she had been brought up. At least so it struck the sprightly authoress of "Evelina," who had just made her *début* as the spoilt darling of the literary world. She finds herself at Mrs. Chapone's, with the Mulsos, Pepyses, and Burrowses, all much older than herself, and pronounces it "rather humdrum. I cannot bring myself to be well enough acquainted with this set to try enlivening it, because I cannot help being half afraid of them: otherwise a little rattling would prodigiously mend matters, and though they might stare a little, I am sure they would like it."¹

Montagu Burrows has left a vivid sketch of her: "When we knew her, she was stout, active, and commanding; she worked hard and long in her garden, and strode about the village and neighbourhood, or superintended our games of

¹ *Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs*, ii. 222.

cricket, with the utmost vigour. Nothing annoyed her more than to see us miss a catch, or let a ball pass us at long stop; and if ever any woman wished to be a man on such occasions, it was she. How well we remember the pains she took to teach us accuracy in taking messages! We had to repeat over to her the dozen or more of them with which she would load us for her friends, rich and poor, before we set out; and if any mistake were made we had to go again. Her habits were extremely early: she exacted some six or seven hours' work a day from me, but two or three of these were got over before breakfast—lessons being often said to her in the garden as early as 6 a.m. in the summer." And again, later in life: "It was like a pilgrimage to the haunt of some old Jewish prophetess to visit her delightful cottage, of which we knew every inch, and to gather up her thoughts in her old age, to hear her ardent devotions, to listen to the well-remembered tone in which she read the Bible, or to hear one more reading of Shakespeare, in which she greatly excelled, as might be expected from one who had often seen Mrs. Siddons act, and learnt what Shakespeare meant from Mrs. Montagu."

Her brother Montagu (the father of Montagu Burrows) entered the army early, and served with the 14th Regiment throughout his career, eventually commanding it. He rose to the rank of Major-General, but was eminently unfortunate in the matter of "seeing service," as, through no fault of his own, his battalion invariably missed the many chances of distinction that other regiments profited by at that exciting time.¹ It was detained at Malta during the last years of the Peninsular War in spite of his unremitting efforts to get it moved to

¹ A curious reason was currently given at the time for the detention of the Fourteenth at Malta. Sir Henry Calvert was Colonel of the regiment, and, being Military Secretary to the Commander-in-chief, had it in his power to dispose of different regiments very much as he pleased. The Colonels derived their emoluments in those days chiefly from the profits they could make on the clothing of their regiment. This was naturally far

the scene of action ; and it was during this period that he met and married Mary Anne Larcom, the daughter of the Commissioner of Malta, Captain Joseph Larcom, R.N. Thus began a connexion with a distinguished group of naval officers which had no small influence on the writer of this autobiography. Joseph Larcom, his brother Thomas, and his brothers-in-law, Admirals Hollis and M'Kinley, were all of them excellent specimens of the best type of officer that our Navy turned out in those critical and hard-fighting times. No less than three out of the four fought under Lord Howe on the glorious First of June ; Thomas Larcom as First Lieutenant of Lord Howe's flagship, and Joseph as First Lieutenant of the Thunderer ; and both of these were promoted after the battle. In Barrow's *Life of Howe*, the story of Thomas Larcom's promotion is dramatically described : "Shortly after the return of the Charlotte to Portsmouth, Lord Howe sent for the First Lieutenant, Larcom, whom he thus addressed : 'Mr. Larcom, your conduct in the action has been such that it is necessary you should leave this ship.' Larcom, who was as brave as his admiral, a good officer and seaman, was thunderstruck, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed : 'Good God, my lord, what have I done ? why am I to leave this ship ? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power !' 'Very true, Sir,' said Lord Howe, 'but leave this ship you must ; and I have great pleasure in presenting you with this commission as Commander, for your conduct on the late occasion.'" It is further clear from Codrington's *Life* that Larcom did his very best to urge his superior officers to pursue the flying French directly the main action was over ; the neglect to do which has always been regarded as the one blot on this splendid victory. Thomas Larcom died at the early age of 45,

greater in garrison than on the field ; hence it suited Sir Henry's pocket far better to keep his regiment in garrison at Malta. He was of the brewer family, and the regiment was nicknamed "Calvert's Entire" because it had (unlike most regiments of the British army) three battalions instead of the usual two.

too early to reap any of the rewards that await distinguished service. The two brothers-in-law, Hollis and M'Kinley, rose to be admirals. The former had first been under fire, as a mere boy, in Keppel's action of 1778; the latter, while also in his teens, had borne his part in Rodney's glorious action on April 12, 1782.

Joseph Larcom, the fourth member of this distinguished brotherhood, died, like his brother Thomas, too young to become an admiral, but saw much service in the early part of his career. He married in 1792 and was able to purchase a permanent home in a manner characteristic of that fighting time—out of prize money accruing to him from the capture of a galleon. The inventory of the ship's cargo is still preserved: it contained, among other items, 33 cases of gold bars, 388 pounds of the extract of bark, 75 cases of "couchaneal," 119 sea-wolf skins, and 11 cases of the product of Peru. In the great battle of the First of June he was First Lieutenant of the *Thunderer*, Captain Sir Albemarle Bertie, and the following letter, still preserved in the family, shows the esteem in which he was held by his commanding officer:

"*Thunderer*.

"DEAR LORD CHATHAM,

God bless you and yours. Be a friend to my wife and mine if I fall, and take care of Joe Larcom. He will do credit to you.

Your affectionate,

A. BERTIE.

Near the French fleet. 3 o'clock."

He went as Commissioner to Malta, with his family, in 1811, and died on his way to England seven years later, worn out by the exceedingly arduous work thrown upon him during those critical years of warfare.

Such, in briefest outline, were the records of these four naval worthies, and there can be no doubt that the author of this autobiography was largely influenced by them in his

own choice of a career. "How well I remember," he says,¹ "as a child walking on the Gosport ramparts—the Lines as they were called—with the ancient ladies of the Larcom kin, and listening with delighted ears to their simple stories of the naval members of the family, whose lives still formed the chief subject of their affectionate recollections! Gosport was the favourite residence of retired admirals, captains, and lieutenants; men generally of humble means, but full of noble traditions, who rejoiced in spending the evening of their days in close proximity to the old wooden hulks of which they themselves had once been the pride, and amidst the incessant going and coming of the fleets in which their sons and grandsons were embarked. Who shall say how much of the spirit which has made England what it is, was generated and perpetuated in such a focus of honest patriotism, just as it was in the Middle Ages at the Cinque Ports, in Elizabethan times at the ports of Devon, and in the days of the Stuarts at Lowestoft and Harwich?"

Joseph Larcom's eldest daughter, Mary Anne, was seventeen when the family move to Malta took place. That she was exceedingly well educated, and had natural ability beyond the ordinary, is clear from the remarkable series of letters written to her relations at home, as she was emerging from girlhood into womanhood. And indeed she had plenty of material, for Malta was the very centre of events during the last years of Napoleon Bonaparte, and his grim spectre seems to peer through and dominate every page. The style is so exactly characteristic of the age—so clear and yet so precise and formal, the subject matter is so interesting and the story so continuous, that possibly some day the letters may be thought worthy of publication. On the voyage out to Malta, she was fortunate enough to have William Stewart Rose as a travelling companion, and he was evidently much taken with the bright, attractive girl, taught her Italian, and composed in her name a "Poetic Journal" of the voyage,

¹ *History of the Families of Larcom, Hollis and M'Kinley*, (privately printed), p. 2.

in the style of Byron's "Farewell to Malta" which had just been published. "I am not surprised," she writes to her Aunt, "that you are at a loss for the author of my 'Poetic Journal.' You only know Mr. Rose as the stiff, formal man of few words and few whims, and do not know him as the man possessing the greatest fund of humour and whimsicality possible."

Barely a year after her arrival at Malta, the following delightful passage occurs in one of her letters: "I wish you to be apprized, my dear Aunt, as early as possible, that your niece Mary Anne is about to present both her hand and her heart to a Colonel Burrows, commanding the 14th Regiment in this garrison; a man very much above her expectations both in rank and merit, of a genteel fortune, which will be daily increasing, good family and connexions, an estimable character, well-informed mind, pleasing manners, and a competent knowledge of men and manners to guide and conduct your inexperienced niece through life, its pleasures and trials." One seems to have stepped straight into one of Miss Austen's novels; and indeed the love affair might have come usefully into the plot, for the Colonel was the successful candidate among many ardent suitors, one of whom was the celebrated "Charley Napier," then a dashing Post-captain. It was in keeping with his eccentric character that on the day of the wedding, to which he was not invited, he saw fit to conceal himself in the pulpit, and to bob up incontinently in the middle of the service.

Very shortly after their marriage, the famous Plague of Malta broke out, and was only suppressed by the vigorous methods adopted by the Governor, Sir Thomas Maitland, the well-known King Tom of those days. The happy pair were isolated for weeks in barracks, and the poor bride entirely cut off from her family circle. At last she could stand it no longer, and thus describes her little adventure: "I rather think you will be led to guess by a hint above concerning the girls' frocks, that I have played the rebel to Quarantine laws, and found a way of taking a peep at the dear circle

in Strada Forni. 'Tis even so, but don't tell tales of me till I urge in my defence that, when ten weeks deprived of the maternal kiss, it was too great a temptation to be told by my lord and master, 'Mary Anne, if you will put on my regimental great coat and hat this evening and assume the strut "*en militaire*,"¹ when dusk comes on, Papa not being well enough to pay you a visit to-day, I will conduct you to Strada Forni.' What could I say? Accordingly evening arrived. Behold the young Volunteer equipped for Service, boldly following her Commanding Officer, not to death and glory, but to the dear paternal roof, where after remaining in converse, happy for an hour or two, she returned in the same disguise, without being discovered by one Maltese eye, which was the only end in view; it being principally for the sake of an example to them that we remain so closely confined." She goes on to say (May 3, 1814): "This great event" (the abdication of Napoleon on April 11), "has come on us so suddenly that we scarce seem to believe its reality. In a moment, as it were, the tyrant hurled from the very summit of his ambitions, from towering elevation to the private individual pensioned by his enemies, and, from the possession of a territory almost as vast as his ambition, confined to the limits of a little obscure island! The mind can barely grasp the mighty change! What an era of the world is this to live in! And this Peace, to which we are looking forward, is in all human probability for so long a continuance—how many hearts will it not make glad! It must eventually bring us all, wanderers as we are, to the quiet domestic fireside at *home*. What magic that little word contains!"

Ten months later and some of her illusions are dispelled. "Fresh successes to this disturber of the human race. He is said to be advanced to Grenoble, and that troops have

¹ "Adieu, the supercilious air
Of all that strut *en militaire* . . .
Adieu, thou dam'ddest quarantine
That gave me fever and the spleen."

Byron, *Farewell to Malta* (published 1811).

joined him. This carries a bad appearance for the general cause, I fear : surely one would suppose Europe would unite against him. Will the Great Powers calmly see Napoleon take possession of France again ? Poor Louis ! What a life of vicissitudes will be his fate ! The general voice blames the Congress, and with justice, so far as I may venture an opinion. The world will suffer for their protracted delay and intrigues."

But there is no further space for the reminiscences of this charming woman. She died quite young, weakened partly by the strain of the exciting times she had lived through. Her son writes of her : " Her sweetness, gentleness, self-denial, earnest piety, and, with all her delicacy, her activity in good works and zeal to help others, spiritually and temporarily, remain impressed on all our memories."

Such, then, in briefest outline, was the ancestry of Montagu Burrows. It remains to trace in the Autobiography the influence of such antecedents.



J. Burrows to Harbison

Harbison to J. Burrows

Harbison Burrows
Harbison life

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

I WAS born at Hadley, Middlesex, on October 27, 1819, my father at that time being Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Battalion of the 14th Regiment of Foot, which had left Malta for England in 1817. (He went out to join the 64th at Gibraltar in 1820, into which regiment he had exchanged after twenty-five years' service in the 14th.) He seems to have had no fixed residence during the time of his stay in England, and was, I suppose, chiefly at the headquarters of his regiment, and his wife chiefly at Hadley, where she was confined of my brother Arthur, of me, and of my brother Leonard, in the cottage inhabited by his only sister, our "Aunt Fanny." Of her I have given some account in my *History of the Family of Burrows*. Any one who studies that account will see that it is scarcely possible that boys could have had a better education. She is the central figure of the whole family, uniting the past with the present, as I have shown. I came under her entire charge from ten till thirteen, when I went to the Royal Naval College. Up to ten I had been with my parents at Lyme, Sidmouth, and finally at Southampton, where they settled in a house abutting on the Polygon. At

Sidmouth I remember being taught to read and write by the old dame who kept the turnpike gate, just outside the grounds of Mount Pleasant, our house. What I most thank her for was the thorough knowledge of spelling that I acquired from her by the old-fashioned way of columns of words, learned perfectly by heart, at about four or five years of age. At Southampton, Leonard and I had a tutor for the rudiments of Latin, before which I was sent to a neighbouring Young Ladies' School, where I only remember being petted by the damsels. At eight I went to Mr. Kingmill's Boys' School in Bellevue Place for a very short time, and then to Mr. Butler's large school in the town. This was rather a celebrated day school, but somewhat mixed socially. At both I made progress, and was well prepared for Aunt Fanny's far superior training. My father had looked very closely after us in this early education. He had not become an accomplished scholar, like his elder brother John and his sister under their father, but he had received a Public School education at Merchant Taylors' before he went into the army, and was superior to the usual run of officers. He admired what he did not possess, and was determined that his children should not suffer for want of pains taken with their early youth. He had not much beyond his half-pay as General, but he never wasted a farthing on himself. He was admirably seconded by our always (in our time) delicate mother ; and he was only too glad to leave our religious training to her. The Bible and the hymn-book never failed her ; and she had the art of making them both interesting. We had our daily hour of reading with her, and we learned by heart large parts

of one and very many of the other. I have all my life thanked God for giving me this religious foundation, and the more as I grow old and no longer learn easily as I did in my youth,—very easily. Few are aware of the great aid given to the imagination, as well as to the memory, under this systematic teaching, independent of the building up of the soul and of the mind. It is a splendid introduction to the noble world of poetry and philosophy.

My mother's family—mother and sisters—were at this time living at Gosport, whither we often drove over. To those visits of three or four weeks at a time I owe my first impressions of a sea-life. All the relations of the Larcoms were naval men, and we heard of them and their battles from admiring ladies of the family. In my *History of the Larcom, Hollis, and MacKinley Families* I have put together all that is known of these distinguished men, and it was not surprising that at the period immediately succeeding the greatest naval war England had ever waged, the Naval Service should shine in a brilliant, fascinating light. The old sea-dogs were almost worshipped as sea-gods, and romantic boys, such as I was, could hardly escape the romantic infection. There was also the great sea itself; the Victory, and the great ships going in and out of the harbour; going whither? Yes, that was the romance of it; the countries and people we had been reading about and tracing in our maps, the countries which we had conquered, the people we had saved, some of whom

“licked yet loathed the sword

Which saved them from the hands of Gaul's unsparing lord.”

I loved the Gosport wherries and the boatmen, most

of whom we knew ; and Moore, the master of one of them, was the father of our somewhat masculine nurse. He was engaged as our swimming master, and off Haslar beach taught us by the simple method of taking us out of our depth and leaving us to find our way in,—a most effective way (having once learnt the movements). Thus the sea became a delight, and we soon forgot the torture to which we were put as very young children by the coarse bathing-women of Southampton, who used to seize us in their brawny arms and dip us into the water, regardless of our infantine cries and frightful choking.

I would only add to these little recollections of early life, that we were much benefited by the somewhat exclusive social habits of our parents. They could not afford expensive entertainments, but the well-bred people in the environs of Southampton did not expect them. Our father took us wherever he visited, and we early learnt to value refined and well-educated people. The defect of this suburban life was the want of out-of-door recreation. Very few of our friends had families of boys, but Hadley life gave us just what we wanted.

In due time "Aunt Fanny" claimed us each in turn, keeping two of us at a time, from about ten till we went to school, in her house. Having been well trained by her clever father, along with her brothers, the education of boys was a delight to her, and, like Martha in *Cranford*, she "liked the lads best"—at least we fancied so ; but there were traditions of her having been equally devoted to her young cousin, Charlotte Monro ; but *she* was, I believe, a beautiful tomboy. I have described my aunt's mode of educa-

tion in my book on the family, so I will not repeat. She had taken maternal care of my eldest brother, Henry,¹ from the age of seven, when he went to Merchant Taylors', and used to come to Hadley for Sundays, and did not conceal that he was her favourite. That was not wonderful, for he was the cleverest and most industrious of us all, and repaid her partiality by teaching me a great deal of what he knew in many a walk and talk. Besides the knowledge of languages, which I was taught at the point of the bayonet, so to speak, I owed a great deal to her liberal way of allowing me to read any of her books I liked. Her library was small, but, like my own now, it was the wreck of other good collections, her learned Aunt Amy's and others; besides which she guided our taste by her evening readings of Shakespeare and Milton. Thus my early historical tastes were fed upon Plutarch, Rollin, and such like good foundation-literature, and I may say that I loved reading, especially when seated in the great apple-tree on her lawn, which did not long outlive herself. I was also thoroughly grounded in arithmetic and elementary mathematics by Mr. Winbolt, the Barnet Rector, who lived near, and was a superior Cambridge man. This was the only part of my work which had any particular reference to the Navy. In fact, I was in reality as much prepared for one line of life as another, and I was at thirteen less bent upon a sea-life than I was before going to Hadley. Nevertheless, the question had to be settled, and if I was to go to sea, something must be done. I was aware that my father and mother

¹ Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford; Prebendary of St. Paul's; Vicar of Christ Church, St. Pancras; Canon of Rochester.

were favourable to the idea, though not eager for it. There were five of us. Henry was to be the scholar and clergyman. Of this there was no doubt, as the reader of Miss Wordsworth's tender and affectionate *Life*¹ of him cannot help observing. Arthur was bent on the Army, was less industrious than the rest of us, and there was no reason against it, if he could only get a nomination for Woolwich. This was effected by the kindness of Lady Anne Culling Smith, the Duke of Wellington's sister, whose husband was my father's first cousin. It seemed, therefore, to me quite natural that I should stick to my original idea, and merge the ideal in the practical. I believe my mother found it difficult to advise the step, and made enquiries as to the profession of a civil engineer. But she certainly did not stand in the way. It required interest to get nominated to the Royal Naval College, which was a much better way of going to sea than joining a ship at once, and my relations were all bent on it. My father had known many naval officers of rank during his long service in the Mediterranean; which of them he was indebted to I know not, but I joined the college on August 14, 1832. We took our places in the Service by our rank in the Entrance Examination. There were ten of us, of whom I came out first, Chads next, then Hill, Heath, Strong, Rice, Cooke, Agnew, Christian, Macgregor. Thus commenced my life-long connection with Henry Chads, who became my chief friend in the Navy, and remains so still, after seventy-one years have passed away. He

¹ *Henry William Burrows, Memorials.* By E. Wordsworth, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. With Introduction by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

soon found out that we were born on the same day, and we passed the next seven years together, in college and in three ships subsequently, without separating. He was the son of Captain Chads, known to the Larcoms, and already one of the most distinguished men in the Service. He lived to become the leading officer of his day, and at the age of eighty died beloved and respected by all. Sir Henry Chads became my friend and patron, and I published a short history of his life. His son also became Sir Henry, and has long lived at Southsea. Of the rest of our "batch," two only became admirals, Sir Edward Rice and James Heath: Agnew was the son of Sir Andrew Agnew, and, I think, retired early, like myself. Hill died young on the West Coast of Africa. I never heard again of the remaining four; they must have left the service in their youth, and I think quite half of the boys who entered it did. It was much improved from what it had been a generation before, but it was still a hard life, and the attraction of a great war had gone. The Peace had made one great change. There was no longer employment for anything like the number of officers who had been required for the war. They could not be turned adrift, but lingered on unpromoted and disgusted. Men of interest and fortune passed them by, and great numbers became useless, discontented and too often vicious.

At the Naval College there were seventy boys, under the government of a not very efficient officer, Captain John Loring, R.N., assisted by two lieutenants, neither of whom had any distinguished merit. Our fare was scarcely up to the mark, even of those rough days, but I think we had enough; and at any rate we

freely supplemented it from the stores of a certain "Mother Grub," to which we were encouraged by the authorities, who located her in the vestibule of the College, into which the main gate and all the school-rooms opened. The traditions of the College were all in the rough, as principally shown by the bullying of the new-comers for the first half-year, who were called "Sweaty Detestables," the next half-year they were promoted to be "Sweaty Juniors," the next "Juniors," and the boys of the fourth half-year were "Seniors." Six of these last were more or less recognised by the authorities, and they were supposed to keep the rest in order. It happened, however, that the "Seniors" had fallen into disrepute at about the time of our entry, partly because they were not quite so big as usual, and partly because there were several bigger boys in the ranks below,—one of them a gigantic boy of our own batch. A conspiracy was formed amongst these fellows, who appropriately called themselves "The Brigands," to seize the government from the six Seniors, who found no support from their own class, and quietly succumbed. This revolutionary proceeding was not altogether unpopular, and soon got to be looked upon as a matter of course; but Chads and I resolved that we would restore the ancient order, whenever we should become members of the old governing body. An excellent opportunity occurred when one of the "Brigands" was notoriously guilty of cruelly bullying a weakly new-comer called Kingsley, brother of the famous author. He found no support, was seized without resistance, and, before all the seniors, was judicially punished by cobbing. He slunk away, and the College resumed its orderly discipline.

Lord St. Vincent himself never subdued a mutiny in the fleet more solemnly and effectually.

The boys of our batch and of some others were early introduced to a sort of grievance happily not common in the Navy. Sir James Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, decided to abolish the system of counting the two years spent in the College as sea-time. No doubt he was right. It had been adopted in old times as an inducement to parents to send boys for education, instead of the more popular method of persuading some captain or admiral to take them straight to sea. But the number of sea-going officers had been largely diminished by the Peace, and there was no further need for the system. Sir James Graham, however, made the mistake of applying the new arrangement to those who had entered under the old system. So we suddenly found ourselves deprived of our rights, and our parents as well as ourselves had a good right to be indignant. In vain the former remonstrated. They did not receive the slightest attention. Sir James had already¹ done a dishonourable act, as Postmaster-General, in opening private letters for some semi-political reason; for which he was universally condemned. It was a pity that we should have to begin our career under an undeniable act of injustice. No wonder the boys used to look back to the Lord High Admiral's popular government of the College. The Duke of Clarence, before he became king, used to visit it, make cheery speeches, and look into all its affairs. It was he who

¹The dishonourable act referred to is probably the opening of Mazzini's letters, which took place in 1844, and not, as in the text, previously to 1832.—Ed.

founded the gold medal for the best examination in each year, and attached to it the splendid reward of a lieutenant's commission to be given on passing the examination for lieutenant at the end of six years' sea-time. The second boy got a silver medal, which carried nothing else with it. This privilege of the first boy had been abolished by the king's successors at the Admiralty; and it was certainly too great a reward for boyish attainments. They need not, however, have been so shabby as to substitute silver for gold, as they did; but the name remained, and it was always called the *gold* medal. When I got the still-coveted distinction on leaving, the pleasure was somewhat alloyed by the change which had taken place. It was now a barren honour, but there was no injustice.

That could not be said as to the treatment we received from the Lieutenant-Governor, which particularly affected Chads and me. As our relations lived at Gosport and Fareham, we had leave on Sundays to visit them, on condition of being in College at eight o'clock. We were always back at that time, and never supposed that we should be accused of the contrary; but for some reason or other the Lieutenant-Governor took it into his head that we could not be trusted, and stopped our leave. This, I must say, rankled in our minds. These Sundays in Cold Harbour were very precious to me. It was home. My aunt Harriet especially considered me her charge, and as my mother had died just before I went to College, she admirably took her place. She taught me the exceeding value of Keble's *Christian Year*, and she read choice parts of the Bible with me. Thus I was passed on from my mother to Aunt Fanny and Aunt

Harriet in succession, and look back with thankfulness that I had such help up to the age of fifteen. I am sure that real good women are the best possible trainers of boys. They bring out the chivalry of their nature, especially if they are true ladies, and have cultivated their minds as well as their hearts. These experiences make me rejoice in the prominence given of quite late years to "women's work." As nurses and educators they have suddenly stepped out into their proper place; the place—may I say without a reproach?—which I indicated for them in my article in the *Quarterly Review* (of April, 1869) on "Female Education." The "shrieking sisters" have passed away, and "ministering angels" have succeeded them.

But, after all, we were sent to the Naval College to be trained for the sea-service. The main staple of our education was arithmetic and mathematics, which last included Euclid, Algebra, Trigonometry and Navigation, with a little Latin, French and Drawing. The head-master was the Rev. Dr. Inman, a famous Senior Wrangler, whose books on navigation had superseded all others. The drawing master was one of the leading naval painters of the day, Mr. Schetky, an Anglified Pole. They had one peculiarity in common besides their lofty stature. Selected for their professional celebrity, they were neither of them good teachers. It was like putting a racehorse into the shafts of a waggon. Inman had no idea of working up the boys who were not clever and industrious, or of connecting mathematics with any practical simple mechanics. The boy who had come out at the head of the half-yearly batch was unblushingly preferred to all the rest, and taught all that time allowed;

while the rest were left to the junior masters, who were not remarkable. Mine was a case in point. Happily for me, he spared no pains to teach me the *rationale* of navigation as well as how to take angles with a quadrant, so that I had a good foundation in taking "observations"; but even to me there was no teaching how to apply elementary mathematics to mechanical problems. Key¹ was afterwards, as he told me, favoured just as I was. We both spent our last six months almost as Inman's private pupils. It was much the same with our drawing lessons; but here I was at a disadvantage. My talents were only average; and Schetky took in hand only those who showed real artistic talent. I think I learnt nothing from him, though I had had a drawing master before coming to College; but he might have improved such talent as I had. The Latin teaching consisted of hearing the master translate some passage from Cicero, *de Officiis*, which at least gave an idea of how it should be done. The French was the worst; for M. Laurent was half mad, and the subject of endless practical jokes. But as I had been taught both Latin and French fairly well at Hadley, this did not much matter to me. The capital anecdotes in our French book (Chambund) were the only result that stood by me. The teaching of the construction of a ship scarcely deserves mention. The teacher was one of the chief shipbuilders of the day, Fincham by name. It was so stupid and dry that no one paid any attention to it.

The physical part of our education was not bad, but might have been much better. We were well

¹ Cf. *Life and Letters of Admiral the Right Hon. Sir A. Cooper Key*, G.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., etc., by Vice-Admiral Colomb, p. 9.

drilled at broadsword exercise, to which we took kindly, especially to “loose play,” when we were let go at our opposite opponent; and we were left alone so long as we did not hurt one another too much; and as we were without protection to head or face we learnt something, but we had no teaching or prize-giving which could make us experts. Still, we found ourselves superior to non-collegiates when we got to sea. Fencing also was taught by a skilled master; but we could hardly profit much by it, as he was as great a joke as the French master. He was a very little, ugly old man, with a face like a pig, whence his nickname “Piggy” Lane. He offended us by poking us very hard in our breasts, which we thought was out of revenge for our shouting his nickname when he was leaving College, and certainly at one time loud enough for him to hear, for I received one out of the only two hand-birchings I ever had for being identified as one of the guilty ones. This was well deserved; as also was the other,—for joining in breaking the windows of some disused sentry-boxes, huddled together in a part of the dockyard, through which we had to pass on our way to the refitting ships, where we learnt how to mount the rigging. They seemed to be placed there for the express purpose of making us good marksmen. These expeditions were made under two warrant officers, but we were under the general supervision of two sergeants of marines (perhaps marine artillery), who had to administer punishments under the eye of one of the lieutenants. They seemed to us gigantic executioners, and were no doubt fine men, and not unpopular, though their blows tingled and bruised us for a long time

afterwards. We enjoyed racing about the rigging of the ships, and longed for the time when we should practise it at sea. We also learnt to row in and out of Portsmouth Harbour in fine green barges, and were allowed to bathe in Haslar Creek sometimes in summer, on which occasions I was one of the few who could swim. But our general destination once a week, in the afternoon, was to a piece of ground a good way out, by the side of Haslar sea-wall, part of which field had been appropriated to little gardens, not one of which did we cultivate in my time. They were voted to savour too much of the nursery, and so we devoted ourselves to the same manly games that we practised in our College playground, and with a much freer space for them. Football was the chief of these games, played with very little of the science of the present day, but with quite as much roughness and energy; we were also, in a less degree, given to "Rounders" and "Prisoner's Base." In the first of these, played on the stone pavement in front of the College, I lost one of my front teeth (being undermost in a rough scrimmage for the ball), to the great distress of my relations.

On Sundays we were marched to the Dockyard Chapel, and subjected to the driest and least interesting of services and sermons. The chaplain's name was Morgan, an old naval chaplain, who exactly represented the lifeless era of the Georges. One evidence of this was apparent when I joined the College as a mate, after its abolition as a school for boys. Our chapel seats were now in the gallery, overlooking the pulpit. We could see that white patches of paper had been pasted, here and there, over the ancient sermon

leaves yellow with time, but it had not been done completely enough, for the old man every now and then addressed us as boys, oblivious of the fact that the seats were now filled by half-pay officers of all ranks. Those who got leave went off after the mid-day dinner. One good arrangement I have not mentioned. We had separate cabins on each side of long corridors, which were patrolled by a sergeant at night. This, I think, was almost unknown in schools of that day. Chads and I were in rooms side by side. In these cabins we could say our prayers and read our Bible undisturbed. I don't think there were many really vicious boys in my time, and I don't recollect much bad language or swearing; and this is to say something. Perhaps our despised superiors had put it down before we came. Flogging was very rare indeed, and only for gross offences. It took place in the cupola, which still surmounts the building. Our uniform was of course of blue cloth, a tail coat with plain brass buttons (or were they marked by "R.N.C."?), and a tall hat with a gold lace loop for State occasions. How we did long to exchange the plain (or R.N.C.) buttons for the handsome crown-and-anchor buttons of naval uniform! I suppose it was something like the dress of pages, who about that date began to be called "tigers"; for when I first saw my distinguished Uncle Tom¹ it was in this dress, and he affronted me much by addressing me by that title. I don't think any of us had plain clothes.

Well; at the end of two years of this life the time had come for going to sea. There was no

¹ Major-General the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Aiskew Larcom, Bart.

doubt as to what ship we should join; for Chads' father commanded the *Andromache* in the East Indies, and he wished me to come out to him with his son. The Winchester was just starting for India, bearing the flag of the Hon. Sir Bladen Capel, and in her we were borne as supernumeraries to join our ship. We weighed from Spithead on October 23, 1834, four days before my birthday, when I was fifteen. I began a Journal from that day, and make a few extracts here. Of what happened in the intervening time between August 14, 1834, and October 23, I have no recollection. Being of an affectionate nature, and having to leave so many affectionate friends, I must have felt the parting; but every one of them recognised that I was doing the right thing, and tried to be cheerful; and I was anxious to be fairly started on my career. I had fortunately become acquainted with Basil Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, and very early appropriated his buoyant saying: "People talk of the joy of the return home; give me a fresh departure." That I was to share the immediate future with Henry Chads, the one friend of my college life, no doubt helped to give the parting a different complexion from that of Peter Simple, where father, mother and sisters, as well as himself, were dissolved in tears, but the elder brother offers his pocket-handkerchief to Peter with the cruel remark: "Here, Peter, take mine; it's quite dry." There were not, as far as I remember, many tears, but there certainly were many secret prayers, to which I always felt I owed much.

The Journal above-mentioned is not a bit better than might be expected from a boy of fifteen, but is

artless and simple to a degree, as if it were never meant to be seen by any one but the writer. I think I formed the idea of writing a Journal from an American book, Abbott's *Young Christian*, which had a great circulation, and was a fervid, but persuasive religious address to boys, somewhat of a dissenterish sort, I suppose; but I did not possess it, nor have I ever seen it since I went to sea. This particular advice I gratefully acknowledge. The habit was soon formed, and was continued, with breaks, for many years. Thus I not only learnt gradually to express my thoughts, but preserved for after years what I should otherwise have forgotten, and took early to the plan of making abstracts of books, thus unwittingly laying the foundation of my success at Oxford twenty years later. I will give a list of some of them further on. Some extracts from the Journal appear in this autobiography under quotation commas. All the rest I have destroyed. The Winchester was a fine frigate of 50 guns, and as we were nearly five months making our way to Bombay, we got to understand what life on board a man-of-war meant before we left her. We were lost in the numbers crowded into the vessel, supernumeraries of all ranks and stores of all kinds, but we found friends, and experienced not a little kindness from some of the lieutenants. On the Admiral we looked with awe and reverence. Sir Bladen Capel was one of Nelson's captains, and must have been a very fine-looking man; but many years had passed since then, and he seemed to have become a commonplace sort of person. His wife was elderly, but much more full of life and vivacity. The flag-captain, Sparshott, was

not a distinguished officer, but smart, active, and too obsequious to his chief, as we thought. Lieutenants Browell, Tryon and Drummond were extremely kind to me. The first was of a family at Greenwich Hospital, intimate with my relatives the MacKinleys. He offered me the use of his cabin, and was so pleased at my knowing something of Italian that he gave me his copy of *Tasso*, which I read through before I came home. Tryon also let me use his cabin for reading, and took much trouble to teach me the rudiments of seamanship. Drummond was the man I most admired—a perfect gentleman and a fine officer. He did me many a good turn. He rose to the top of his profession, but I never came across him or the other two again. I cannot remember who the mates were, as the cadets were placed under the care of a second master in a berth by ourselves. Here we were ill-fed and not very happy—nothing but ship's biscuit and salt junk; but young people can digest anything at sea. We tried to improve our hard fare at the Cape of Good Hope, but found that the only things that could be secreted in our chests were little round Dutch cheeses, which conveyed their peculiar smell to our clothes, and were so hard and uneatable that they soon went overboard. We at least learnt to be more contented with salt junk. The pork was nasty, but eatable; the beef was rightly styled “mahogany,” for it had much the same colour and consistency, with the addition of a disagreeable taste. Neither Chads nor I ever even tasted rum, and I believe our allowance became the portion of the two or three “oldsters” in our mess—one of them certainly was nearly always drunk. We really lived on

ship's biscuit and water, and were none the worse, but we had not the merit of choosing for ourselves a worse diet than that of Daniel and the Three Children.

My first and last experience of sea-sickness was in a day and night in the Bay of Biscay. This often happens to sailors. There was no attempt to mitigate it; indeed, we had not much inside of us to "feed the fishes" with. I never understood how such a short apprenticeship to the universal malady could make one free of the guild. Such cases as Nelson's are quite exceptional. About Madeira my Journal was eloquent. The beauty of the scenery, the glorious ride to the Corral, galloping all the way, uphill and down dale, the visit to a nunnery to buy artificial flowers, the jolly party, the dinner at the hotel and the comfortable bed—alas! that comfort was dearly bought. The chaplain of the ship assumed charge of myself and another cadet; and as it was late he decided that we should not go off to the ship till morning. So pleasant—and, as we thought, so proper—a decision was welcome; but Captain Sparshott did not see things in the same light. We were scolded before the assembled officers and men on the quarter-deck, as if we had been guilty of rank mutiny. We were not allowed to say a word, and, what was worse, we were not to have leave to go ashore for the rest of the voyage. We were perfectly astounded. No chaplain interceded and took the fault on himself, nor did the Captain know how it was that we committed the fault until we were about to leave the Cape, and Drummond explained it to him. We then got leave to go under our

friend's charge; but it was too late. The ship was about to sail, and we could say nothing more about the Cape than that we had set foot on it. Still, barbarous as this was, it effectively read the lesson that no one could interfere with the orders received from the superior officer,—not that we felt sure that we had been ordered to come off in the evening. Some senior had the orders. If we had had more than one week's experience, we should have known better.

The ancient ceremonies usual on crossing the Line were performed with great success. On the night before, at dark, Neptune hailed the ship, as if from the sea, and asked the name of the Captain and if there were ladies on board. The Captain answered him through a speaking trumpet. He then obtained leave to come on board next morning and see his new subjects, which being granted, he was supposed to go off in his flaming chariot, which we watched till it was no longer visible. After breakfast on the eventful day all hands were ordered to assemble on the quarter-deck, which we found cleared, and a sail rigged between the upper and main decks and filled with salt water, like a gigantic bath. Soon appeared Neptune, drawn on his car (a gun-carriage) by a host of initiated subjects—all dressed, or rather painted—for the dress was scanty, in every sort of absurd array, some all black, some with red legs, white arms and blue faces, and other devices. His Majesty then alighted from his chariot, and made his bow to the Admiral, Lady Capel and the Captain, which done, he ordered below all those who had not crossed the Line. It had been previously agreed

that the officers were to be treated first and separately—a very necessary precaution. So, as I was one of the last, I experienced the sensation of hearing them plunged into the sail one by one, which was made rather awful by each being blindfolded below as soon as his name was called. The moment each got on deck he was assailed with buckets of water from shouting men and boys, and being led to the sail was made to sit on the combings (side) of the hatchway with his back to the sail. He was not kept long in suspense, for after a mock shave with tar and rope-yarns for lather, he was thrown backwards into the sail, where he was received and ducked by the “bears.” This last part of the performance was pleasant enough, for we were not ill-treated; but when the barber stuffed the tarry lather into one’s mouth it was disagreeable. One soon forgot these little roughnesses in the pleasure of ducking one another, and afterwards in watching the men put through the ordeal. Many of these resisted, and were much bruised in their struggles to escape, but nothing serious occurred. It was over by dinner-time. Neptune came aft once more to render his uncouth thanks to the Admiral and Captain for permitting him to claim his new subjects. In ten minutes everything was cleared away, and no one would imagine that anything had been going on. We were thus ushered into the Southern Hemisphere.

There were no other events on that voyage worth recording except a severe hurricane off the Mauritius.

“For a long time we were not able to show any sail at all; for we split both our fore trysails, and carried away all the gear of the mizzen trysail in trying to set it. All the hatches were battened

down ; so of course the lower deck was tremendously hot. We were on the main deck all day. It was the whole of the second day moderating, and the next day it was a perfect calm, with a tremendous swell. It was indeed an awful thing. I had often heard of waves mountains high, but I never really thought they were. . . . I shall never forget the impression of seeing the tremendous seas come rolling on our beam higher and higher above us, as if we were to be swallowed up the next moment, and then feeling the gallant ship give a lurch which obliged us to hang on by whatever was nearest as the sea took her, and then again at the bottom of the deep, as it seemed, and again to the skies. I don't know anything more tremendous than such a scene, anything more calculated to show man his littleness and God's power. . . . We received no other damage than slightly springing our fore topmast and carrying away our waist hammock-nettings. It was fortunate that the gale reached us where it did. If we had been another day's sail further on we should have been on a lee shore at the island of Rodriguez. We had made a great mistake, I believe, in not having run on to the longitude of India before we went north."

This was a gross error, and was the chief cause of our preposterously long passage. In the southern part of the Indian Ocean there is always a strong steady westerly wind, called the "Trade-wind." The North-east Monsoon at this time of year has to be reckoned with when you get to the Tropics, and is dead against your course to India. So the proper navigation is to stand well over to the east while you can, and then make your northing. The exact spot for this change of course is not defined ; and irresponsible passengers are often urgent to make it before it is safe. The Master of the ship yielded to the pressure ; absurd as it seems that this should be so in a flagship with so many experienced officers on board. Sure enough we got into the doldrums when we drew near the Line and were driven so far to the westward by light airs that we found

ourselves near the island of Socotra in a calm which lasted a fortnight and a heat which was hard to bear. The only relief to this disappointing delay was the exciting capture of a shark which, when hauled on deck, defied all efforts to render him harmless by lashing out with his tail for some time, to the amusement of some and the terror of others; but his tail was cut off at last, and so hungry were we that several of us ate shark steaks, and found them no worse than tough beef-steaks. At last, on March 10, 1835, we got a breeze and ran into Bombay Harbour—five months from Spithead.

In looking back on these first experiences of a sea-life I gather both from my Journal and my recollection that it was by no means satisfactory as to training and character, considering what great advantages I had had previously. My religious life had greatly deteriorated: I can remember nothing of Sunday services or books. I had for the first time heard abundance of bad language and bad conversation, and seen plenty of bad examples; the opportunities for privacy were few and neglected. I find I read three of Scott's novels—*Ivanhoe*, *Rob Roy*, and *Guy Mannering*, and was enchanted with them; but experienced what my father had warned me of—that novels destroy the power of attention to duty with a good will, and of reading with pleasure useful literature. It was an idle life; we were not obliged to stay on deck during our watch (which was only by day); and in fact, on the whole, we learnt next to nothing of our profession. Nor was there any vital change after joining our own ship, the *Andromache* of 28 guns, at any rate for

some time, but we were now to have the privilege of serving under a great man, and by degrees his influence told.

THE PERIOD OF THE ANDROMACHE.

“As soon as we anchored, March 10, 1835, Captain Chads came on board. He was, of course, delighted to see his son, and glad to see me. We went on board his ship with him when he introduced us to his cabin, and told me that I was to come into it whenever I liked, sleep on his sofa, and read his books.”

This was a change indeed—home on board ship. And first, a word on my kind friend and noble chief. Captain Chads was a fine, tall, wiry man, six feet high, full of spirit and energy from head to foot, a man of few words, but with a thoroughly good heart, with all the style of the chiefs of the old war. As a midshipman he had served under Nelson’s flag off Toulon, and I suspect had copied his flaming energy and single devotion to the Service. His battle in the Java with the *Constitution* made him famous, and he commanded the naval force in the Burmese War of 1825. I published a *Memoir*¹ of him at his death in 1869, and therefore will only notice him in these pages as my patron and friend.

It was remarkable that such an officer should determine to bring up his son in a way so different from the usual custom. Henry Chads lived and slept in his father’s cabin for the whole time of the ship’s commission. As I cannot think that it was arranged with any view to the father’s domestic com-

¹ *Memoir of Admiral Sir Henry Ducie Chads, G.C.B.* By an old follower. 1869.

fort, I cannot but attribute it to his earnest desire to shield him from the bad company which he would find in the midshipmen's berth. It certainly proved a great help to his moral life, and with a father of so much stern devotion to duty, it did him no harm. But in the nature of things a young man under these circumstances became an unquestioning copy of his father, and could hardly form independence of character.

Perhaps in this case he could hardly have done better. In so small a frigate there could not be two separate berths for the junior officers, as there were in the Winchester, and the mates being crowded up with the youngsters, the latter were hopelessly exposed to the "evil communications which corrupt good manners." Not that the mates were worse than others of their class, but the whole tone of the Navy was vicious and debased at that period as far as the young men were concerned. At the age of twenty to thirty they ought to have had cabins and responsibility. The former they could not have; our Captain did all he could to give them the last. The gunroom was quite up to the best average. The first lieutenant, Archibald Reed, was of some standing, was of a good Northumberland family, and had seen active service in the Burmese War. The second lieutenant was the Hon. Robert Gore, quite a gentleman, and not a bad officer. The third was George W. Douglas O'Callaghan, connected with the Lismore family. He had been vicious as a young officer, but was now much reformed, and gradually became religious. I was much thrown with him while we were shipmates, and remained so

for many years. He had many good qualities, was the idol of such society as we came across, very Irish, and, like Gore, not a bad officer. Both of them were inferior to Reed, who was a cool, wise, and courageous man, in whom the chief had entire confidence. He had also the art of getting on well with everybody, as well as a fixed principle of encouraging us youngsters in every legitimate way. As soon as we joined he sent for us and our "watch bills," and wrote in each of them six rules, of which I only remember these—"Never taste grog : Never smoke : Always touch your cap to a superior officer on duty : Always *run* when you are called by a superior officer." In the numerous little expeditions he made he took some of us with him, and showed us how to manage boats, fishing-parties and so on. He was not a society man ; he left that to the other lieutenants, but still more to the Captain, who rightly judged that one of the best ways to keep lads out of bad society on shore was to introduce them to good society, such as he could himself trust. At every port he was already well known and much admired by the Governor, Commander-in-Chief and leading men ; and he always took one of us three with him, or even all when he could.

I say three—for I have not yet mentioned that we found a youth of our own standing—Bladen Edward Hawke, already in the ship, having left England in her. He was not a collegian, but had made fair use of his time to pick up what we had been taught, and knew more than we did about seamanship, having had a year's good training. He had also the advantage of having been under fire

in China, as the *Andromache* was employed along with the *Imogene* (28) in the capture of the Bogue Forts at Canton, and had thus read the first of many lessons to the Chinese, whose treatment of the English at Canton had now got beyond all bearing. Thus we three became inseparable friends, and remained so for life. He died in middle age, after a long and patient struggle with paralysis. To that friendship I owed the idea of a *Life of Lord Hawke*,¹ which I published in 1883, soon after my friend's death. His elder brother had come in for the peerage, and the patient sufferer became "The Honourable." That was the first of my books to become generally known, but it has not got beyond a second edition—a *succès d'estime*.

My own case as to shore society was different from that of my young comrades. Partly from my having brought out one or two introductions, partly from coming across old friends of my family, and partly from my having received such an excellent education, I was more in society than the others, and gained much from it.

I found an old friend of my mother's family at once in Captain Wills, the Senior Marine Officer of the *Melville*, the flagship of Sir John Gore, which the *Winchester* relieved. His kindness was welcome enough at the moment of leaving one ship and joining another, and he introduced me to a leading official

¹*The Life of Edward, Lord Hawke*, with some account of the origin of the English wars in the reign of George II., and the state of the Royal Navy at that period. By Montagu Burrows, Capt. R.N. and Chichele Professor of Modern History. 1883. Second edition.

of the East India Company, Mr. Bouchier, who made me quite at home. Before I say anything about him, I should mention the tragedy in which Sir John Gore was concerned soon after we relieved him. The *Melville* was on the high seas, going fast before a fresh breeze, when the always-thrilling cry was heard: "A man overboard!" The Admiral's son and flag-lieutenant, a very fine fellow, saw the accident, and, unknown to his father, jumped overboard after the man. The ship could not be got round in time to lower the boats and save the two men, who were both drowned. The Admiral had no idea who they were, and no one dared to tell him. He soon found out; his grief may be imagined. He never recovered the shock, and did not (I believe) survive it long after he got home.

I was at once asked to stay by Mr. Bouchier, and very soon discovered that he was a Hadley man, of a family we knew well. This chance meeting was very interesting. He was living in one of a series of splendid canvas bungalows which are run up for the hot season, or were then—living in fine style. I heard afterwards that this cost him more than he could afford, but it was great fun for me, as I often stayed with him while at Bombay, and he lent me his charming pony to gallop about the Esplanade and sands in the evenings, when the rank and fashion of Bombay drove about in smart equipages and the band played. I find in my Journal that Captain Chads took me and his son to a ball—my first—where, as I couldn't dance, I was dreadfully bored. He also took us to a grand nautch, given by the Emir of Muscat's agent, where three girls performed

“uncouth movements and strange contortions,” which were simply monotonous. He also took us to dine with him in a sort of marquee-hotel frequented by naval captains, and after dinner we went with him through the native town to see the sights. Here I was

“surprised, delighted and confused with the multitude of strange people, costumes, sounds and houses. . . . Everything looked more splendid, beautiful and curious than it really was. . . . It happened to be one of the nights of a festival in honour of one of their divinities, and the Gentoos were powdered all over with different colours, of which pink, yellow and red were the chief. . . . The noise produced by the different languages spoken, and by the people who were coming to their places of worship and ringing their bells to call the attention of their god at every turning . . . was distracting. There were Arabs in short blue-cloth coats and caps, and naked legs; Parsees by the hundred, with their graceful white robes, decently folded, and heavy head-dresses; Gentoos with their sole covering, a cloth round the middle, and white and red turbans, each wearing the mark of their caste painted in the centre of the forehead; and ugly, degenerate, black-coated Portuguese. Then, again, the wells and tanks, with women round them filling their pitchers, and now and then a row of them carrying the pitchers on their heads. But the smell in the narrow streets was by no means nice. We saw also a Fakir, with his finger-nails grown at least a foot long, horrible to look at, curving about in every direction. He had held a flower-pot in his hand for twenty years. There he sat, old and helpless, with his face half-white, half-yellow, holding out his best hand for alms, and mumbling prayers. . . .”

Here also I first rode in a palanquin for part of the way, and I liked it.

The ship was insufferably hot, but the view of the harbour was beautiful, and it was full of shipping. In the captain's fore-cabin and at Bouchier's bungalow I wrote letters home, which were long due, as I could

not manage to write them in the Winchester. I *ought* to have managed it. One more expedition must be noted—a peculiarly delightful one, to the Caves of Elephanta in a large bundak-boat. We were a large, jolly party—Gore, O’Callaghan and several of our new messmates. We had a guide-book, but from having read Basil Hall’s account of the caves I was the only one who really knew about them. Not that I noted what divinities were represented in these wonderful carvings in high relief; but we were told they were a thousand years old, and yet found them as fresh as if done recently. The extreme dryness of the caves and the nature of the rock account for this. The expression of the faces was admirably given, as if by some great modern artist. The scenery was also most beautiful, many islands scattered about, and profuse vegetation. We also visited the Stone Elephant, which gives its name to the island (now falling to pieces), and enjoyed the fun of climbing on its back and giving three cheers. The inner man was well provided for, and the row back to the ship was enlivened by the songs of the native boatmen, and we were thankful for the cool twilight. All this made it a very complete expedition, never to be forgotten.

On April 25, 1835, we sailed to pick up freight along the Malabar Coast. India and South America were, I think, the only stations where captains of men-of-war could at that date make this very pleasant addition to their scanty income. There were no railways or any other means of conveying the silver collected by taxes at the out ports to Calcutta, Madras and Bombay for shipment to England, and steamers

had hardly yet put in an appearance. The Admiral allowed ships which were not urgently wanted elsewhere to help the Government and the merchants, and our Captain being a favourite got his full share of the percentage paid on the freight. Our first port was Mangalore, where we were hospitably entertained by the Colonel and officers of the regiment stationed there, and after dinner played at cricket with them. We next touched at Calicut, and then at Cochin, but did not get on shore. The "treasure" we took on board at those former places amounted to about 24 lacs of rupees, and gave our Captain some £800—so we heard. No one grudged it.

We landed our freight at Bombay, and sailed at once to join the Admiral at Trincomalee, where the *Journal* descants on its beautiful harbour—"quite a pool surrounded by high lands"—and its delightful bathing-place at "Sober Island." I remark as to Lady Capel, on whom I called, "What a proof it is of good breeding to keep up a long conversation, and make a youth think the agreeableness of it was rather his doing than hers." I dined there next day. We found out that our destination was Mauritius, and sailed for Madras to fill up with provisions. The Captain immediately sent us three ashore to his friends. The landing in masallah boats was exciting; I compared their great roomy shape to Noah's Arks. Off we went in palanquins, eight miles away, to Mr. Turnbull's, on whom Chads and I were billeted; and found him a fine-looking, middle-aged man, "very gentlemanly," and living in good style, like my friend at Bombay, but much more useful as a friend.

MAURITIUS, OR THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

July 15, 1835.

The delights of this island were much talked about on the station, and our expectations were fulfilled. For my part, the romantic story of Paul and Virginia had been familiar almost from the nursery, and I half, if not quite, believed it was true. (The sham graves were still visited by thousands !) The description of the island scenery was most fascinating, but I believe the author was never there. At any rate that was true, if nothing else was :—the lofty volcanic mountains round which the island is gathered, crowned by the Peter Botte with its tapering cone, the lovely situation of the harbour and town, the luxuriant vegetation, quite tropical of course, the deep ravines, and the picturesque gardens and cottages. All this, while it furnished a noble setting for the novel, did certainly contribute a romantic hue to the social experience of romantic youth. We were soon made free of the society of the place, and to me it seemed like a first introduction to the real world of men and women. Our good captain gave us a long and interesting lesson in seamanship while the ship was refitting, but took care that we should know all his friends. Captain Roger, R.N., the Harbour Master (? Master Attendant), was the chief of these, and a more pleasant specimen of the old-fashioned officer would be difficult to find. He had been long settled in the island, and had a wife and large family. Perhaps he was as glad to have society for his daughters as we were to be admitted to theirs. He especially took to us boys, and allowed us a share in the young

ladies' dancing lessons and at their homely meals, without invitation. So of course I fell in love with the pretty one, and learnt a first lesson. They all sang very prettily, but the old father's song is the only one I remember—so characteristic, so French :

“Toujours gai, toujours gai,
Never let ill-humour stay,
Always meet a smile half-way,
And follow my example.”

We also had a drawing-master by our Captain's wish, but I don't think I made any progress. As he was French, we had a little practice in that at the same time, but it was not much. I learned a little more from a French family named Mylius, where there was a beautiful Clara, but Hawke, who had lived in France, appropriated her. Of course we went to sundry balls with these and other friends to practise our newly-acquired dances, and met some of the officers of the garrison, who had been very hospitable to us. This was my first acquaintance with army men in Service, and I enjoyed their good dinners and gentlemanly manners. They were much given to boating. Our Captain one night took us to the opera, which I find I did not care for. What was much better, he got us asked to stay at Reduit, the beautiful place where the Governor, Sir William Nicorvy, and his wife lived. This I still remember with great pleasure. Our chief amusement was fishing in a little tumbling stream which comes down through their grounds from the mountain. She quite understood young people. One of her good stories lingers yet in my memory. She was in a storm, coming out by herself to join her husband, and was dreadfully

alarmed. Not being able to leave her cabin, she in vain attempted to discover whether the ship was going to the bottom. At last she heard the chief mate answer the question of the Captain, and what he seemed to say was : "Worser and worser." This nearly made an end of her ; nor till the gale moderated did she discover that he was telling the Captain the direction of the wind—"West-south-west, sir."

The *Andromache* had now been quite as long in port as was good for her officers or men, and sailed for Madagascar on August 29. There were sundry reports of a suspicious vessel on that coast, and of sundry disturbances in the Comoro Islands, which troubled the larger island, so important to Mauritius in providing supplies of bullocks not to be got in our little colony. We made at once for St. Augustine's Bay, and thus found ourselves in the Mozambique Channel, little thinking that I should spend three years there as a lieutenant, from 1843 to 1846. We found four American whalers in the harbour, and were very near having the uncommon chance of going after, and perhaps catching, a whale. Our good friend Reed, the first lieutenant, took Hawke and me on board each of them ; the captains were exceedingly polite, and showed us all the processes of boiling and stowing away. The cutting up of the monster when lashed alongside we saw the next day. It was the very one which one of the captains had promised to take us out to catch, but he never called for us : perhaps we should have been in the way. After reading Frank Bullen's experiences of whaling in the *Cachelot*, I am inclined to think very much in the way. At any rate we saw the whale towed in by

the boats from all the whalers, a remarkable sight,—and watched through our spy-glasses its being lashed alongside and dug to pieces by a sort of spud. From our anchorage we also saw whales in all conditions of whale-life,—some calmly floating, with nearly the whole carcase out of water : now again in deadly battle with the “thresher,” the tail lashing the water like the sails of a windmill, then diving and swimming far, pursued by the thresher, and we believed also by the sword-fish, which attacks from below.

As I had gained my first experience of a colony and gay society at Mauritius, so I was to make acquaintance with savage life and its incipient civilisation at Madagascar. To-day we know the history of the island, and some of us have been distressed at its being handed over to the French in exchange for their renunciation of claims on certain parts of South-Eastern Africa. Without knowing more it would be rash to condemn the arrangement ; but the English had long been paramount in the island, and the natives wished them to remain so. The English missionaries had also long been settled in different parts,—chiefly Nonconformists—and had had much success. European habits and dress had made considerable progress with the ruling tribe, the Hovas. Their Queen was a remarkable woman, dwelling in Antananarivo, with soldiers drilled by Europeans, and a rapidly advancing imitation of English manners and institutions. This had enabled the Hovas to obtain a decided preponderance over their ancient foes, the Saccalavas, who were too stubborn to submit, but had been driven to the western parts of the island, from whence wars and disturbances were continually

proceeding. The Hovas had built forts at different points of the coast to keep them as much in order as possible. We saw something of both contending tribes, and I find the sage diplomatic remark that we make much of the Saccalavas, in view of any quarrel with the Hovas; and in the event of their Queen interfering with our bullock trade between Tamatave and Mauritius, we shall be glad of the help of her restless enemies. Those who came off to us were of the negro type, each carrying a spear, and some a musquet in addition, for which they would willingly give a bullock in exchange. Their miserable huts shocked our unaccustomed eyes. At Moroundava I was sent in my boat, the second cutter, to open communication with the natives, but they all absconded.

At Bembatooka Bay we were amongst the Hovas, who held a fine fort at Makumba for the Queen; but had the luck on our way to pass over a bank where the soundings were 13 fathoms, just in sight of Makumba Island. Sharks were hovering about, and the endeavour to catch one brought up an immense rock-cod. Lines well leaded were soon at work, and we caught some dozen of these fine fish in an hour, the least weighing six pounds. Next morning we tried again: and in the end the ship was entirely supplied for two days with fish diet. We found in the bay an English barque trading at excellent profit in small guns and muskets, for which they received copal varnish and hides. Next morning we were surprised and amused to see two of the Hova Governor's aides-de-camp visiting our ship in the most gaudy uniforms, supposed to be after English fashion. One wore a blue jacket with

broad gold lace on all the seams behind and before, with a blue jockey cap on his head. They came to enquire what ship it was and why she came. Both spoke English well. This explained, our Captain asked the Governor and suite to see the ship. The Governor was not allowed by the Queen to leave the fort, but his officers, to our great delight, came,—Lieutenant-General, Colonels, Majors and Captains. The total stock of English uniforms was small, but one suit or two did duty for many—a coat and an epaulette over bare legs; laced trousers on another with native cloth above. It was unfortunate that three or four of these great men were recognised by some of our men as old shipmates on the Cape Station, doing duty as seamen,—one as cook's mate, who had learnt English on board. Later on, when I was again in African waters, each man-of-war carried a proportion of negroes; but these were all Kroomen (of the West Coast). We had ten in the Sappho, one of whom, the headman, was a most intelligent and trustworthy fellow, quite equal to our better class of men; the others only useful, like the Gibeonites, as hewers of wood and drawers of water. They were well paid and saved money, which, when discharged, they spent in buying cows, a certain number of which was the price of a wife. It was an excellent system, doing good to both sides and popular with both.

When a large party of them came to the Captain's dinner next day he treated them with some gunnery practice at a target, which pleased them much, and they returned the compliment by an invitation from the Governor to dine with him and his officers next

day. Our Captain most kindly took his son, Hawke and me with him, as a sort of aides-de-camp. The hour was one o'clock: officers came off to escort us: when we landed we were saluted by a detachment of soldiers, who marched with us by beat of drum to the fort, well built on the top of a small hill. We entered a large courtyard, lined with soldiers naked, except for a piece of cloth which did the duty of the primeval fig-leaves, but all armed with muskets and well drilled. The Governor received us at the door of his house with hearty politeness, shaking hands with us all; and though he could not speak English, behaving with excellent manners, to which his great stature and distinguished uniform lent grace. In the latter he was much superior to his officers, for it was as nearly that of an English post-captain as possible. We had been rather dreading the dinner, but were now more hopeful; and were not disappointed. But we had to wait quite half an hour at our places at table before it came up, and our hopes fell again. The few officers who could speak English politely did their best to entertain us. When at last it did appear we found ourselves treated to as good a meal, and as well cooked as at a good English table,—soup and bouilli, beef, poultry, game (curlew and woodcock), with date puddings and other dainty dishes for the second course; and wine by no means bad, in which we pledged one another in proper English fashion. They used knives and forks unexceptionably, and though it was easy to see that they were on their very best behaviour, they had not much to learn in these matters. We drank

the health of the Queen of Madagascar and the King of England with three cheers, all standing, and then of our Captain and the Governor. In short, it was the best dinner that we boys had ever had in our lives. After dinner we inspected the garrison, and they went through all the usual exercises very well, the word being given in English. Everything was English, and so the French found when we handed over the island to them. It is not a pleasant reflection.

From this hospitable place we sailed to Johanna, the chief of the Comoro Islands, at all of which Arabs were the ruling people and Malagash their subjects. We found them all very beautiful, but, like many more important countries, torn with revolutions and rebellions. The "King" of Johanna, Abdalla, was away at Madagascar collecting troops to wage war upon Ramanataka, a rebel who had already seized the island of Mohilla from him, and was believed to be about to attack Johanna, where he had many adherents. We found that Abdalla's son, a youth of eighteen, was left in charge of Johanna, assisted by his two uncles, Ali and Hussein, who asked our Captain to dine and favourably impressed him. I went ashore with one of the mates and had my first sight of an Arab town, with its extremely narrow winding streets, and windows in the back of the house, and general squalor. Here we bought clove necklaces and inspected the fort and its tiny brass guns. We sailed next to Mohilla to interview the "rebel" Ramanataka, to whom our first lieutenant and two officials from Mauritius (whom we had received there as assistants

to our Captain) paid an official visit. His history seems to be that he was Governor of Bembatooka under the late King of Madagascar, Radama, and his nearest male kinsman; but that the Queen put all the male kinsmen to death to secure her own succession; failing, however, to catch Ramanataka, who had many adherents, and found shelter at Johanna, where King Abdalla made use of him to reduce Mohilla to his obedience. Ramanataka, like many such adventurers, conquered Mohilla, but forgot to give it up to Abdalla. He was now intriguing against his benefactor, with a view to organising a body of troops who, along with his friends in Madagascar, might enable him to dethrone the Queen, whom of course he considered a rank usurper. Our visitors found him very able and plausible, and likely to be dangerous both to Abdalla and the Queen. The very day of our visit an invitation arrived from Comoro Island to take it under his government, and as he already possessed Mayotta, the fourth of the group, he seemed in a fair way to success.

I don't think our Captain and his advisers knew anything about the rights of the matter, but I suppose they were sent to support existing institutions for the sake of the commerce with Mauritius. So they considered it their duty to put Johanna on its guard, and as luck would have it I was sent to fetch the young prince and his uncles on board. I was proud of being entrusted with the errand, and was met on landing by a so-called "Admiral Rodney" (who washed our clothes when here before), a great favourite at court, probably on account of his fluent English

speech. His pride must soon have had a fall, for his name was on the list of those who had invited Ramanataka to attack the Johanna government, a document we brought with us and handed on to the royal party when they came on board. I suspect he lost his washing, and probably his head. But at present he was a sort of Secretary of State, and took charge of me very opportunely, for the crowd was dense and eager to know what news we had brought. This was already beginning to get about through the pilot who had brought us in. Arrived at the "Palace," we found it full of the chief men of the island, finely dressed, who all rose when I came in; and soon the young Prince came strutting along in a gaudy dress—a sort of vest of purple velvet, almost covered with gold lace, and a high silver-embroidered cap, with a silver star in front. As his leggings were very short, his thickly-soled shoes and his stockings were conspicuous. He saluted me with great warmth, and, what was better, ordered cakes and other good things. I had no orders to tell him anything, but he heard, in the absence of "Admiral Rodney," who was gone to dress, the story of the pilot, and asked me some questions which my ignorance obliged me to answer diplomatically. At length the "Admiral" appeared in a short, blue, laced jacket, and a queer three-cornered cap (very like a donkey's ears) and a pigtail. Then we started off for my boat, the uncles and the Admiral attending us, the prince holding my hand, and an umbrella being held over us both. The royal party was saluted with seven guns, which were returned from the fort; and after hearing our report, the Captain gave them a dinner and many

presents. So ended our diplomacy, and away we sailed for Mauritius.

On our way to Mauritius my Journal describes our Captain's zeal in teaching us all gunnery and his officers seamanship. For the first, we put out a target, manoeuvred the ship round it under all sail, and fired at it from all the guns; but not one hit it, and yet we were always exercising our guns. This at least taught us how difficult it was. We also had to fire a six-pounder on the quarter-deck at a target rigged out from the forecastle. For the second, we each of us were summoned to a formal examination in the art of tacking ship and in rigging a miniature bowsprit. On October 27 the Captain took care that his son and I should remember our birthday, by having me to dine with him and his guests; and our health was convivially drunk. Two days afterwards we anchored in Port Louis, and there at last I got letters from home—the first, I believe, that I received at all. These were indeed a delight, and I attribute to them the commencement of the check which I began to experience in the career of vanity and frivolity into which I was led by my first year at sea.

The Captain found it necessary to do more than take us for a cruise away from the bewitching society of Port Louis. His two junior lieutenants had engaged themselves to be married, in neither case as their friends at home would have approved. So one fine day there was "parting in hot haste," for we were to sail instantly; I find that I entirely supposed that the affairs were irrevocably settled; and no doubt it was so intended. The salt water

washed it all away. Neither came off. I was much shocked; but at a later date a great friend of mine was engaged to three ladies at once in the Mediterranean, and jilted them all. Luckily he married some one else not long after, and his friends tried to forget the occurrence; but he suffered in character, and had to feel the effects. A second steady event arrested me on the voyage back to India. For the first time in my life I saw a corpse and the proverbially impressive funeral at sea. A marine died of consumption, and the sewing him up in a hammock, the solemnity of the service and the splash of the sea when launched overboard, sank deep in a soil beginning to be stirred. My friend O'Callaghan—I don't exactly know to what it was owing—went through just at this time, on our way to India, a strong religious experience, of which there had been no previous sign whatever, and we talked over our thoughts in the night-watches. Mine had only to be re-awakened and made practical; his, I believe, were novel. Anyhow we both believed we were going through a process of conversion, and I think it was so. The books we had were of the Evangelical School—the High Church teaching had not yet emerged from the privacy of the Oriel brotherhood. I don't think our experienced chief altogether admired the new phase of life which he detected in our case. There had been many specimens of extreme evangelical enthusiasm in the Navy, with some of which, like Captain Willoughby's, he had been in close contact, and he was afraid we should end in that; but we knew that he respected our principles. Perhaps the Captain's coxswain, John

Bellows (a Quaker, I believe), judiciously took our part, for a certain intimacy often springs up between a Captain and his coxswain, and Bellows was a remarkable man. When at sea he did duty 'as quartermaster, and, when nothing was going on, had long talks with us boys. Amongst other things he was a zealous temperance man, almost before temperance societies existed—perhaps Father Mathew's movement had attracted him. For this we had had some preparation, as we rigidly stuck to Reed's injunction, and had not even *tasted* grog. Never have I been more thankful for any advice. Bellows had already done good work amongst our crew, which was very far from a sober one. I imagine this was almost the universal condition of the Navy at that time. Certainly it was so in both my first ships, the *Andromache* and the *Edinburgh*. Very nearly all the bad practices of the crew grew out of this initial vice, as they were generally reminded when triced up to the grating to be flogged. Neither the cat-o'-nine-tails nor the lecture did a hundredth part of the good done by Bellows' private talks; and these were of the right sort, not merely rhetoric, but laying the foundation in religion, in prayer and the Bible. I never heard of this good man after we left the *Andromache*, except, many years later, that he made a livelihood at some watering-place by drawing invalids in bath chairs, and had died there. But at Gloucester, quite of late years, I discovered that he was closely related to the well-known printer and antiquary of the same name, better known for his *French Dictionary*. This family were Quakers too, and of much merit; their humble relative was

a myth to them, and they had a tradition that he had died a naval lieutenant. They wrote down in their family archives all I had to tell about him, and were as much pleased as if he had been an admiral.

I must now glean from my Journal some of the more commonplace incidents of my life before we found our way to the Straits of Malacca. We went off to Trincomalee on January 15, 1836. I find that beautiful harbour described in glowing terms, and especially the charms of Sober Island, which was given over to the Navy, and formed the most perfect bathing-place conceivable, with lovely views and pleasant walks. Somehow I picked up an acquaintance with a young ensign of the garrison, who not only lent me his horse, but took me out next day for an alligator-hunt. This seems to have been a favourite amusement with the officers, for their mess bungalow was adorned with stuffed specimens from fifteen to twenty feet long. We made our way through the jungle for some four miles to a sort of dyke, long and narrow, where one was known to harbour. We were each armed with long pikes, and the process was the very simple one of wading, at short distances from one another, up to our middle in muddy water, prodding the bottom in hope of striking the animal. Having no change of clothes I took off mine, and offered my naked legs. However, we had no success: he often made a charge through us all, and got away, we knew not how. They are said to act in this way always; and only to try and bite when brought to bay. The spot was dangerous in another way. Only three days afterwards a herd of wild elephants came down there

from the interior, but we were going off to Colombo to try and obtain some information about freight. We touched at Galle, anchoring outside, and getting a walk on shore. But at Colombo we stayed some days, living at Government House very comfortably with the Governor's son, who was one of our midshipmen, his father, Sir Wilmot Horton, being absent in the country. I remember bathing in the bay and a ride through the cinnamon gardens. On the way we touched at Vizagapatam, which was not very interesting, and arrived at Kedgerie, a native town where ships anchor after getting through the Sandheads, great shoals formed by the constant washing down of alluvial soil by the Hooghly and Ganges. To these spacious and dreary waters come down the jaded officials of the capital for sea air; and fortunately for us, on board a little steamer which we chartered to take us to Calcutta, were Sir Charles and Lady D'Oyley (the people above all others whom it was most desirable to know), on their way back. They were kind enough to take a very lively interest in O'Callaghan and me, and showed us true Indian hospitality. I think they were very much the leaders of society, as he was not only the premier baronet of England, but also one of the senior Civil servants and an accomplished artist. She was a fascinating lady of middle age, and seemed to us a pattern of good breeding, but we could not be very impartial judges, nor had we a very wide experience. Thus we saw the City of Palaces under good auspices, and thought it deserved its reputation.

I was present at a grand function. Lord Auckland had just come out on his appointment as Governor-General, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, whom he relieved,

was to receive the Order of the Bath at his hands. The enormous hall of the Palace was of course crowded, and the uniforms were dazzling, especially the Bengal Artillery, horse and foot; but I liked the Navy best. Though I could see but little for the crowd, I heard the speeches, and was much impressed with the grandeur of the ceremonial. We ended our visit happily, for Sir Charles D'Oyley lent us his large boat, and we lounged and fed and sang on board quite at our ease. It was a week to remember. We next found ourselves at Pondichery, the one possession left to the French, our Captain having offered the Governor a passage from Madras. The Governor gave us a grand dinner, to which Captain Chads took his son and me. We were served on gold plate (the only time in my life, except at Nuneham Park, where Mr. Harcourt had a splendid set, handed down to him from his ancestor, Lord Harcourt, the ambassador to France). He and all his officers were of course politeness itself: we found out that he had been aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and had been in many battles of the great war, including Waterloo. The place was clean and well built, the houses fine, but of course no forts. Our good genius, Mr. Turnbull, sent down letters to this place, announcing that he had arranged freight for us along the coast, and we were to begin at Negapatam on our way to Madras: he also sent letters to the Collector of the place introducing O'Callaghan and me, which got us pleasant quarters and good horses. I especially enjoyed a visit we paid here to a Wesleyan missionary, who profoundly impressed me with his earnestness and

conspicuous self-sacrifice. His main work seemed to be in teaching English at the schools he had established, as the best means of evangelising them and undermining their superstitions.

We stayed only a short time at Madras, and went to collect freight at Masulipatam, Vizagapatam, Chicacole and Moosoorcottel, on our way to Calcutta,— $8\frac{1}{2}$ lacs of rupees; about £500 for our Captain. It was but fair, however, that O'Callaghan and I, who had so much more enjoyment than others, should have the main part of the labour which this freight involved. We were charged with the task of taking it up from Kedgerree and seeing it safe in the Mint; and I think I never had a severer task in the course of my life. We had no assistance of any kind at the Ghaut but coolies, who could not understand us nor we them, and who might have carried off any of the numerous boxes with the greatest ease. We ought to have had soldiers, or police, or at least officials of the Mint. The sun was terrific; we had no proper dress for the season, and we were afraid to leave our charge for a moment, in order to get food, from early breakfast to 5 p.m. However, everything has an end; nothing was lost; and we forgot our troubles under the hospitable roof of the Beatties. The Mint, which we visited next day, was worth seeing; we were told that it was larger than that of London.

I find now a great deal about my plans for reading, which took definite shape on returning to the ship, and were *perhaps* furthered by my Calcutta friends. I resolved to give up mere reading and forgetting, and began to shut my book up after reading a certain

quantity, and then writing down some days afterwards (in my own words) as much as I could remember. Rollin's *Ancient History* was the first experiment. I had an old, well-worn copy in many volumes, lent me by "Aunt Fanny," and thus I laid the foundations of history from the best authority of that day, and I never forgot it. All that has been discovered since has been a mere expansion of that useful, if not great, book. It is pleasant to feel that my interest in these subjects was a direct inheritance from Aunt Amy and her friends of the Bas-bleus, through the channel of their favourite pupil, Aunt Fanny. Someone gave me Wilberforce's *Practical View*, in which I was equally delighted.

"It brings to light so many unconfessed, and often unknown feelings, exposes so many false ideas and practices of professing Christians, that it startles one, and makes one look closer and more carefully into oneself."

"I determined to put a little at any rate in practice of what I had thought I should like to do. I am convinced that writing on paper is a great means of improving the mind, and am convinced that it is astonishing how little people digest their thoughts. They read and they hear, but it all lies conglomerated and massed in their brains."

These sincere but precocious reflections may be illustrated by a list of books read during this year, 1836. How I came by them I have no idea; but I suppose they were merely taken up because I had them—Abbott's *China and the English*; *The Edicts and Letters connected with the Opening of Free Trade and the Mission of Lord Napier* (this was a copy in Hawke's possession, the ship having been on that service before I joined); Basil Hall's vol. 3 on *India* (2nd series) and *the Trade Winds*; Bishop

Heber's *Journal*; *Men and Manners in America*; Hannah More's *Correspondence* and her *Practical Piety*; Kirke White's *Remains*; Wilson's (Bishop) *Evidences of Christianity*; Butler's *Analogy*; General Burns' *Contrast between a Christian and a Man of the World*; Young's *Night Thoughts*; and I now took up Italian again and Algebra.

"Of these Wilson's *Evidences*, Hamilton's *America* and Kirke White have most occupied and pleased my mind . . . the first made me think." . . . "Hamilton's *America* is like a novel. I quite devoured it; it was all new. Kirke White has fired me to aim at something of his mind and spirit, and determined me to make the most of my time and opportunities; for I often think what he would have given for as much as I have, and which I often waste in lounging and idleness. He is a good deal like Henry (my brother). . . . A passage on 'Style' is good: 'Aim at conciseness, neatness and clearness; avoid all fine and vulgar words. Multiplicity of words hides the sense, just as too much clothing does the shape; never put in two words what you can put in one.'" . . . "He recommends also the looking over compositions of one's own some time after the date of writing them, and altering them so as to attain better purity of style. . . . I long to read the books he recommends. Butler, I see, is highly praised, but it frightened me to think I should have read it (being so unprepared), so ignorant and narrow-minded as I am, when people such as he and Bishop Wilson speak of it as such a splendid work. One of them mentions it as the finest defence of our religion against infidels that has ever yet appeared. I think I should like a college education and life. I should enjoy all their deep books and quiet times for study; I don't think I am half so well fitted for busy occupation and varied pursuits; perhaps, however, I should soon get tired of it, and have no doubt I am best provided for as I am."

This passage from my *Journal* is almost a prophecy. I had totally forgotten it (till I came across it now, 1903); but I suppose I must have said something of the sort in the family, for I

remember my father most kindly writing to me some two or three years later when I was in the Edinburgh, offering me the choice of giving up the Navy and going to Oxford. I felt this goodness profoundly, but declined very decidedly, as I had no idea of making the change. It came, however, at last.

I may add to the above list of budding literature another of 1837 and 1838 : Milner's *Church History*; *A Tour of the Holy Land*, ? author; Boyne's *Essay*; *Naval Discipline*, ? author; *Life of Dr. Edward Payson* (a Nonconformist missionary in North America); Tucker's *Letters on Missionary Work in India* (edited by Cotterill, afterwards, I think, Bishop of Edinburgh); Nightingale's *Oceanic Sketches*; Brainerd's *Life* (a missionary in North America); Milton's *L'Allegro*; *Making a Passage to India*, ? author; *Book on Trade Winds*; Robson's *Marine Surveying*; *Maritime Geography*; Lord Collingwood's *Letters*; *Origin of Regiments*; Haldane on *Verbal Inspiration*; Dodsworth on *Romanism and Dissent*; Herschel's *Astronomy*; *Lectures on the Diatessaron*; Chalmers' *Evidences*.

It is evident from these lists that my reading from the age of sixteen or seventeen to eighteen was most heterogeneous, but what I did was spontaneous; it was fairly digested, and never altogether forgotten. At any rate it was better than reading novels and magazines, very little indeed of which, most fortunately, came in my way.

BATTLES WITH MALAY PIRATES.

One of the first acts of Lord Auckland as Governor-General was to arrange with the Admiral for the

extinction of Piracy in the Straits of Malacca, and our ship was selected. Hitherto a man-of-war brig had been supposed sufficient ; but H.M.S. Wolf had scarcely even checked it. The passage to China and the East was more unsafe than ever, and piracy more and more organised. We met the Wolf at Penang, where we arrived on May 26, 1836 ; and heard about these people, their numerous little squadrons, their well-armed and manned boats (called prahus, pronounced prow) with several guns, and well-protected bows, their desperate character, neither giving nor taking quarter, and utter contempt of death. They had come to consider the Straits as their own, and every vessel they could catch their lawful property. The human beings they murdered, and carried the plunder to their river-homes. We had not long to wait for practical knowledge of our enemy.

BATTLE OF THE ARROAS.

On the night of May 30, 1836, the ship's boats were sent off to search the Arroa Islands, not far from the Coast of Sumatra, where pirates had been found some years before,—all three Lieutenants in charge, Reed in the pinnace, with the interpreter and our Captain's guest, Colin Mackenzie ; Gore in the first cutter ; and O'Callaghan in the second cutter. I was with the last.

“We started about eight miles from the ship, and thus had a long pull before we got to the islands. It was a lovely night with a full moon, and the islands stretched before us like a thread across the horizon.”

We seemed a long time getting to them and had plenty of leisure for serious thoughts.

"When we got near the shore, the two cutters were sent to one island, and the pinnace with the rest of the boats went to another. We had not been five minutes separated before we heard, to our great surprise, very heavy firing, and of course set off in a desperate hurry in that direction. We could scarcely tell friend from foe in the smoke, and nearly fired into the pinnace: luckily, however, we spied a boat making off and followed. The chase was of the most animating kind,—our men pulling and cheering with all their might, almost beyond their strength,—for we had had a long pull before. Had not the prahu yawed three times to fire as many ineffectual shots we should not have caught her. As we neared her from this cause our musketry—for we had two Marines on board—began to tell. We had reserved our 3-pounder in the bows until we came close, as, being lashed to the slide, every discharge would have sent the boat backwards. Gradually they threw rubbish, lumber and oars overboard as the rowers were picked off, when at last they hove to, and made a movement as if to board us. Then we backed and gave them three or four discharges of canister shot (little bigger than musquet balls), on which they all jumped overboard. By this time the other boats, having done their work, were coming up, and intercepted the fugitives, who refused quarter and were killed in the water. Our work was not, however, quite finished; for two of the enemy, supposed to be chiefs, swam back to their boat, and seemed determined to fight to the last. One was much wounded and was shot dead; but the coolness of the other, as he got into his boat, though shot in the act by a musquet ball, struck us much. He crawled under the grating of bamboo in the after part—we supposed intending to blow up his little magazine—but it was to strike a last blow at O'Callaghan and me (who had jumped to the bow of our boat with boarding pikes) with his spear, which he threw from under cover, while we tried to get at him with our pikes through the bamboo grating."

Fortunately for us, either he was too weak or we were too close, for his spear fell between us, without doing any harm, into the boat. The wooden part of it gave

me a knock on the side of no consequence ; but it was reported that I was wounded. The man was shot as he was trying to escape from his dangerous position : and we were ordered to set her on fire, after getting out of her a gun (carrying shot of about 6 lb. weight), and some jinghals, or large-bored pieces on swivels.

“The boat presented a dismal spectacle—three or four dead men lying in her bottom ; but now we began to hear the story of the pinnace. They came across two prahus (the smaller of which we had destroyed) in a little creek, but being unwilling to fire without knowing what they were, paused till the interpreter told them that the crews were talking about boarding our boat, and that he heard the chief saying—‘Sons of Malaya, the boats are ours ; let us board them.’ To prevent such a catastrophe, Reid hesitated no longer and opened fire. They told us that the first gun they fired in return was the only one well directed ; and we heard from our prisoners afterwards that it was pointed by the panglema or fighting captain of the prahu, named Balaam, or, as our people called him, Red-breeches, because, as chief, he was dressed in them. The crew, like our prahu’s, tried to escape, but finding they were losing great numbers of men from the pinnace and other boats, took to the water, and a few escaped to the shore.”

So much for the tidings we picked up after it was all over, but it is so meagre that I shall now copy the account as it is printed in the “Life of General Colin Mackenzie,” the officer, then quite young, who was in the pinnace as a volunteer. It is interesting to observe that this “Life” (*Storms and Sunshine of a Soldier’s Life*) was the only notice I had ever had of this good man for forty-eight years. His life had been spent in India, and was a very distinguished one. At his death his son wrote the book chiefly from his father’s journals, and it came out in 1884. I heard of it by a mere accident. Happily, one chapter con-

tained an excellent account of his cruise in the *Andromache* in the Straits of Malacca. After describing the positions taken up by the different boats he says :

“The pinnacle then proceeded alone. On arriving at the south end, and not meeting the cutters, we descried something like a boat at the end of a small creek, which had no outlet save the one by which we were entering. As we neared, loud voices hailed us in Malay. Our interpreter, Mr. Mitchell, called to them not to be afraid, if they were good men and true, as we were Europeans. Their consciences not relishing the condition, their answer to our peaceful overture was a loud unmannerly shout,—‘Come on sons of Malays, the boat is ours ; let us board, let us board !’ advancing at the same time in two large prahus, crowded with men (as we found out afterwards about 130) beating gongs and making altogether a most Babel-like uproar. Nothing abashed, though the presence of the cutters would have been acceptable, from the enemy’s overwhelming numbers, we pulled within pistol shot, and commenced with grape, to which they replied merrily with grape and langridge. Their first fire, by God’s mercy alone, did not harm any of us, though it flew right in amongst us, knocking off Reid’s cap, by whom I was standing. The pirates’ great object being to board (which I think would have been destructive to us), everything depended upon our accuracy and quickness of firing, so much so as to make it impossible to run out the carronade at every discharge. Reid’s coolness and decision were admirable, and he was right well seconded by the men at the gun, who fired with the same sangfroid as if they had been at exercise, and with astonishing rapidity and precision. Repeatedly our antagonists endeavoured to close, and as often they were driven back. Just as we had partly crippled the smaller prahu and greatly shattered the larger, the first cutter pulled round the nearest point and let fly into the midst of the rogues. Forthwith the smaller prahu fled, the crew of the larger jumping into the sea and making for the land.”

He then describes his boat hurrying off to join ours in the pursuit of the smaller prahu, how they arrived just when we had forced the crew to jump overboard,

and what happened then. They had cut off the swimmers, and

“the work of slaughter began with muskets, pikes, pistols and cutlasses. I sickened at the sight, but it was dire necessity. They asked for no quarter, and received none ; but the expression of despair on some of their faces as, exhausted by diving and swimming, they turned them up towards us merely to receive the death-shot or thrust, froze my blood. My pistol and cutlass lay idle.”

This seems a barbarous proceeding, and I was happy to see that it fell to another boat, and not to ours ; but Reid was acting under strict orders from our Captain, who had publicly charged the officers not to allow a single man to board the enemy on account of the known cases of such boarders having been speared by men who got at them from the bottom of the boat. They were to be conquered by our guns and muskets, and destroyed like vermin. These ruthless orders certainly had the merit of success. We did not lose a man ; and only nine of their crew, as far as we know, escaped.

I now resume my own Journal.

“I didn’t forget to return my sincere thanks for my preservation. We then separated and took up berths on the different islands. I just got an hour’s doze on the sand till daylight ; and then we mounted the hill of the Long Arroa to look round us ; our own cutter was rowing out, with a fresh prahu in tow, which they found hauled up on shore ; the ship was visible at a distance ; the lovely islands, the channels between them studded with rocks of picturesque shapes, all brilliantly illumined by the glorious sunrise, red as blood, a solid, unbroken pillar of fire extending over the calm sea to our very feet. I never felt a scene more ; perhaps one seldom sees so interesting a view in such interesting circumstances. . . . We soon joined the commanding officer, and breakfasted on a rock on which the tide had flung the smouldering wreck of the largest prahu. Spears, crises, chatties of rice and other things

were found in her as well as in our prize. . . . The gig which had been sent off with our news now returned with orders to scour the islands for those that had escaped. This was not pleasant. The air of the jungle was stifling and the surface rocky. We soon caught one fugitive, who made no resistance, and turned trail on the rest, nine in all. This took nearly all day; but we got on board by 4 p.m., and told our story to our envying messmates. . . . The wardroom officers gave us a dinner, and we were allowed twelve hours' sleep. Nothing remained after that but a bad cold and a sense of whirl for two or three days. The prisoners—for our ghastly orders did not apply to non-resisting captives taken on shore—were examined, and I had to write out a copy of their evidence. They said there were 130 men in the two prahus, 80 in one, 50 in the other, and that 10 besides themselves had got on shore. Thus it seemed that we had killed 113."

They confessed to being pirates, and gave us some information as to their accomplices. Their own boats belonged to the Sultan of Lingan. Nevertheless, when we carried our nine prisoners to Calcutta in order that they might be tried by a proper Court, they were, to our astonishment, acquitted! The lawyers required better proof than the facts I have stated; and we were ordered to take them back to the place where we had captured them. It was no doubt difficult to see what else to do with them; but to acquit them of piracy because they were not caught in the act, when they were actually attacking us, did not efface the sailors' prejudice against lawyers.

My Journal now mentions some unsuccessful cruises at Pulo (which means an island) Asram, Pulo Pisang and the Cocobs; also a short visit to the pretty town of Malacca (I suppose in order to obtain information); but

"we did not go to Singapore, as we did not wish our arrival to be known till we had searched the eastern portion of the Straits.

The boats were now sent to cruise off Point Romania. It was unfortunately not my turn to go in the second cutter (as by this time it was ordered that Chads and I should take turns). They fell in with three large prahus, which fired first at them, and after a long chase under sail and oars treated them as we had done at the Arroas. That is to say, they subdued their fire, but they ran ashore before they were caught, and the crews got away. We again suffered no loss. The prahus were all taken to the ship and burnt. I regretted a little that I was not in this action, but I would not have missed the Arroas for twenty such. . . . Papers were found in the prahus from different Rajahs along the coast who were concerned in the venture. We saved five unfortunate Cochin Chinese whom the pirates had caught, and who were to be sold for slaves."

Mackenzie's leave was now up, and he had to go back to his garrison station at Malacca. He was so brave and energetic that his fine subsequent career might well have been predicted. His "Life" was a sort of resurrection to us at the end of half a century.

To proceed :

"We then sailed to Pulo Tingy and Pulo Aor; and it was my turn in the boats at both islands, which were considered most likely places to find our enemies; but after poking into every corner our search was fruitless. They are most beautiful islands, trees upon trees rising above each other, and lovely little sandy bays, with huts round them, and boats building. We found that the inhabitants were settled and peaceable, their only trouble being from occasional attacks of Borneo pirates in huge prahus, with two banks of oars and 200 men in each. Our cruising ground did not extend so far east."

At a later date the pirates gradually disappeared under the noble and romantic government of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak.

We next went to Singapore (June 19, 1836), and soon left again, with the Governor, Mr. Bonham, on board, for a cruise to the western coast of the long peninsula. He had been appointed by Lord Auckland to act as a joint Commissioner with our Captain for

the suppression of piracy. (He received a baronetcy for his services, and his son, Sir George Bonham, is now high up in the Diplomatic Service.) We at once made for Gallang or Klang (having on board some Chinese, whose junk had been captured there), an island not to be found in our chart. The boats were sent to attack it, and it was my turn; but we found it had been deserted on our approach. It was beautifully situated on a cleared space, with dense jungle behind, from whence there was some ineffectual firing; but we soon burnt the village and all the boats which were building. These boats and the number of houses (all on piles) confirmed our information that it was the centre of the pirates on this coast. We soon found out that the island was at the mouth of a river, and destroyed another village, every now and then chasing a boat, but without success. In one creek we found a beautiful prahu, 61 feet long by 12 broad, which was sent off to the ship, and there burnt, and again a rather smaller one which we burnt. It was evident that we were destroying a very populous settlement. We had a narrow escape in the last case, for we didn't discover some well-concealed barrels of powder on board. These exploded and wounded Mr. Reed and one of the crew of the pinnace, which pulled back again, leaving my boat behind. She had no sooner got out of sight than we heard guns and shouts nearing us rapidly from the interior of the narrow creek, and O'Callaghan decided to join the pinnace and take further orders. No sooner had we joined than all was silent, but we did not pursue our enemy further, I suppose because we should have been entrapped in the jungle, and had to fight at a great disadvantage.

We found the junk, which we heard they had captured, a very large vessel, and tried to raise her from the place where she had been sunk, but had to give it up. Altogether we were three days at this work away from the ship, and much enjoyed meeting at night and sleeping in our boats. The cruise ended sadly, through an accident. We were constantly in chase of small boats without catching them, and on one occasion at night the first cutter (not mine) fired into another of our boats by mistake, and badly wounded two men; but both recovered, one losing an arm and the other lamed. I had a great struggle with myself after our return as to visiting the man who had been wounded in the arm. The arm had begun to mortify, and the smell was horrible; but he was most thankful for sympathy, and his life was just saved by amputation. So ended our expedition, not however without causing a remonstrance from the Dutch settlement at Rhio, in sight of Gallang; they, from weakness and former losses in battle with them, having been obliged to connive at the proceedings of these pirates, and being indignant at the English taking up the duty which they had failed to do. On which I find I remarked, "It seems the feeling which prompted the massacre of Amboyna has not yet died away."

I now insert a passage from my Journal on an exciting scene. After leaving Gallang we were running near Pulo Tingy before a moderate breeze, with our pinnace and two large gunboats (which had been bought at Singapore and armed) towing astern.

"The breeze suddenly freshened, and the pinnace with her 12-pounder in her bows took in water over the bows before any one observed it. The Captain saw this from his cabin and ran on

deck. After trying in vain to haul her up, he ordered the ship to be rounded to, which manoeuvre caused the pinnace to run foul of the gunboat's hawser, when she filled, and was towed under water till the hawser by which we towed her carried away, and down she went. All this took place in about five minutes. What was worse, the part of the hawser which the men had hauled in was coiled on deck, but when the boat sank they could not keep their hold, and the whole coil ran out like lightning, cutting off at the ankle the foot of a marine which was unfortunately in the coil (where it had no business to be), and indeed he was only saved from going overboard by the other men holding him with all their force. His shrieks were frightful. After it was too late everything was let fly, and the anchor was let go, but all was confusion, the Captain roaring out order after order. The only thing which could have saved the pinnace was to have cut away her hawser, but no one thought of that till too late. That evening was employed in creeping for her, for, of course, we had no idea of losing her. The marine's leg was amputated close under the knee quite successfully, and we settled down for the night in a sorrowful frame of mind. We hardly expected to recover the boat, and found out how attached we had become to her, after all the enterprises in which she had been our leader; it was like losing an old friend.

But just before we finished our evening operations hope dawned. The very last boat reported that their hawser had hooked something heavy, and buoyed the spot. At daylight we were at it again; one of our men dived, and ascertained that it really was our lost boat, with her bow buried deep in the mud. The enthusiasm was great, and excellent measures were taken for recovering her. The gunboats were anchored just over the spot, and two of our capstan bars were lashed across them; hawsers were then passed round the boat and the bars. The ship was then moved close to the scene of action, and our heaviest tackle made fast to the hawser and worked from our own capstan. We soon hove her up to the water's edge. How our hearts beat as we saw the black mass more and more plainly, and when we found the clinch by which the hawser held her keep firm to the last until we were able to suspend her by ropes from her own ring-bolts."

I was much struck by the picturesque scene of the great boat, broadside up, as she soon lay alongside

the ship, with all the boats plying about to get out her shot and put her to rights, Mr. Reed, with his arm in a sling (wounded at Gallang), giving his orders, every officer, man, boy and idler in the ship on the hammock nettings and chains . . . it would make an excellent picture such as Miss Eden would have delighted to draw (she was a sister of Lord Auckland, whose beautiful sketches of ship scenes I saw at the D'Oyleys'). The pinnace was soon put to rights, and in the Middle Watch we all went off under her leadership to search Indower River, but found no pirates.

BATTLE OF SYAK.

"On July 20 we left Singapore and proceeded northward : after searching once more the Cocobs and Pisang without result we changed our course suddenly and sailed right across the Straits to Sumatra, and sent the boats away to examine Bucalisse Island. Fortunately it was my turn ; for in the night we fell in with six prahus, which had lain concealed under the land while we passed, but came out rather too soon. We started instantly in full chase, and soon found that they were pirates by their gong-beating and shouting to one another. When we had got near them, one of them, the largest, suddenly hove to and deliberately waited for us, while the rest made the best of their way in flight. Our boat was in the direct line with this prahu, the others to our right, so they left her to us after pouring in their fire, and pulled after the others. Having got a great deal of way on our boat, and not being able to back at once, we found ourselves closer to the prahu than we intended, or ought to have been, and so went on and on till our foremast caught the long spars which project over the stern of these prahus. Before we touched her we received the fire of a 'lela' or jinghal, which wounded our bowman severely, and O'Callaghan, as well as our two marines, slightly. But we had no sooner got entangled with the spars of our enemy than a shower of spears from behind the cadjans or bulwarks on the stern came

rattling in, thrown by no hand that we could see; and indeed we believed that all the crew had been destroyed by the fire of our own and of the other boats. These spears were well thrown. One wounded a seaman who was trying to shove the boats clear, mortally; two others severely. One of these got a spear right through the upper part of his leg as he was in his place as coxswain sitting on the stern sheets. I was standing just inside of him, and was saved by his receiving the thrust. However, we got clear, and fired gunshot and musquetry into her till all was dead silence. We were now ordered to chase the other boats, leaving the sternmost boat to look after our prahu. As we had so many wounded, I and the two marines took the vacant oars, and I was glad enough to have something to do. We soon overtook them, and found them deserted. But the large prahu which gave us so much trouble was destined to give a last dying kick. The gunboat which was ordered to stay by her, commanded by Dundas, our senior midshipman, had been playing round her with musquetry till, as they supposed, every soul had been killed. They then came alongside and leaped on board. However, just as they had nearly all got aft, a man who had been lying down slowly raised himself up, applied a match to the gunpowder abaft before he could be stopped, and blew up himself and nearly all of our men. By this explosion one of the seamen of our gunboat was killed and four wounded, while several of our Malay auxiliaries in the gunboat were dreadfully burnt and blackened."

One of the pirates was brought on board, a shocking sight, as his skin was nearly all burnt off. He was, of course, surgically treated, but soon died. I may say here, though it is not in my Journal, that the Captain threatened to punish Dundas for disobeying orders by boarding the prahu; but he was, very properly, begged off. He was of the family of Merchiston. The official report gave two killed and fifteen wounded, half of whom were in my boat, which was manned by two officers, eleven seamen and two marines, so that only half of our crew escaped.

My Journal then speaks of the behaviour of the wounded in my boat.

"It was a strange experience binding up their wounds as they lay in their blood, but scarcely one of them spoke a word till we got on board; they could not have behaved better. They told us afterwards that at the time when they were wounded they felt no pain. Old Howe, the coxswain, did not know he was wounded, though the spear-head went through his thigh above the knee. It was not till our rude but effective bandages were removed, and the wound dressed, that they felt much. Three out of the four who were badly wounded were great allies of mine; old Howe especially, a fine old man of war's man (who was certainly not handsome, but as good as gold. He was O'Callaghan's instance of what he always affirmed, that the ugliest seamen were always the best). I spent a good deal of my time off duty in attending on him, but found him hopelessly ignorant. His one enjoyment was smoking, and we supplied him with cigars, of which he got through seventy-five in one day. Another of the three was my hammock-man, quite a gentleman-sailor; and the third was Murray, a boatswain's mate, who was always a friend of mine, and as handsome a man as Howe was the contrary. I didn't know the man that was killed very well, but his funeral was, to us who were with him in the boat, very sad. The wounded were sent to the Hospital at Penang, where I visited them three times. They all recovered. I need not say how thankful I was for the narrow escapes I had in the 'Battle of Syak.'"

My Journal next illustrates the comic side of life. We had gone on a cruise over our old district in the northern parts of the Straits, and had

"just anchored late in the evening near a large rock, when all of a sudden the man in the chains cried out with all his might: 'Boats close on board, sir.' Round it flew, re-echoed from mouth to mouth, with improvements: 'Prahus attacking the ship.' 'Pirates are on us.' The Captain, who was on deck, gave three orders in a breath: 'Call the boats' crews away.' 'Beat to quarters.' 'Man and arm ship.' However, only the last was piped by the boatswain's mate; and up came every soul in the ship, some with and some

without trowsers, but each with cutlass or musquet, scarcely knowing where they were, and of course each adding to the Babel of noise and confusion, but determined to do or die. We had to do neither. The moon that moment emerged from clouds. It was at once plain that the supposed terrible boats were nothing else than small rocks, which had not been distinguished from the dark twilight sea when we anchored. Then came such a burst of laughter, such a mixed feeling, half of disappointment, half of satisfaction, all very unlike the usual service-like reserve of the quarter-deck ; but this was quite exceptional."

On August 14, 1836, having been two years at sea, I mounted my white patch, which was a great pleasure as superseding the now despised little strip of gold lace on the collar, but still more as bringing an addition of £30 a year to my poor little pay of £13 ; which I must say I chiefly valued for its relief to my father of that sum, for I knew that he pinched himself to place his sons in a proper position in life.

On September 7 I find we had been at Singapore again, and left it for a new cruise to the southward, "where we heard that a large force of pirates was assembling to make a united resistance to the men-of-war which had been active against them. We took with us the boats of the Raleigh and the two new gunboats built at Singapore for the Commissioners. They were decked boats, and sailed well, but could not do much without wind. These and our two old gunboats, with another still building, are to form a squadron when we leave under the command of Mr. Mitchell, our interpreter. All these boats were sent four times to cruise off Soojee and Booroo, and I took my two turns alternately with H. Chads. We penetrated into various labyrinths of islands, never properly surveyed, but found no sign of our enemy. I describe some highly picturesque scenes, but in much the same terms as I have already used. On September 13 Mr. Bonham finally left us, and our Captain became sole Commissioner, but our work was nearly done. We had made treaties with some of these little Malay potentates, frightened others, and destroyed many pirates and their headquarters. The neck of the general enemy of mankind

was broken, at least for the time. Much later it revived to some extent, and Keppel had to put it down. Even then the Straits would not have become absolutely safe for the vast commerce which has since grown up between Europe, India and China, had not Rajah Brooke and his son appeared on the scene, and interposed order and civilisation between the Malay population and the teeming millions to the East of them.

"On October 16, 1836, we arrived at Kedgerree, and for once in a way I let O'Callaghan go up to Calcutta without me, while I used his cabin for a study when not on duty. He spent a delightful week with our friends, but wisely would not let Mr. Beattie send down a boat for me, as he wanted to do."

I spent my birthday at this solitary place, and I find made many good resolutions. Something now happened which put other things out of my head for a time.

We rattled down to Madras before the wind, and on October 29 anchored in our old berth.

"The Captain went ashore, as did the two junior lieutenants, intending to come off next morning to church. I got my traps ready for a later start. But at 5 p.m. came off a note from the Harbour Master to the Commanding Officer, giving him notice that a gale of wind was coming on, as indicated by the barometer (which fell an inch all at once), and advising that we should weigh instantly. We immediately prepared to follow this good advice; loosed sail in order to close-reef them, and shortened in our cable. Just as this was done, and it had grown dark, the wind freshening every moment, a boat made its way to the ship. It was the Captain, and by himself. He had heard of the impending storm, and gave orders to weigh instantly. No sooner had we brought the anchor to the bows than we found it had hooked the chain of some other anchor, and could not be cleared; so as time pressed, we slipped and stood out to sea. Fortunately, the gale began from off shore, and we scudded before it at a tremendous pace; at daylight it was decided to bear up for Trincomalee. The wind increased every hour, and the sea rose rapidly. All sail had been taken in except the close-reefed foresail and maintopsail. It was now necessary to lay-to."

(Reed's *Law of Storms* had not yet appeared; so that we were not led to lay the ship to the wind in order to get through the storm-circle, but acted, I think, just as if we had. The storm went the complete half-circle, beginning at N.W. and going towards S.W. (just when we hove to) and ending at South. At least it moderated then, and soon came round to the eastward with light breezes. I don't know whether it ought to be called a typhoon or a hurricane, but I don't think there is any real difference between them.) To resume my Journal :

“ In a very heavy squall, just before we hove to, we carried away the weather maintopsail sheet, and in trying to close up the sail, away went buntlines, chielines, and the lee sheet. The weather maintopsail brace soon followed, and the sail (a bran new one) split into shreds, a great part blowing away altogether. There was nothing now to hold the yard to the mast but the parrel (the strong ropes which hold the yard as it slips up and down the topmast), and this now carried away. The halliards alone remained (suspending the yard from the masthead, and allowing it to fly over from side to side without the slightest control, except what was afforded by the shrouds). What was to be done? The best men in the ship were ordered up into the main top, and I went up with them; rather to encourage them; for of course I could do nothing personally. It was not my top, nor was I ordered up; but a dreadful thing had just happened, and rather dazed the men. I heard a heavy thump close to me, looked round, and saw a man rolling off the capstan, covered with blood. His skull was stove in, and it was all over with him. It was Eadie, a boatswain's mate, who had rushed up of his own accord, but fell from no particularly dangerous place, the topmast rigging. He was a smart seaman, and I suppose never thought of holding on: it was said afterwards that he had been drinking, and it probably was so. When I went up myself I found out what it was to go aloft in such a hurricane. The ship was rolling terrifically, as there was scarcely any sail to steady her, and every roll brought the rigging on one side into a loose bight, while the next roll straightened it again

with a jerk which almost shook one to pieces. When I got up into the top, which was now full of men, including the Captain of the Top (a very fine man and prime seaman, but given to drink and a noted pugilist), I found a terrific state of things, the maintopsail flying out in strips, which lashed about in such fury that a touch from it would have been instant death, and with a frightful noise like that of a thousand whips. Not one dared to go out on the yard when the roll of the ship brought it up against the mast with a resounding bang. It seemed impossible to do it. I soon came down, feeling sure that orders would be given to cut away the sail, and so save the yard and mast. But no. A new weather maintopsail had been sent up, and it was discovered that there was one man aloft who would brave the death which seemed imminent. To our astonishment we saw him leap on the yard when the roll of the ship flung it to the mast, with the end of the rope in his mouth, then breathless we saw him tossed about in all directions, but holding firm till he got to the yard-arm, when he quietly rove the rope through the brace-block and brought it in again to the eager grasp of the men in the top. It was soon passed down to the deck, and the yard at last controlled. We then felt pretty comfortable, laying to under the mizen trysail."

(This man deserves to be commemorated. His name was Roberts, not yet a petty officer; of middle height but very muscular, a quiet, steady fellow, but well known to us who had become members of the informal Temperance Society in which John Bellows had enrolled us, and, like most of our converts, had through temperance become a religious man. It was this which gave him courage and coolness; but I don't know his after history. It gave the cause a great lift, for he thus delivered before the whole crew as fine a practical lesson as a man could. I don't think he had any special thanks from the quarter-deck. It was taken as a matter of course.)

"After the hurricane the winds were so light and shifting that it took us a week to get to Trincomalee, where we found the

Admiral and his flagship, and I was glad to meet my first ship-mates, but contrasted her unfavourably with the brilliant Andromache. Cowper's 'Life' seems to have interested me exceedingly, and his poem on 'Friendship,' which seemed to teach the truth, and was useful to me. Then I found some useful lines of Southey's exactly my own experience :

“‘Nature hath assigned

Two sovereign remedies for human grief,

Religion surest, firmest, first and best,

Strength to the weak and to the wounded balm,

And strenuous action next.’”

Teaching such as this and much introspection helped to give a more healthy tone to a mind which was in danger of becoming too sentimental.

In the end of January, 1837, the ship was hove down and docked at Calcutta. The first of these operations was even then, when we had but few docks out of England, very rare, and we were accordingly directed to study every part of it. I saw all my old friends and made some new ones, especially Colonel Powney, with whom I stayed at Dumdum, the artillery station. He is an excellent officer and an actively religious man,

“a little ugly man, with an exceedingly comic face, but so engaging that you quite forget he is not handsome. I believe he has been the means of doing immense good in his corps, and young officers to whom he has been the means of saving money, character, and their souls by taking them into his house when they first came out, are scattered all over India, and go by the name of ‘Powney’s boys.’

I find next an account of a grand dinner given to my Captain (I think by the Calcutta merchants, in honour of his great services against the pirates. He was also presented with a sword of honour by the Indian Government),

“when he was presented with a magnificent breakfast service which cost £500. I hear that his speech was beautiful. It is in everybody’s mouth. I am glad as he is himself, dear old man. When after two or three toasts, to which he had to return thanks, the company drank the health of Mrs. Chads and her children, I am told that he got up, shaking his arms and shoulders *à la* British tar, according to his fashion, and said: ‘Really, gentlemen, I have made three speeches to-night, more than I have made in my whole life, and you cannot expect me to make any more. There’s my son, I am sure he feels as much obliged to you as I do. Come, boy; up you get. Return thanks for your mother; don’t be ashamed.’ And up he made his poor boy get, who blushed and stammered a little, and thanked them for the honour they had done his mother. So like the old man! I would not, however, much like to have been his son!

“Now we are at sea again.”

By this time I find myself bold enough to take measures towards my messmates which were difficult for mere boys. Poor fellows,

“they got into bad company at Calcutta, and their conversation and habits became worse and worse: so that I determined, by God’s help, never to speak to them unless I was obliged, to be civil and polite, but not to allow them to become intimate or enter into any conversation with me unless they would give up their gross language.”

Running parallel with this I find notices of sundry semi-conversions amongst them, especially in the case of Hawke, who was never one of the bad ones, but now began to be in earnest about religion, of which he found out the full value during a very long and trying illness, which eventually carried him to the grave as an elderly man. The study of Milner’s *Church History* was exceedingly useful at this period, and laid a good foundation for the many phases of churchmanship with which I have since been brought in contact. It seems also that I now for the first

time made a friend for life of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, for which I thank God.

We were bound for the Straits once more, and arrived at Penang on February 21, 1837, where we spent one day, and proceeded to our old cruising ground. (I cannot find any mention either in my Journal or log books of a circumstance which gave us all great annoyance. I mentioned that we took the nine prisoners caught on shore after the battle of the Arroas up to Calcutta to be tried—no doubt by the Supreme Court. To our astonishment they were not only acquitted, but we were ordered to take them back to the Straits. Of course it was easy for their Counsel to say there was no actual proof of piracy, and to account for the chief's harangue to the crew by the theory that they had been surprised, and were only resisting an attack about to be made on them. But their armament and the information obtained from the prisoners themselves, seemed to us absolutely convincing, and the contempt sailors always had for lawyers seemed to us fully justified. I cannot find or recollect where we landed them, but no doubt it was done.)

On March 29 we were at Acheen, on the northern coast of Sumatra, and interviewed the King, once the chief of North Sumatra, and still powerful. He was building forts and stockades to resist the Dutch, with whom a rupture was imminent. (This struggle has been going on by fits and starts ever since.) I remark on the magnificent view of Acheen Head and the Golden Mountain seen at ninety miles distance. Next day we had an exciting incident on board.

"A man named Tennant was half-drunk at quarters (when all the men wear their cutlasses) and made a drunken noise on the quarter-deck. The Captain called out to him to hold his tongue, on which he drew his cutlass and threw it violently on the deck. The Captain ordered him to be seized, and told the chief boatswain's mate, Dicks, who was at his station, to draw his cutlass and secure him. On this Tennant took his cutlass up again, and flourished it about, but Dicks, with the greatest coolness, struck him on the neck with the flat of his sword, threw him down, wrested the cutlass from him, and tied his hands. Dicks got cut in the hand during the struggle, and Tennant was put in irons; he is to be tried for his life."

I think nothing happened to him.

We now made our way to Calcutta; but I remained at Kedgerree when the Captain, O'Callaghan, and others went up. Here I heard of the death of my dear friend, Bishop Corrie, which profoundly affected me; but my reflections on the event are too private and sacred to be transcribed. But I will transcribe a long passage from Chamier's *Life of a Sailor*, which I came across at this time, inasmuch as it seems to me the most striking story I ever read with the advantage of being, as I believe, true.

"A man-of-war schooner was capsized in a sudden squall: the whole crew were in the water, and all swam at once to the one only boat which had got clear, and was floating keel upwards. The water was quite calm again, but all the efforts of the Lieutenant-Commander to make the men wait till one or two had got in and baled her out were in vain; he did once quiet the men, who waited till she was almost baled out, when a cry of 'a shark' was raised. Every energy was again set in motion to get into the boat, which all alike clutched in despair. The efforts of each obstructed his neighbour. Again, after some time had passed in the struggle, the brave and cool Lieutenant had almost restored order when their fears proved too true. About fifteen enormous sharks came flying towards them, smelt and shuffled them a little, while the poor fellows, splashing the water,

for a short time prevented their too sure attack. In two or three minutes a shriek from one of them announced that the carnage had begun : the blood once tasted, another and another fell victims to the rapacious monsters, and the gallant Lieutenant himself, with his legs bitten off, went down without a groan. Soon eighteen out of the twenty had disappeared, and the sharks, satiated, swam off. The two men who now alone remained got into the boat and baled her out. Delivered from one, they seemed only doomed to a worse fate, and envied that of their shipmates. The boat was absolutely empty, no oar, nor sail ; and a hundred miles from land. One sat in the bows, the other in the stern, each silent, each thinking that in the end one must destroy and live on the other. Neither would sleep. At last, wearied out, they began to think of the God whom in their prosperity they had neglected. The man in the stern-sheets fell on his knees, and as he prayed regained composure, and resolved to await death with calmness. The other had never prayed, but he ejaculated : ‘God protect me.’ Both now came to an agreement that neither would spill the blood of the other. This had no sooner taken place than a sail hove in sight. Great was their joy : but though it came nearer its course was not direct towards them. In vain they did all they could to attract attention. They saw that no one was on deck but the helmsman, and he did not observe them. With agonised feelings they saw her pass on, when the man in the bow called to his companion and said he had made up his mind to try the one thing that remained and swim towards her. His companion remonstrated and reminded him of the sharks ; but in vain. Over he plunged, after giving his clothes and knife to his companion, and at once began to kick out with his legs. But the sharks came, and swam underneath him, waiting till he could no longer splash the water. He was all but exhausted, and had said his only prayer, ‘God protect me’ : at that moment his eye caught sight of the skipper of the little schooner, who had just come up the hatchway, and to his joy turned his head towards him to look at the wind. The poor fellow had just strength enough left to make a last effort, and with hands and legs leaped fairly half out of the water. The strange motion attracted the skipper ; he called for a glass, made out the man, and lowered a boat. He was saved. The other was got on board, and they ran into each other’s arms. They

were taken to the Admiral on the Station, and made Warrant Officers on the spot."

I was led to think more of this affecting story while lying at Kedgeree by the imminent danger from sharks. We were constantly catching them, and I had to do nearly all the boat work in taking ashore and fetching back liberty-men some fifty times. They were mostly drunk when they came back, and were kept quiet with great difficulty. We were generally under sail, the wind strong and squally, the tides tremendously swift, and the water perfectly discoloured by the mud washed down by the rivers. I look back on it as one of the chief dangers I ever experienced, and was once more full of thankfulness, and quite prepared. Again I wrote at this time a recurrence of my longing for intellectual society.

"I long to read Gibbon ; what advantages people of cultivated minds and extensive knowledge have in conversation ! How much I have to learn ! I will not be a fool."

On May 4, 1837, the ship is at Madras, and I am staying with the Arbuthnots at Brodie Castle on the Adyar, who insisted on my making this my home now that the Corries' home was not available.

I had been quite at home at both Madras and Trincomalee, and felt very sorry to leave them : I remark that

"the warmth of my youth had been expended in India, my brightest, sunniest, saddest days ; now the spell is broken, the castle disenchanted, the flowers faded."

I must say, however, that I drew the best possible moral from all this, and before long, assisted by the fresh sea-breezes and plenty of work, got to be less sentimental and more cheerful. I was certainly

more happy about my ship than I used to be, and remark at this time :

“Religion seems to be spreading ; and I judge by unequivocal signs, such as absence of swearing and indecent conversation in our hearing : one of the mates, the assistant surgeon, and second master consort more with Hawke and me, and what is more important, Mr. Reed, the first lieutenant, is fast becoming an open and sincere Christian.”

In those days this was the term in general use amongst religious people for those who accepted and lived up to the standard of the Bible. Parallel with this healthy interest in the improvement amongst the officers went great consideration of the difficulties attending the attempts to improve the seamen ; and they certainly wanted improving. As a rule they were a drunken and debauched lot. With all the good qualities of our Captain and first lieutenant, the discipline of the ship was not good. There was a good deal of flogging, chiefly for intemperance. They had a good example in the Captain and officers ; no swearing was ever heard on the quarter-deck, and the service on Sunday, dull and formal as it was, was regular and reverential. But the *morale* of the seamen was scarcely better than it had been in the old war time, and it was not thought possible to make any change. The one influence which was beginning to tell was what I have before mentioned, that of John Bellows and his temperance work, accompanied as it was by earnest persuasions to become “Christians.” He encouraged me to help him, and I did so, with much caution, but I think with some effect. There were probably a dozen men and boys who came out from amongst the mass. Three of

these young men followed us into the Edinburgh, and I owe my preservation in a desperate illness to one of them, Henry Penicud.

I found our short stay at the Cape of Good Hope much more agreeable than the former visit on the way to India. The ride to Cape Town which I was to enjoy so much in later days, and the kind friends at Wynberg, provided for us by the zealous care of Indian friends, were a last reminder of the romantic times. On the way home I made a study of *Thomas à Kempis*, which began my acquaintance with that wonderful book, and read *Sallust* and *Caesar* with great avidity, probably not in the most scholarly fashion, and *Silvio Pellico*, a well-known book of those days, which gave me my first longing for the liberation of Italy from Austria. It was now also that I first imbibed a horror of the slave trade, which was still in full vigour, from a midshipman who had lately joined us, and had been prize master in a slaver.

On August 2 we arrived at St. Helena, and Mr. Reed took some of us on shore.

“As we came in, the island seemed all grandeur and barrenness. We rounded almost perpendicular rocks, where not quite every ledge was strongly fortified. Many ships were in the roads. The ladder up Ladder Hill looks like a long string reaching up to the high peak. James Town is neat and clean and English, with some good inns, from one of which we hired horses, and Hawke and I rode out to Napoleon’s tomb.”

I had read a good deal about his captivity, and also was much interested in the place by a book Bishop Corrie had given me containing an account of the illness and death of a midshipman who was sent

ashore—to die, and whose contemporary remarks on Napoleon were very striking.

“We found the tomb at the bottom of a deep valley, the hills walling it round—a plain stone surrounded by an iron railing, and this enclosed at a few yards distance by a circular wooden railing with a gate. This is where the old sergeant lives who shows the place, and opposite is the cottage inhabited by a widow with some lovely children, who sells refreshments. This wonderful man, the sergeant said, was lying under the stone in full dress, booted and spurred. . . . I read at the tomb the copy I had made of Isaiah xiv.,¹ which seems to apply so exactly to this extraordinary man. There we saw also the two famous willows leaning almost to the ground over the tomb; and then walked on to Longwood, where he was confined. It is now a mill, and was never more than a small house; the view more grand than pleasing. It was vexatious to observe that it was dirty and neglected. The hall was covered with names of all nations, chiefly French. . . . Count Bertrand's house was still a neat and pretty little place, many garden flowers still to be seen among the weeds. It was very melancholy altogether.”

We sailed the same evening, and soon reached the Island of Ascension, where I did not go ashore; and, on weighing anchor for the last time before we

¹ Isaiah xiv. 12. “How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

16. “They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms;

17. “That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?

18. “All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house.

20. “Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people: the seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned.”

reached England, made many reflections on the past, present, and future. On August 18—

“I am hard at work copying some of my old sketches as a present to the Captain, as I think I ought to leave some token of my gratitude with him, as he has been really kind to me and us all, though I have sometimes fancied for a moment the contrary.

“On September 5 I presented these sketches, and had the only satisfactory conversation with the Captain that I have ever had yet. Though he is always kind, yet his ideas of station and rank lead him perhaps to give too little of himself, apart from the service, to his youngsters. He might sometimes lay aside the Captain without prejudice to the respect due to himself, and enter into the feelings and prospects of those who are put so much under his charge. When I made my little present, and expressed my gratitude for all his great kindness, he said the only return he wished was that I should be a credit to the Navy and do well in life. I was always to write to him and ask his advice; he should feel an interest in me. . . . This led to a long conversation about my fitness for the profession, upon religion, upon his views on that subject, and on the opposition made to it by so many people. In all this he showed much good sense and good feeling, but I could not help thinking that his objections to enthusiasm and fear of going too far showed a want of the true principles of the Christian religion; I would give anything that he was aware of this. I do not think it is merely because I have taken up a party that I disagree so much with him, but because I find no life in those ideas of morality, and of going with the stream (not indeed in open vice), and I find ability to know the Lord and to attain true holiness in the principles of love and union with Christ. He expects opposition on his scheme as well as mine, but in his the Christian man was only to differ from the world in saying his prayers and going to church, to make opponents friends quietly and unobtrusively. I recognise the last advice; but I hope to establish such a separation from the world in its ideas, pursuits, and pleasures that I shall always be a marked man, and an object of avoidance to the bad. . . . He gave me every praise I could desire, which was very gratifying. The only fault he mentioned was a little want of activity sometimes. I was not aware of this:

he ought to be a good judge, and I will be more careful. He thought I was quite certain of getting on in the service : a man with such qualities as he saw in me, even though he had no interest at headquarters, could not fail to do so. I spoke of other professions, and asked what he thought of my leaving the Navy for any of them ; he spoke very sensibly against such a course, believing that promotion would soon come more and more in the line of first lieutenants. I ought therefore to pay every attention to the minutiae of discipline. . . . I liked what he said as to the opportunities which a Christian man has of doing good to others in times of affliction and sickness. Every person in turn has something to arouse him, but one was by no means to intrude one's opinions on those who are older, or in times when people's passions are aroused against everything of the kind. I fully recognise 'Rebuke not an elder,' but am more afraid of the error on the other side."

This must have been a lengthy interview ; for I conclude thus :

"Many other things he said, and though I felt that they were not (all) right, they gave me doubts on subjects upon which I have of late not doubted at all."

In short, this conversation is one of the most interesting things that ever happened to me, and deserves to be copied in full, as I have done. It forms a good conclusion to the account of my first three years at sea. So much had happened, and my mind had been developed on so many sides, that the time seemed twice as long as it really was. My character, such as it was, was very much formed, and I could trace the guidance of a loving Hand through all. I was now, at the age of eighteen, to spend some weeks with the relations who had so skilfully watched and helped me at a distance, relations capable both religiously and intellectually of dealing with an ardent and eager nature about to be plunged into

greater difficulties than I had yet experienced, without those alleviations which to some extent had supplied the human interests of home.

On September 10, 1837, we cast anchor at Spit-head, and, joy of joys, "found all was well." With that word my Journal stops till I begin again with my next ship, the Edinburgh. But I should put on record, as it throws light on my subsequent service under Captain Chads, that he gave me a splendid certificate on leaving the *Andromache*, in which he was good enough to call me a "gallant and intelligent young officer." I should also make another remark bearing on my subsequent life. I was short-sighted before I went to sea, but my parents were advised that it was of no consequence, and would probably get better as I grew older. When examined by the medical officer at the Royal Naval College, no enquiry was made as to eyesight. It was good for all practical purposes, and I don't remember any inconvenience from it at college, and very little when in the *Winchester* and *Andromache*. I was perfect in observations of sun, moon, and stars; I wore no eye-glass, much less spectacles. But in the latter part of the time I became conscious that I could not see at night as well as other people; and I think I must have become about this time more short-sighted than at first—possibly from reading so much by bad lights, such as the sentry's lantern when our berth-lights were extinguished; and indeed it was almost as bad in the berth. So I adopted an eye-glass when I joined the *Edinburgh*, and have used one ever since. The optical number was very high, being 11 of the old notation and 6.5 of the modern. This of itself

showed that I could not have gone on without it, but when on duty in the rain or snow I found it useless, and was obliged to trust to the eyes of others. So it has been ever since. The happy time when the sight would right itself, foretold by the oculists of my early days, never came; nor has it got worse. The eyes are still—at eighty-four—what they were or became at seventeen or eighteen. This was the chief of several reasons why I retired from active service when made a commander in 1852. I might scrape through as a junior officer. In command of ships or fleets short-sightedness might be fatal.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SEPT. 10, 1837, TO OCT. 17, 1837.

ALL I need say about this holiday is that I found home was home. It was chiefly spent at my father's house at Ham Common, where he had brought his new wife, Miss Bradshaw,¹ whose "amiability and estimable qualities" I find I have noted : I might have added that I was much struck with her lady-like style and manners. I found my brother Henry all he had ever been to me ; busy with Oxford pupils, but somewhat confused about the political and ecclesiastical events of the day ; especially undecided about Newman's opinions, then occupying all religious minds. He strongly recommended me to add to my feeble knowledge of Greek, and I took his advice as soon as I was able.

¹ It may be worth remarking that this lady's paternal ancestor was Bradshaw the Regicide, and that through her mother she united that blood with the blood of the Hereditary King's Champion, of whom Catherine Dymoke was the daughter. This office carried with it the title of "Honourable." Mrs. Burrows' first cousin, Henry Dymoke, performed the office of Champion at George IV.'s Coronation for the last time. He was then a midshipman in the Navy. He exchanged the title for a baronetcy, which, however, became extinct at his death in 1865.

I joined H.M.S. Edinburgh, 72 *guns*, on October 17, 1837, and was delighted to find that Chads and Hawke were joining her also, so that we should begin our new life together. We all looked on the prospect with some anxiety, but together we could face anything, for we all had learnt many lessons. Almost the first entry in my Journal is :

“The mass of my messmates are exceedingly depraved. They drink, swear, and gamble all day ; their language is dreadful.”

The fact was that the number of “old mates” had been gradually accumulating, from the causes I have already mentioned, and our Commander, Francis D—— H——, was well known for his ability and severe habits of discipline. So the Admiralty thought it a good opportunity for sending several of these mates to sea under him. I speak of him rather than of the Captain, who was a good-natured old gentleman and left everything to H——. His name was Henderson : he had once served under my uncle Mackinley, who gave me a letter to him ; but having been ashore for twenty years, was all behindhand. H—— was a peculiar character. His elder brother had made a name in the Service as a clever and influential officer. Our man was perhaps equally clever, but of a very bad temper, which was far from improved by his becoming a graduate of Cambridge ; we supposed having at that time given up the Navy. However, here he was again at sea, and added to the severe manners of his former life a kind of sea-lawyer temperament, which his poor health made still more disagreeable to his shipmates. If he approved, he thought it his duty not to show it very plainly ; if he disapproved, his scowl was satanic.

To do ourselves justice, we tried to make some allowance for him. When he was most sarcastic we said (internally), "Ah! poor man, he's bilious to-day": and we pitied him not only for having to deal with these drunken mates, but for having at least three incompetent lieutenants out of the five. These were not vicious like the mates, but men who had been dragged out from the half-pay list without being retired, and, never having been good for much, found themselves placed where none but the best men could expect to get on. I shall never forget the imperturbable *sang-froid* of one of them, a grey-headed Scotchman, with an almost unintelligibly broad accent, who was constantly bullied when he was officer of the watch, chiefly for his slow method of giving orders; but nothing put him out, nor did he ever lay himself sufficiently open to blame to be put under arrest. He, like the Captain, had been a long while on shore, and never expected to be forced to sea.

Captain H—— was not long in getting rid of the worst of the mates. One after another they were sure to commit themselves, and were packed off before we left Spithead. A few of the others took the warning, and remained for a time, but by the end of the year they had disappeared. There was one splendid exception. J—— was Gunnery Lieutenant, a gentleman from head to foot, very handsome, and an excellent officer; but even he had formed the habit of drinking freely,¹ though he was never drunk. He was our friend

¹ Fifteen years later things had not improved much. Sir Evelyn Wood notes, in 1852, of the Navy of his day: "Drinking to excess was common, and the midshipmen sent below in the middle watch to mix the tumbler of spirits and water (gin being then the

(though not at all one of our set) throughout the whole Commission : I served under him as lieutenant on board the *Excellent* many years afterwards, and succeeded him as Gunnery Officer of the *Excellent*. Yet his habitual indulgence overcame him at last, and he died of it. Of course this fine fellow was the backbone of the ship, and H—— knew how to make use of him. There were two or three junior mates and old midshipmen who were much better than the bad old ones, but they might be called nonentities. The work on deck and aloft, and in the boats, fell to us three “Andrewmacs,” as we were called in the gunroom. We were just of the age to profit by our previous good education, were strong and active ; and, as we kept strictly to our old rule of never tasting grog, sober. We didn’t find much difference between the requirements of a donkey-frigate and a line-of-battle ship. The gunroom was a much more comfortable and roomy place to live in than the midshipmen’s berth of a frigate, and we had more air but not more comfort in the cockpit, where we slept and dressed. We had learnt perfectly how to deal with the objectionable mates, and kept together in a different part of the gunroom when we could ;—in fact, we practically “sent them to Coventry.” This suited both parties, and they never interfered with us, for we were too strong and too united to be bullied. Individually, I was again fortunate enough to find a good-natured lieutenant, the Hon. F. Powis, who

favourite beverage) of the officers in charge of the watch, used to bet who would put in most spirit and least water. In my first year’s service two of our officers died from alcoholism.”—*From Midshipman to Field Marshal*, p. 13. Ed.

allowed me to make use of his cabin, and insisted on my saying my prayers there morning and evening. Thus the practice of kneeling at prayers was kept up, and I soon found courage to do so in the cockpit. I was never interfered with.

We went to Plymouth and Cork in November, 1837, to pick up men, recruits not being forward to join at Portsmouth. I note the constant exercise at the guns, from which we began to learn the drills taught in the *Excellent*: for Captain Chads had practical drills of his own, like other ships, before the *Excellent* had established a uniform system. I thus entered on the course which in later days led to my six years as Gunnery Officer of the *Excellent*.

We filled up our roll of seamen from Irish lads, who were so entirely ignorant that they did not know their right hand from their left; and we were obliged to teach them by fastening a rope-yarn to their right arm. They were soon licked into shape. I forgot to mention that in Mr. Newenham's fine library I dipped into Hannah More's *Correspondence* and chanced upon a passage in which she speaks of the death of my grandfather, the Rev. John Burrows, "his character as a holy man and an awakening preacher, his talent for education and his vein of wit." Cowper's account of him is still more striking. I had heard of neither when I wrote the sketch of him in my *History of the Burrows Family*. The discovery of the eminence of my distinguished relative added a new spur to my zeal for self-education.

On December 7, 1837, we weighed from Cork and sailed for Lisbon; and "so I leave England for the second time in my life."

On the evening of our start I note :

“A good offing from Cove, and well in the Bay of Biscay : I feel that longing for new sights, people and interests, which is so natural.”

So I was certainly not unhappy. I remark on my scheme of study :

“I am taking in hand Astronomy, as I am ashamed of my ignorance of it ; Greek, in order to gain sufficient for the New Testament, and Seamanship (which had to be got up regularly for the approaching examination). Mathematics must be put off till the schoolmaster joins. As for Dante, I give that up till I can gain more knowledge of Italian idioms. . . . It is exceedingly difficult to get on without assistance of any kind, or conveniences for work, but I must have inevitably a great struggle to make myself what I wish to be. How great also the annoyance of a crew who do not know one rope from another and a fidgety chief who cannot make the proper allowance for it. . . . Having no one now to talk to in the long night-watches, I try to discipline my mind by thinking of different subjects separately and exclusively, taking the time by the sound of the ship’s bells which strike, Oh ! how long after one another, as if the watch would never end. The officers of the watches are either cross and snappish or foolish and lubberly.”

So it is clear that I was not so superior as to be above a little growl, such as was, and probably is, universal on board ship. We arrived at Lisbon about the new year.

On Jan. 2, 1838, I found myself at a levee held in her palace by the young Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria ; as we found, rather to our surprise, that midshipmen were entitled to attend, as there were to be no presentations. We admired the beautiful tapestry and painted ceilings, but not much else. The English and French naval officers were numerous, the Portuguese military and naval officers fewer than we expected, and, as I thought, not looking much like gentlemen. Our ambassador, Lord Howard de Walden, led the way, when we were all assembled, walking up the whole length of the Throne-room, bowing to the Queen, the

King and the Duchess of Braganza, and walking out backwards. We all followed. The Queen was very stout, but gracious and pleasing; the young King looking like a gentleman. The Portuguese knelt and kissed hands, but neither ourselves nor the French, as we were not allowed to kneel to any sovereign but our own. I don't know that there was anything that betrayed the great poverty except that the mounted Guards were badly horsed. I am afraid I felt something, as I did at Windsor, of an absurd discontent at being so insignificant in the midst of royal personages; but how much happier we were. There was no cheering of the Queen, no popular demonstration of respect."

I think I got over these unworthy feelings early in life. I ought to mention the Sunday previous to this, when Chads, Hawke and I received the Holy Communion together at the English Church. We were accosted, as we came away, by an English merchant named Cassels, who apologised for introducing himself, but he had never before seen English midshipmen at the Communion in this church. He turned out to be not only an earnestly religious man, but hospitable enough to insist on our lunching with him; and he visited us soon afterwards. I made quite a friendship with him, and asked him to come and see my people when he got to England. This he did, and was cordially received. He kept up a correspondence with me for some time, and I found that he and his relations were most active in setting up English schools, both in the districts about Lisbon and Oporto (where was his principal business), for English children.

The uneventful nature of the life in the Tagus gave me opportunities for carrying out all my plans of self-improvement, to which I kept making additions, till I fell ill—at least, I think now this must have been

the chief cause ; and as the old-fashioned remedy of bleeding for everything has long passed away, I may as well insert my description of the process, to which on January 25 I was introduced for the first, but by no means the last, time :

“ When bled a day or two since I could not but feel struck with the weakness and paltriness of human nature, when the letting a little blood could suddenly bring one from the pride of strength and vivacity to a condition little better than that of a dying man. . . . It was a most curious sensation feeling the spirits gradually flag as the blood poured out, and my head falling lower and lower till it rested on the table, and the place began to swim round. However, it effectually took away the pain in my chest and the headache, which was not at the moment the chief disorder.”

I think Wellesley, the great Duke's nephew, must have joined us at this time, for I notice with great pleasure my discovery that he was earnestly religious, and showed great simplicity and good judgment in these matters. “ I have liked few people more on a short acquaintance.” He was on his way to the flagship in the Mediterranean, where we met again, and made up the party for a visit to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor. I must also notice here a recurring difficulty which became less by use.

“ My boat, the first cutter, had to be cleaned out and put to rights on shore ; the crew asked leave to get some wine from the adjacent shop. It is the custom to grant permission, and I believe I am the only midshipman in the squadron who refused it ; but I cannot think there is any excuse for the practice, not only as it would be reprehended by one's superior officers, but because it would be doing that little, no matter how little, towards encouraging drinking. So I refused. They pleaded hard that, if I would only let them have it once, they would never ask me again. I thought to myself that this would be the very way to make them do so, while firmness would prevent further trouble. So I per-

sisted. Though the way was so clear, I could not bear to seem less indulgent than others, and that to the best boat's crew in the ship; and I know they make remarks about my singularity in this respect. However, shortly after a mate of the Donegal in charge of a boat had to find fault with one of his crew, and in the hearing of my men poured out such a torrent of bad and blasphemous language that I could not help hoping that they would observe that, whatever I did, at any rate I never abused them.

"On March 24 we were suddenly ordered home to Spithead to take troops to Canada, a very pleasing change."

Every exertion was made to get the ship fitted and ready to sail. Of course, we were all busy, and I saw next to nothing of my family. We sailed on April 18, having on board the second battalion of Coldstream Guards, with all its officers. It was, I think, during this short stay at Spithead that we experienced a mutiny. There is no mention of it in the log (nor in my Journal, which begins at this time to be irregular), and it may have been on one of our former visits. The grievance was that the crew had been refused leave to go on shore, but it broke out probably more from the Commander's irritating manner of refusing than anything else. They had no legitimate grievance. The crew had sent a round robin to the Captain, who ordered the Commander to pipe all hands on deck. H—— at once took it in hand with much courage and presence of mind, but happily it had not gone very far. The men came tumbling up the hatchways; the marines were drawn up on the poop, and ordered to load their muskets; the officers, with their swords on, grouped round the Captain and Commander, wondering what would come next. We had not long to wait. H——, in a loud, angry voice, demanded the name of the author of the

round robin. The crew cried out with a fierce unanimity, "All, all"; but their hearts failed them when H—— seized the man whom he rightly suspected to be the ringleader, and handed him over to the master-at-arms. He made no resistance, nor was the mutiny sufficiently organised to admit of a rescue. The danger was over. Either the Captain or Commander (I forget which) made a firm and sensible speech, and the men were piped down. I don't think any after punishment took place, though, of course, the main culprit was put in irons. It seems to have been hushed up. Such things were an anachronism.

To return to our voyage to Canada, and my first sight of icebergs. It was exactly the time for the breaking up of the ice on the north-east coast of the American Continent, when we arrived at the great field of ice which stretches out into the ocean beyond Canada. We found the *Inconstant*, which, like ourselves, had been sent off in all haste, on the edge of the field, having been detained there eight days. When we came both ships determined to make an attempt to break through. Great numbers of merchant ships had been waiting too, and when they saw that we made progress, they followed in our wake. It was a glorious sight this unique procession and our ship dashing away, under a fair wind, with her great bluff bows, huge masses of ice, all sea-green below the surface, and then the distant land seen over the ice, and the bright sun; I was never to see such a picture again. My description of the little army which we carried gives some idea of what soldiers were then. As for the fine picked men I

had not much to say; they behaved admirably, and took kindly to their hammocks. They were under the sole management of a splendid colour-sergeant, who mustered them, addressed them and gave the orders, no single officer having anything to do with them. They were kept in excellent health by being trotted round the deck in single file, but I don't recollect that they were ever drilled. As to the officers,

"the idle life they lead never appeared to me in stronger colours than now. Most of them were lazy, fashionable youths, who had no resource on a long voyage. Some of the subalterns messed with us, and took to the ways of our bad set—drinking, swearing and gambling worse and worse as we proceeded. I tried to keep one of them, who was only seventeen, the Hon. — Graves, out of this set, but he soon became as bad as the rest. Wilbraham, one of the captains, seemed a well-disposed and moral man. Sir John Macdonell, the General, seemed a 'good fellow,' but Colonel Ashburnham was certainly a well-informed, travelled man. He is an adept in the art of animal magnetism, and set people to sleep by the motion of his hands in a few minutes; when once asleep they have great difficulty in waking. The principle seems to be to collect the electric fluid which exists in everybody, and to concentrate it on the most effective spot (at least this is what we were told). He can make a person tumble down before him."

Arrived at Quebec we at once discharged our troops, but the rebellion was extinguished, and they had nothing to do. From that time dates the organisation of Canada under the government of Lord Durham, when it became one province with self-governing institutions. We anchored near the famous city so finely situated; but I never set foot in it, for I had part in a grand expedition to the Falls of Chaudières, and could get no other leave, which was a pity. Some officers of the Inconstant

got leave to go to Niagara; but we were only a week in the mighty river, and the midshipmen were much wanted to prevent desertion, which was very difficult,—for there were 300 merchant-ships in the St. Lawrence, many offering high pay to deserters. They often got £15 for the run home, but the men-of-war's men give a great deal of trouble. The other seamen are to a large extent temperance men, encouraged by higher pay. The Falls of Chaudières were disappointing. Though 90 feet high, the foam reached up to the top, and all but prevented us from seeing the water itself. The chief sensation was the tremendous boom of the cataract, and its loneliness in the midst of the forest. We saw the famous Heights of Abraham, where Wolfe and his army landed, at a distance. The Falls of Montmorency we also saw at a distance, coming up and going back, from Quebec, but so far off it produces no sensation, and only looked a streak of water pouring down a rock, not much grander than the Staubbach and Pissevache in Switzerland.

“While at anchor in the river on our way down, what should pass us but our *Andromache*, again commissioned. We watched her for a long time, and she revived many recollections. But she was too easy a ship in every way for what one has to go through afterwards in the Service.”

This has an air of ingratitude, but is really consistent with what I have written above on leaving the ship. It was as it were a nursery education, excellent in its kind, and of untold benefit to us boys, now men.

On July, 1838, we once more anchored at Spithead, and soon afterwards went into harbour to be docked and refitted. Nearly all my relations were

at Gosport, and I saw a good deal of them, but not nearly so much of Henry as I wished. Again I got useful hints for my reading from him, and renewed my intimate relations with Edward Monro, exchanging those of a child for those of a man. He travelled a hundred miles outside a coach in order to see me for a few hours.

I should mention, in connection with the time the Edinburgh was in dock, that I was "lent" to the Excellent for a fortnight to learn the new drills, etc. I picked up also full information about the course of Mathematics I should have to go through, if I were appointed to her, with a view to competing at the Royal Naval College for a lieutenant's commission, and thus I obtained much greater definiteness in my work in my own ship. The Excellent was full of mates at this time, as gunnery officers were largely wanted for the fleet. It was natural that I should feel rather small amongst some thirty men much older than myself, and at the first mess-dinner I was somewhat put to it to answer the question solemnly asked me amidst expectant silence by the Mate at the head of the table—"Now, Sir, how do you like your new messmates?" Of course I should have said, "Not at all," or something as audacious as the question, but I believe I only replied that I didn't know, which produced the required roar of laughter—probably the common occurrence. Paddy Ashe was the questioner, the Irish wag of every society he was ever in, who became one of my great friends in later days. I found all my "new messmates" excellent fellows, and spent a very happy fortnight with them.

We were three months at Portsmouth, and got off at last (October 22, 1838), on our voyage to the West Indies, where we were sent in order to strengthen the ships on the station, which were to watch the French off the coast of Mexico. These were sent to enforce the payment of a Mexican debt, and the Prince de Joinville, commanding a French corvette, had treated a little English brig in a manner which at some periods of our history would have caused an immediate war with England. This was somewhat meekly passed over, since we were very anxious to keep the peace; and a very conciliatory officer, Peter Douglas, was sent out as Commodore. He had lived in France and was a good French scholar. The almost universal feeling amongst us was that he was just the wrong man, and that, as we had a superior force, now was the time to teach the French the old lesson. What then could we think of our polite Commodore, when upon the occasion of a French line-of-battle ship running into him at night, he rushed on deck and cried out through his speaking trumpet—"N'importe, n'importe!" As we were not on board his ship, one cannot say that this was exactly true, but it was the report which reached us. No damage was done, but some sort of an apology was perhaps made. It is probable that the weak conduct of our Government in this year encouraged the French in their opposition to the English policy in the Levant. Thiers would, in 1840, have precipitated a war with England if it had not been for the sagacious refusal of Louis Philippe, who overruled his Minister. "At the same time there has been entire civility between the

French officers and our own" is the remark I find made when the two squadrons were lying together near Vera Cruz. So also was it in the Mediterranean not long before the battle of Acre, when we were so nearly at war. This is a note of modern chivalry.

I find little notice of this West Indian service. At Barbadoes it was interesting to hear the "true Badians born" speaking the same amusing dialect with which we were all familiar in Marryat's novels; but we only stayed two days: so I could not get ashore, and only remark on the strictness with which the people observe Sunday. We next made our way to Jamaica, steering between Cuba and St. Domingo for Jamaica, and then for St. John d'Ulloa on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, or rather Bay of Campeachy. Here a lately-joined mate, named Micklethwaite, took a walk of six miles into the country with me, finding hospitable entertainment which they would not let us pay for. As I had been reading Ward's *Mexico* it was disappointing to see so little of it, but the Commodore detached the Cornwallis and ourselves to Havana, with a view to putting the French more at their ease. This strong and beautiful harbour was seldom visited by English ships, but it has of late years become more known, owing to Lord Albemarle's *Life* and the recent American War with Cuba. I describe its

"entrance as wonderfully strong, the Spaniards believing it to be impregnable, with its triple lines of batteries and long series of fortifications. The city has a fine appearance from outside, and is indeed a tolerably well-built and populous place. My new friend Micklethwaite and I have explored it and the neighbourhood well. But the streets are narrow, dirty and ill-paved. Liquor shops and cafes abound. The carriages are called volantes,

drawn by horses, with postilions who wear enormous jack-boots. The Government House and Public Offices form a fine square, which is crowded every evening by people who come to hear the magnificent massed military bands. (We had some of us never heard such music.) It was a fashionable promenade. For the most part the Spanish mantilla veils the dark-eyed damsels, but the bonnet is prevalent with ladies of the upper class; and coat and trowsers have nearly superseded the Spanish cloak and doublet: in short French fashions instead of Spanish. I saw plenty of cigar-making, and the house from which nearly all Havana cigars come to England. A railroad exists to Matanzas. Bull-fighting still goes on, but decays since General Tacon removed of late the amphitheatre to the opposite side of the harbour. He was an exceptionally good Governor, who built streets, established an efficient police, and embellished the city. Every shop has a distinguishing name; slaves abound; and slavers in every creek of the harbour."

We sailed from this interesting place on March 20, 1839, after nearly a month's stay. We had not left it long before we got into a fine scrape. For the first and only time in my life the ship in which I was ran on shore. We had to round the western end of Cuba to get on our track for North America, whither we were now sent. The winds were light and variable; the weather too cloudy to make observations of the sun; the currents so strong, connected as they were with the Gulf Stream, that the extreme western point of the island is called Cape Corrientes. The Master, who alone navigated the ship, according to the slovenly practice of those times, took, for want of anything better, observations of the latitude by the planet Jupiter two nights running—always a very doubtful substitute for day observations. These quite misled him, and not long before daylight we found ourselves on shore. Fortunately the sea was nearly

calm, so we shortened all sail, and sent boats to sound. We were on a bank in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms. When the day broke we found ourselves in a bay, with Cape St. Antonio 3 miles off instead of 30, as we supposed, the current having carried us at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour to the N.W. However, after running our guns forward, we lifted our stern by which we hung, forced a passage through the bank, and by the help of boats and sails got into deep water again. As the Master insisted that after his observations we had no business to be where we were, the incident was ever afterwards remembered by the phrase, "Getting on shore by Jupiter." The only result from our adventure was the loss of a part of our "false keel," and was of no consequence, otherwise the Captain and Master would have been tried by Court-Martial. I remark in my Journal that there was great confusion in the ship on this occasion, and want of presence of mind amongst the superior officers.

It took us a month in light winds and calms to get to Port Royal in Jamaica. While there it was extremely hot, as it had been throughout our West Indian cruise, and we learnt what it is to long for and enjoy the regular and most refreshing sea breeze, the "Doctor," as it was called at Jamaica. Miles off from the ship, which lay in a dead and stifling calm, one saw a faint line on the horizon; it drew nearer and nearer till we could distinguish the white crest of the wave; then it seemed to fly upon us, and in a very few minutes the welcome little wave broke against the ship. We were now in raptures with the delicious cool wind, which lasted a few hours, then died away; the calm was repeated, and, if on deck in the middle

of the night, we were again refreshed, though in a much less degree, by the land wind. This, however, was often unwholesome if it had blown over marsh or ill-drained ground. Port Royal itself was a miserable hole with all its traditions of yellow fever and sharks, but I rode up to Kingston, the capital, one day with Wilson the Chaplain, and much admired the situation.

It was here that I received from my dear father the kindest possible letter, which I discussed with my friend on the road to Kingston. It was to offer me a choice of changing my profession if I wished it. He assured me that I should not offend him, or be in any way a drag upon him in preparing for another line of life. I don't recollect that he gave any reason for thus writing, but no doubt the accounts I had from time to time sent him of the vulgar and vicious company I was obliged to keep on board ship had weighed upon his mind, and probably Henry had represented that I was industrious enough for any profession, though he had never suggested the change himself; but he had suggested a course of literary study, and no one knew better how apt a pupil I had been. The idea had presented itself to me before this, but I had made up my mind, and this noble letter of my father's did not change it. There was only one line which I could bear to think of in preference to that in which I had spent so many years, and in which I had got over the chief difficulties, and that was the clerical; but I had given up that idea. Further, I had a very lively feeling about my father's sacrifices for his family, and in spite of all he said I could not bear to think of costing him an

additional farthing. I suppose Wilson agreed with my views, for I wrote very full letters home declining the offer. I little thought that thirteen years later I should of my own accord determine to do what I now declined. Thus it was proved that this affectionate parent had not much misread my character. He never said a word more on the subject.

My friend Micklethwaite left us at Jamaica to my sorrow, for though he and I were constant friends, he was not an agreeable messmate to others, and his extraordinary strength and manliness tended to make him a little overbearing. In his place came another mate named Norman, the first person of the sort I had ever met, and with whom I was on very friendly terms, though he was a confirmed Unitarian. He was of a true poet's nature, as sensitive as Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," and imbued with Shelley's spirit from top to toe; constantly firing up at imaginary wrongs, and often in scrapes. I got him out of one much against his will, and it nearly broke up our friendship. Duelling was only beginning to die out, and was still thought among young officers to be the necessary way of settling quarrels. Norman had had some slight difference with Hjerta, a Swedish mate who had been some years in our naval service, as in those days was common (and it was useful on both sides). These Swedes were better trained and educated than our officers were, spoke English and French, and were fine manly fellows. He thought he couldn't refuse Norman's challenge, and they were to fight it out next day on shore. It happened that I was at that time caterer of our mess, having been elected by its members. The office was of our own creation, but

it gave not only a responsible position as chief in the gunroom, but was in a certain way accepted as such by our superiors. After vainly attempting to compose the quarrel, I reported the case to the Commander, and suggested that neither should be allowed to go on shore. Their leave was accordingly stopped, and, though I had many a scowl, I was supported by public opinion, and nothing more came of it. When Norman and I parted, the separation was felt keenly by each of us, and he gave me his own *Beauties of Shelley*, which became very dear to me. I have it to this hour. The last place we visited on our leisurely homeward voyage was Halifax. We were not long enough here to test the bright accounts we had often heard of the society of this place, but we admired its delightful situation, bracing air and the home manners of the people.

When we arrived at Portsmouth in August, 1839, I was unable to see much of my relations. We were nearly the whole day at work on board the ship, as there was a general clear-out of all the inefficient mates and some of the best of the junior officers; and we could not be spared. But besides this we had served our time to be examined for lieutenants. A special day was obtained for us; and if we were ashore on leave and missed this, the delay might be most dangerous. So every spare minute was employed: and, on September 4, Chads, Courtenay and I went through the dreaded ordeal before Sir H. Fleming Senhouse, Captain Henderson and Captain Provo Wallis, who was the last surviving officer, I believe, of the ever-glorious roll of the Shannon in her duel with the Chesapeake. This turned out to be a mere

bogey in our case ; for we passed with the greatest ease. The seamanship questions of these old salts were always, as might be supposed, of a very various and unscientific, and sometimes jocose and eccentric kind ; and many strange specimens were current. If a nervous youth found an answer impossible, or the question asked in a very quarter-deck manner, reminding him of many a scolding, he had a poor chance, and had to wait for a more comfortable set of captains ; but it must be said they were generally good-natured, and a clever, sympathetic junior sometimes elicited answers from a dumbfounded midshipman which forced a cross-grained senior to be merciful. The eccentric "Charley Napier" once drew a graphic picture of St. Paul's ship before she was finally wrecked, and was no doubt delighted that his victim did not forestall him in pronouncing that her captain did the right thing when he "let down four anchors and wished for the day." I find my Journal stating that I kept the necessary coolness and presence of mind, for which I was very thankful. The examination in Navigation was child's play to us all. But not one word were we asked about pilotage and charts, or any of the practical parts of Navigation. They were wholly left to the Master, and it would be much the same when we came to share his responsibilities as captains. We should pick up enough to enable us to fight the King's enemies ! Many years afterwards the institution of Navigating Lieutenants popularised, so to speak, some knowledge of these subjects, but it remained for Lord Selborne's Admiralty in the present year to make them an imperative part of the training of every naval officer. All honour

to them for it! Gunnery was still in a preliminary stage, without examinations.

I have mentioned that a great change had taken place on this visit to Portsmouth in the composition of our gunroom mess; and I think we were now as good and orderly a set as was to be found elsewhere. It had taken two years to make a clean sweep of the black sheep, and some nice fellows had joined. We lost also the good Hjerta and the poetic Norman; and Chads, whom Hawke soon followed, got leave to join the Royal Naval College for the Mathematical course. Thus the little phalanx of "Andrewmacs" was externally broken up, but our hearts never ceased to beat together. Not that I was ever so united to Hawke as I was to Chads. I recollect the pang of parting with him. It was restrained by the Spartan habits which our profession engendered; but it cut very deep. We had been together for six years in many vicissitudes of a very trying nature: had acted on the same principles, been supported by the same faith, and with very much the same ideas of most things. He was not demonstrative, but of sterling gold. We have been like brothers ever since, and never miss writing to one another on our common birthday.

In vain I begged Captain Henderson to let me go to the College with my friends. My father also tried; but he was inexorable. I don't remember how Hawke managed it, but Chads' father pleaded some previous promise. It was painfully flattering to me, but he declared that I could not possibly be spared. Too many had gone already. I was all on fire for the one chance, as I then thought, of gaining the

Lieutenant's Commission and felt very rebellious. However, here was an opportunity for putting in practice some of my fine sentiments, and I gradually swallowed it down. Like everything else of the sort, it had some compensations. I should have missed the Syrian War and my tour round the Seven Churches, my short but the only visit of my life to Rome, Florence, and Naples, and my general acquaintance with the shores of the Mediterranean. My Journal is now sadly deficient;—I suppose I was too busy to write much.

On October 14, 1839, I remark :

“We have arrived at Vourla Bay with the Fleet, after passing ever so many classic shores, though not so close that we could see anything very distinctly, except Cape Colonna and the famous Temple (Sunium), which shows white and fair at a great distance. We just descried Mount Ida a long way off, as we passed Falconera and Milo ; but these were all barren and rugged enough except the Island of Scio, which is full of fine scenery. Even to me who knew so little of ancient history they were deeply interesting ; how much more if I only knew the writings and speeches of the men who made them famous. . . . We had a fine beat up the Doro Passage between Negropont and Andro, and split our mainsail and main topsail in the process : also lost a man overboard. . . . Here (Vourla Bay, within the Gulf of Smyrna) are 12 line-of-battle ships, 2 frigates and 3 steamers (wooden, with a pivot gun), the finest assemblage of ships I have seen yet : Red at the main (Sir Robert Stopford) with two of the most remarkable men in the Service in command of ships, Hyde Parker and Charlie Napier.”

The rendezvous of our fleet was appointed with a view to their being at hand in case the Great Powers should agree to interfere between the Sultan of Turkey and his rebellious subjects in Egypt. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino in 1827 had given the signal for the revolt of Egypt. The Pasha of

Egypt, Mehemet Ali, and his warlike son, Ibrahim Pasha, determined to free themselves while they could from the Turkish yoke, to which they had been encouraged by the French, whose fleet was also in the Mediterranean keeping a sharp lookout. We had met them at Malta, and, as I have said, made great friends with them. Ibrahim Pasha had already overcome Syria without much trouble, armed and provisioned Acre and all the forts on the coast, bribed what remained of the Turkish fleet, and was threatening Constantinople. Happily, Lord Palmerston, British Secretary of State for War, was a statesman of the old school, bred under Canning. He saw that there was no time to be lost, and succeeded, by his vigilant policy, in enlisting nearly all the Great Powers in the cause of the Turks. France stood out. They were caught in the very act of their clever scheme for establishing themselves as the leading Power in the Mediterranean, the place which we had won at the Battle of the Nile, and confirmed by the Battles of Algiers and Navarino. We were waiting at Vourla till these strokes of policy were matured. We did not know much about what was going on at the different Courts, but we were morally sure that we should have to turn the Egyptian army out of Syria, and probably fight the French fleet afterwards.

My account of our long detention in Vourla Bay is brief; for it was a dull time, and I had not much to say. There is nothing between Nov. 4, 1839, when we arrived, and Feb. 28, 1840, when I say :

“Deep in another year and still at Vourla,—one regular routine, constant loosing and furling sails, general quarters (exercise at the guns, etc.,) once a week. About once a fortnight I go out of the

ship on leave. I had two short cruises to Smyrna, a few good talks with my old friend O'Callaghan (who was, I think, First Lieutenant of the *Talbot*, lying off Smyrna), a few dinners with College friends (in different ships), letters pretty regular every fortnight, and little else to diversify the time. Yet, far from finding it tedious, I begrudge every hour that is not spent according to my rules. These are very strict, and almost all referring to my Mathematical studies, preparatory to joining the *Excellent* and College. Mr. Wilson is so little of a master that it is all uphill. It is hard to see men assisted in other ships by competent instructors, as in the *Rodney*, while I am obliged to puzzle every little thing out by myself at a great loss of time."

(There may have been another side to this.) I remember a little adventure on one of these trips to Smyrna. For some reason I determined to walk back to my ship by the shore of the Gulf (between twenty and thirty miles). O'Callaghan tried to dissuade me by telling me of the dangerous troops of pariah dogs which infested the route, much of which led through forest. When they are driven out of Smyrna they take to their roaming life for what they can pick up. I paid no attention to the story, and made the journey by myself, without even, I think, a stick. I had gone more than half-way when, sure enough, I heard the yell of wild dogs, and soon discovered that they were about to attack me. This was uncomfortable; but happily there were some large stones about, with which I armed myself; and when the leader of the pack approached pretty near, I let fly at him with such good effect that he ran howling away, and the whole of the pack followed him. Nor was I troubled again, but was glad to get on board at last, tired and footsore. The fleet was moored in a snug harbour (*Vourla Bay*) close to the ancient city of *Clazomenae*. This was on an island, but there

were no ruins left. What did remain, scattered thick over the whole face of it, was an immense amount of ancient pottery, all broken into small fragments; but, no use of them being possible, there they had remained for hundreds of years, and are no doubt there still. We had never heard of the place before, and felt ashamed of our ignorance.

The visit to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor pleasantly interrupted our monotony. Wellesley and Plimsoll were, I think, the original proposers, and I was the first to be included in the party. The two chaplains, Wilson of my ship and Tucker of the *Hastings*, joined us; but it was an essentially lay party, and Wellesley was recognised as leader. Tucker had been stationed at Smyrna in a former ship, and knew most about the proposed enterprise; but certainly our knowledge was exceedingly small, and our mistakes involved us in unnecessary difficulties. The tour had indeed been made by others before us, but might never have been made as far as we were concerned. We had indeed a book on the general subject by a Mr. Arundel. Sir Henry Acland, whose interesting "Life"¹ has just come out, made the tour the year before we did, and I suspect with the same guide, called "Hadji," and with two companions who were very well known to me, James Prevost, an old friend of our family, and Arthur Stopford, afterwards Fellow of All Souls. They were armed with every assistance possible by the Admiral, Captain Moresby, and, above all, a firman from the Sultan; and had also plenty of money. Acland was already a good artist, and made sketches of all he saw, as well as kept a Journal (he

¹ *Henry Acland : a Memoir*, by J. B. Atlay, p. 64.

had been some time travelling in the East). The former I have seen and admired; the latter is not published, but is praised by the author of the "Life." Acland, like ourselves, did it in three weeks, and scarcely met with hardships or difficulties. I suppose we found the firman impossible to get on the sudden; perhaps it was too expensive; but I *think* we were provided with some sort of permit from Smyrna. Not that it made any *essential* difference, as our unscrupulous guide, who wore something which showed he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, used to ride before us into towns and villages, roaring out that we were friends of the Sultan, and were to be treated with corresponding respect. I took notes of our journey, which is hardly to be called a Journal: but I give it here as better than nothing.

The whole of our tour was strongly marked with a religious character. We fully believed that we were going to see existing marks of the promises and threats held out by St. John in the Revelation to the dutiful and undutiful Churches, and we certainly did find enough to confirm our faith, though we had been warned not to expect too much. The classical remains we were also enthusiastic about, but not to the same degree. We considered that we had left all that was really classical behind us in Greece, and expected to find that Turkish barbarity had destroyed all that was left in Asia Minor. Besides this Bible element which dominated all our thoughts, it was matter of great thankfulness that we all agreed in establishing united prayers morning and evening. The chaplains took them in turn, but the proposer of the plan was Wellesley, who always set a good example.

We adopted a complete innovation on such journeys. Each of us took a hammock, in which we always slept, instead of on the ground, for it was often wet and dirty, and as it was a very rainy journey, our lives, or at least our health, was thus preserved. I do not remember who was responsible for this happy thought : still less do I remember who was responsible for the very unhappy thought that we ought to carry as little money as possible, and to trust Hadji's engagement to provide forage for our horses out of his own funds, to be repaid with his salary at the end of the journey. We had not been out three days before we discovered that he had done nothing of the kind; and so we travelled more like paupers than "milords Anglais." But he knew that we were helpless, and we made the best of this very bad bargain. The only compensation for his untrustworthiness was that he was a most amusing vagabond, and kept us alive by his jargon of Turkish, Greek and Italian, and his absurd mimicry of our English words.

NOTES OF THE TOUR MADE AT THE TIME,
STARTING FROM SMYRNA, APRIL 6, 1840.

I set out on a visit to the Seven Churches with Mr. Wilson, Mr. Tucker, Plimsoll and Wellesley—a very well-chosen party, and, I think, all things provided that we can want, *i.e.* ponies (with a surrijee or muleteer), saddle bags with a change of clothes, and a baggage mule on which the surrijee and Nicolo, our servant, occasionally rode in turns. The cloak and hammock which each of us took were piled on the mule. This first day was rainy; so we did not start

till 3 p.m., and only got as far as Trianda, where we found a sort of barn (I don't think it was a khan), a charcoal fire, some civil Greeks, and beams to hang our hammocks by. We were not wet through, though we had travelled through some heavy rain. I tried a little smoking and brandy and water to keep off bad effects.

APRIL 7. Raining all day. Passed Forlina, a village close to the site of Metropolis, which was almost an undistinguishable mass of ruins, excepting part of an aqueduct. Halted for the night at Ayasuluk, one mile from Ephesus. Took up our lodging at a khan (or *cafiéh*) at Ayasuluk, a picturesque place, where we got bread, eggs, and Samian wine (poor stuff, I remember), as well as a dry room. Travellers are cautioned against sleeping there on account of malaria; but it did not hurt us. Nothing can be more beautiful than the view to the south of Mount Prion, which hill we explored till dark, and found ourselves among the ruins of the great city, now all but completely uninhabited. These we saw better next day. We were all gratified beyond our expectation: the ruins were more perfect and more extensive than we had been led to believe. We distinguished easily the Gymnasium, and the Theatre, the Odeum, and a Christian church; many fine arches are entire; many large broken pillars lying about (more standing), some made of granite, some of common marble. The Theatre is the least perfect of the remains, except what we were told was the ruin of the Temple of Diana. (The splendid excavation of the buried portion has now removed all doubt about it.) We were enthusiastic. Here was St. Paul making his defence

to the Ephesians: here the whole city was shouting, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians": here was that body of Christians to whom the Epistle which we loved was addressed. What a contrast to the abject poverty and misery of the few present inhabitants! The situation was lovely.

APRIL 8. We started at 2 p.m., but it was 10 p.m. before we reached Oozunkoom, where we were obliged to put up in a miserable room, and excited a great deal of curiosity. Our room was filled with Turks (of the lowest class) who were civil enough; but every one of them, as soon as they discovered from our servant that one of us was a Doctor, found out some peculiar ailment which required his help. We have already become sufficiently used to this rough mode of life to put up with a plank for a mattress, when we could not succeed in hanging our hammocks, and if we could secure a fire were fairly content. We were on our way to Aidin or Guzel-hissar, and in crossing the valley of the Meander, which was more or less in flood, Hadji lost his way. Night had come on: what were we to do? We were very near having to bivouac in the marsh which surrounds the ancient Magnesia, now Inekbazar: but after plunging about in different directions, Hadji remembered that we had passed some cows. We turned back and soon found them. We then drove them before us in the direction of the river, and sure enough they made for a ford, by which we safely passed. We saw Magnesia, Themistocles' bakehouse, by moonlight, at a distance. The road from Ephesus by which we had come in the afternoon was through the most beautiful mountain scenery. A plant like our laurestinus was plentiful,

and among innumerable wild flowers the scarlet anemone was predominant. To add to our troubles, Mr. Wilson lost his cloak in the marshes, but our men recovered it.

APRIL 9. We travelled through a well-cultivated country, and had glorious weather, so that everything showed at its best. We got to Aidin at 6 p.m. On presenting our Buyurulgee or passport, the Aga sent us to a near inn kept by a Greek, where the comforts, and especially the cushions, so won our hearts that we determined to stay the whole of the next day to recruit our strength, to examine the ruins of the ancient Tralles, and to see so fine a specimen of a Turkish town as this. We had little expected to see a place far better built, far cleaner, and at least half as populous as Smyrna.

APRIL 10. Rose early and enjoyed the grand luxury of a bath. After breakfast we sallied forth to wait on the Pacha, who received us with all the ease and grace of a Prince, gave us pipes and coffee, and asked many questions about our fleet and the Turkish. Thus we felt quite easy next day about referring the bill of our Greek host to him, and thus saw a Turkish Court of Justice. This man had charged us 18 dollars for scarcely anything besides one room for a day and two nights. The Pacha sent for him, heard his story, and made him take off 3 dollars (I cannot help thinking now that we were perhaps a little hard upon the man; but probably were provoked by his charging cent per cent interest on a loan of 800 piastres, which we had been obliged to negotiate on account of the mistake made in not taking sufficient money with us). We were struck with the order and handsomeness of the

Pacha's establishment, his fine billiard-table, and European style.

We found a magnificent view from a hill above the town: the Meander winding over the plain, and ranges of hills beyond; the beautiful castle, which is the meaning of Guzel-hissar, with its white minarets, lying beneath us, and the ruins of Tralles in the foreground. On the other side of the peak we saw ravines and torrents. After long gazing on these noble views, we explored Tralles, and I made a sketch of the grand gymnasium. The old town was not only finely situated, but possessed fine public buildings. We found some beautiful cornices, and portions of pillars, converted into grave-stones in the Jewish cemetery. We enjoyed a capital night's rest after this delightful day.

APRIL 11. Our excellent road to-day followed the windings of the Meander, crossing several streams gushing down to the river from the Mesogis range: dined on the grassy banks near Eskirhissar (not far from the ruins of an ancient town on the hill), and slept at Nosli, the ancient Nysa.

APRIL 12, Sunday. We were unfortunate in having to take our longest ride to-day,—ten hours or 30 miles,—and hoped to get to Sairikney for an evening service; but Hadji again lost his way, and we were very late. We met very few travellers on this day's journey, and found less and less cultivation. The khan was only tolerable for very tired people.

APRIL 13. Arrived at *Laodicea* about noon, and were astonished to find such an extent of ruins. There were no less than three theatres, with seats more perfect than even those at Ephesus, many sarcophagi,

and large buildings on high ground, too much ruined for recognition. Arundel, the author of our book, seems to think that the volcanic nature of the soil, and numerous earthquakes, have been the cause of these peculiarly broken-up ruins, and have thus fulfilled the prophecy, "I will spue thee out of my mouth." We measured the largest theatre, and found it about 400 feet in diameter. The same afternoon we went on to Hierapolis, near which we got quarters, the most miserable we have yet had,—in fact, a cow-house. It was raining hard, and the roof was full of holes, so that it poured in upon us all night: but we made a huge fire and bought some dry straw to lie upon; so we got a meal and hung our hammocks. It was better than nothing.

APRIL 14. The rain continued, and so we had to make our survey of *Hierapolis* in the thick of it. We had come to a wonderful place, to one of the most extraordinary sights in the world, perhaps unique; formed in the course of ages by hot springs, which have the property of petrifying wherever they run. Thus they continually raise stony masses till they present the appearance of a frozen waterfall some sixty or seventy feet high. When you closely examine it you find only a small tepid stream gliding down the mighty white bed, on which, when we saw it, there were several beautiful tints, chiefly of a delicate pink and a light blue. These springs were formerly resorted to from all parts of the world for their healing properties, and are not wholly deserted even now. The ruins of Hierapolis are magnificent—enormous arches still entire, most of them built from the petrifications, and a fine church in which perhaps Epaphras ministered: also a

large theatre, with the first proscenium we had seen, and a gymnasium, the most perfect of its kind met with yet. Rain prevented our bathing.

APRIL 15. We had a delightful ride after the rain; passed Tripolis, crossed the Messogis range, and dined at Derbent. Found snow in the clefts, hills barren, country backward as we got further north.

APRIL 16. Arrived at *Philadelphia*, or Allah Shehr (city of God), in the afternoon, and enjoyed a bath greatly, since we are now paying the penalty of travelling in these parts—the annoyance of lice and insects of all descriptions, from which we believe Hadji to be never free, and so to communicate them to our saddles and baggage. Here we examined the only remnant of antiquity, a massive brick church, the ruins of which I sketched. Philadelphia is still a considerable town, with about 3000 Turkish and 300 Greek houses. Here we interviewed a Greek Bishop, who boasts of his 21 churches, in which the service is only performed at long intervals in rotation, as the Greek population is not sufficient to require more than two or three. He was a benevolent and dignified old man. Here is, at any rate, more appearance of continuous ecclesiastical prosperity than in the other “churches,” and it so far accords well with the prophecy, just as the entire disappearance of human beings at Laodicea, and the absolute destruction of what must once have been a great and populous city, suggests fulfilment in the opposite sense.

APRIL 17. Arrived at Salikli, a village near *Sardis*; and, as there is no modern town at the ancient city itself, had to sleep there. As our party separated here and time pressed, we did not make so complete a

survey as usual. Nevertheless, nothing in the whole tour left a stronger impression on my mind than the two beautiful white marble pillars, capitals and all of the pure Ionic Order, standing close to one another, with no human habitations near, but many other similar pillars broken and scattered about. It had been a noble temple; the pillars were over 40 feet high, and they were the only upright ones we had seen. There could hardly have been a more picturesque monument of desolation. In the background was to be seen the famous Acropolis, of a great height, and ruins of two large churches, as well as a great gymnasium. Also, we were shown many tumuli, which were the tombs of the kings of Lydia, the largest being the tomb of Alyattes, three-quarters of a mile round. (I was afterwards to learn a great deal more about Lydia from the *Herodotus*, which was one of the first books I read at Oxford.) We were sorry to separate, for with the slight exception I have noted, we had been a happy and united party. The Turks had seen, probably for the first time, and perhaps for the last, a party of Giaours kneeling at common prayers morning and evening, just as they were accustomed, turning towards Mecca, to say their own in our presence. To us it had certainly been a bond of union during what Tucker calls, in his printed Journal, "a very trying and harassing tour." Whether the two chaplains, who felt our troubles most, would have gone on to the end with Plimsoll and myself I don't know, but they as well as Wellesley, seemed to be chiefly moved to start off for Smyrna by their feeling of uncertainty whether they would find their respective ships if they stayed away any longer. Our leave had not been limited with

exactness; but my comrade and I determined to take our chance. The miserable condition of our finances weighed as much as anything. Those who went on were bound to leave dollars enough to take our friends to Smyrna, happily a short journey; but all that remained for us was the magnificent sum of six dollars, equivalent to £1 5s. We managed better than they expected, for they did not believe we should get half-way.

APRIL 18. To-day we left our friends with the Surridgee and the baggage horse (besides their own), while we took Hadji, and our saddle bags on our worn-out horses. We soon had to cross the Hermus, which passes Sardis on its way to the Gulf of Smyrna. It was very wide and deep, but there was a species of ferry-boat which I had never seen (or heard of) before,—a large flat-bottomed boat, with a short mast right forward, upon which ran a rope stretched across the stream, so that putting the helm up or down of itself propelled the boat slantways with a very slight help from a couple of men who hauled on the rope. We only paid one piastre (about 2½d.) for the passage of our party. After we had been about four hours on our road, the Lake of Gyges (one of the old Lydian kings) burst upon us quite suddenly at a turn of the road. It was quite unexpected, and most beautiful. To counterbalance, however, this pleasure, my horse absolutely broke down about three hours from Marmora, where we were to put up on our way to *Thyatira*. All our horses were poor animals to begin with, and it is wonderful that they went on so long with scanty food and little rest. So, Plimsoll's horse being much in the same condition, we determined to make the

rest of our way on foot, leaving Hadji to drive the animals till we could get rid of them. Mine, not being appeased even by my dismounting, contrived to show that he "had a kick in him" by inflicting one on my leg, but luckily it was as feeble as himself. At Marmora we made fresh calculations, and found that our purse would only hold out if we restricted ourselves to the fare of the people, bread, milk, olives, and eggs, on which we fared very well, and were by no means discontented. What with this sensible regimen, and a walk of about 25 miles a day, we came in as lean as greyhounds, and fit for anything.

APRIL 19. Easter Sunday. We had only a sort of "Sabbath-day's journey" of five hours to Akhissar, which is the name of Thyatira. It is a flourishing and popular city in a fertile plain. There are very few remains of antiquity, and none of any old Christian edifice, but there is a handsome Greek church. We by a great chance discovered some parts of pillars which had been built over in modern times, and were sunk very low in the ground. They had Doric capitals. They were described by Dr. Smith in 1680 A.D. We put up at the best khan we have yet found, clean and well painted, and tried to enter as well as we could into the spirit of the festival. We had hoped to manage our tour so as to be back at Smyrna on this day, and receive the Sacrament: it seems a great pity that it cannot be administered on board ship, as there is no real objection. (It is quite common now, I believe.)

APRIL 20. We made a pretty good journey to-day, considering my horse—7 hours to Soma, passing through the large town of Kirkagatsch, where we

bought some of its capital bread, and excited the admiration of vast numbers of little boys and girls, who looked on respectfully in spite of our jaded horses, wretched saddles, old clothes, and Hadji's disreputable appearance ; but we believe that his immensely long mustachios, and never-failing assurance, commanded some consideration. Both Kirkagatsch and Soma are beautifully situated on the side of Mount Temnos.

APRIL 21. We had a rainy day and a long journey to Pergamos, the modern Bergamo. It took 12 hours instead of 6, from Hadji's losing his way while asleep on horseback, and was perhaps the worst day we had at all, passing through heavy roads and bad marshes.

APRIL 22. We got up early and at once examined the great church of the Hagios Theologos, which is very remarkable. Built of brick, ornamented with marble, it stands at its full height, little wanting but the roof, and shows grandly in contrast with the pretty Turkish houses built around and *within* it. Its shape is a square oblong, with an immense round tower of stone at each end towards the east. We were told that it is considered the finest specimen of an ancient Christian church, in its prosperous times, next to Saint Sophia at Constantinople. We next ascended the Acropolis, from which we had a splendid view, almost equal to that from Tralles, commanding the Temnos range of mountains, the sea, with the faint blue outline of Mitylene, and two large tumuli containing the tombs of the Kings of Pergamos. A large mediæval castle stands on the summit of the Acropolis, on the site, it is supposed, of the ancient town. Many ruined pillars and fragments of buildings strewed the sides of the hill,—among the rest some parts of pillars bored for

firing shot! The modern town at the foot of the hill is very large; it is said to contain 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants. So there was a good deal to see, and we were fully repaid for our trouble. On our return to the khan we fell in with a Greek gentleman, who showed us great civility.

APRIL 23. Started for Smyrna, the first stage being at Kizilkerey, by a very beautiful road. Here we were treated with kindness and politeness by different Turks, who came to our *cafeh* to smoke and chatter. It is curious how much conversation we were able to keep up, although our stock of Turkish was so small, by means of signs and a few Italian words.

APRIL 24. We got to Kiva, a village two hours north of Meniman, where we arrived so late that, as there was no public place open, we had to throw ourselves on the hospitality of a most gentlemanly and well-mannered Turk, who gave his own room and beds to us, and refused to take any payment whatever. We found the room filled with a circle of his friends, sitting round a wood fire and smoking. They all welcomed us very pleasantly; and shortly afterwards the muezzin sounded, and they all rose and went to the mosque. We had passed to-day some buildings close to the sea at the Gulf of Sanderli, and had some lovely peeps through the woods, and saw the site of the ancient Cumae at a distance. I forgot to say that near Kizilkerey we saw in a field an immense mutilated statue, supposed to represent Hercules.

APRIL 25. Having taken leave of our truly kind host, we proceeded on our last day's journey; crossed the Hermus again by a boat like the former one, but had to wait a tedious time for a caravan of camels

which had to cross before us. It was, however, a good sight to see these creatures unloaded, and struggling against being driven into the boat. Their docility appeared wonderful, for in their most violent struggles they did not once attempt to make use of their huge teeth against the drivers, who were urging them with all kinds of violence and vociferation. One driver pulled him with a rope at his head, two or three pushed behind, another pulled a rope attached to his forefoot, while the gentle, moaning noise of the poor beast was quite touching. We had passed several large caravans on the journey, as many as 90 camels in one, but every (four or five are detached and led by a donkey. The huge bales of cotton which they carry, one on each side, are covered with blue and red cloths, which have a very picturesque appearance. We dined at Meniman on bread, olives, and onions. It was a Mussulman (? Christian octave of Easter) festival, and all the shops were furnished with pastry, each piece with an egg in the centre, stained red and blue.

By dint of resting our horses now and then, we contrived to reach Smyrna at 11 p.m., tired enough, and not sorry to get a good supper and beds at Salvo's

APRIL 26. After a bath and a very necessary cleansing, we arrived safely on board the Edinburgh, which seemed to have consulted our convenience, having just moved up to Smyrna from Vourla Bay. The Captain and Commander, instead of being displeased at our staying away so long, were rather gratified at our having persisted in visiting the whole of the Seven Churches.

I found on my return that the Eastern Question was becoming more and more critical, and our prolonged harbour life in the Gulf of Smyrna about to be exchanged for cruising in the Archipelago, so as to be able to drop down upon Syria at a moment's notice. These many months had not been idle, for as far as ships could be kept up to their work in harbour, ours were. The squadron of line-of-battle ships close together naturally promoted a wholesome rivalry in all kinds of exercises, and H—— reaped the fruit of his severe discipline. Ours became the smartest ship of the squadron in the most difficult operations, such as shifting topmasts, and most others. Every one knew his work ; the gunnery was perfect ; and the field-piece drill on shore was great fun, especially when we had a sham fight. The men could not get nor expect leave, and were only anxious that the threatened war should begin and put a little more life into the somewhat tedious routine.

On May 4 we started for the cruise, anchoring first at Mitylene, where we found two of our squadron, and were kept cruising for a month. I am sorry to say that either from a want of exciting events, or my strict employment in my studies, I gave up from this time the practice of writing a regular Journal, and substituted a mere compendious account of proceedings at longer and longer intervals.

From August 1, when we first anchored at Beyrout, that place became our headquarters, with very short cruises at intervals along with the Powerful at first; on August 10 Captain Napier hoisted his broad pennant as Commodore. On August 14 we began the practice of rowing guard to see that no Egyptian

soldiers or provisions were landed at or near Beyrout. This night work fell chiefly to my share ; and it was the land-breeze to which we were subject in that service, bringing with it the malodorous air of the town and marshes, which produced a fever on board, of which several of our men died, and which shook me almost to pieces. It was not till, by God's blessing, I recovered, that my Journal takes any notice of events, but my Log-book supplies a few dates. I do not find any notice of active hostilities till September 10, when we "opened fire on the forts and town" of Beyrout, but we were practically in a state of war since we heard of the Treaty of London made by our Government on July 15, when England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, without the consent of France, agreed to restore Syria and Candia to the Porte. On that day (September 10) the little Turkish army, with English marines and a few Austrian soldiers, landed under Napier (with General Jochmus, an Austrian officer, as Chief of the Staff), who having, by the simple ruse of a feint to land near Beyrout, succeeded in drawing the Egyptian army away from the intended place of landing, disembarked the troops and stores without opposition, by means of the steamers at his disposal. The rest of the squadron bombarded Beyrout, and killed many of the troops, but did not assault the town,—I suppose because it was certain to fall when the troops had routed Ibrahim Pasha. The Hastings and Edinburgh were often firing into the town during these months, whenever soldiers showed themselves outside the vaults in which they were concealed. The enemy made no return to this fire, except on a day when our Commander organised

an attack on one of the small castles, which failed at first, but succeeded next day.

I was taken ill with dysentery at the beginning of September, and my servant, a marine, being sent to join Napier's army, I was soon reduced to a condition which made the constant firing of our guns over my head a terrible addition to the misery of a hammock in the cockpit, with scarcely any attendance worth mention. At what period of the illness the malarial (or Syrian) fever showed itself by the side of the dysentery I never knew, or forget, but I soon became unconscious, with short intervals, and did not find out for many days that Captain Henderson had given up to me one of his large, comfortable cabins, and that I was being assiduously nursed by a young seaman named Penicud, one of three lads who had followed us out of the *Andromache*. Something like a hundred of the seamen were lying ill of my disease, many deaths had occurred, and so far was I gone that my coffin was made a fortnight before the change came and consciousness, or something like it, returned. My friends, the Assistant Surgeons, had not been idle, but I believe I owed my recovery under God to the old Surgeon, who was a peculiarly clever and courageous man, named Acheson. On his own responsibility, seeing that my case was almost desperate, he adopted a treatment by calomel in large and constant doses—400 grains in all. This cured the dysentery, but pleurisy set in; and the case was truly critical. However, the old Doctor never lost hope, and Penicud watched for the crisis which he was told to expect, day and night. (One day the Captain stopped all firing of the guns on my account. Probably the constant firing

was not urgently needful.) The crisis did occur, at night: Penicud was vigilant. The Doctors came up and applied mustard poultices to my calves; I showed signs of returning consciousness, and from that moment began to revive: but of course I was reduced to the merest skin and bone. Altogether I was six weeks on my back. By slow degrees I found out how kind my friends had been. The two chaplains who had made the tour of the Seven Churches with me, had, unknown to me, been constant in visiting my cot, and when I got round and saw what a state I had been in, and could hardly bring myself to believe that I was in process of recovery, they assisted me with prayers and Holy Communion. Tucker used to get leave to take his ship's dingey, and, as no crew could be spared from war operations, he had to row himself on board. By degrees I got to my right senses, and felt what I owed to God and man. Before, however, this improvement took place, I most unfortunately asked Wilson to write home about my illness; and either his words or mine still betrayed so slight a belief in my real recovery that the family, who were all gathered at Brightstone in the Isle of Wight, all but went into mourning. They were so good and pious that they bore it in a manly way; but it unnecessarily clouded their holiday, and the brighter letter was long in coming.

I most clearly recollect the period of convalescence. Not only was there no hurry to get me down again to the cockpit, but I had free leave to lounge in the Captain's stern gallery and do exactly as I liked. The weather was perfect; and the view which I have already described one of the most lovely in the world. I had no books but my Bible and Prayer Book; but I

had learnt how to use them, and the sense of returning health under these happy circumstances was delicious. By degrees the flesh again covered my bones, like the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision, and I was impatient to get back to work, for we knew that there was serious work before us. Just a week before the Battle of Acre I was a man again. Whether other Captains would have acted the benevolent part of Captain Henderson, one cannot tell. Either Chads or Gambier would no doubt; but I always attributed Henderson's kindness to his having served in the old war with my uncle Mackinley, who recommended me to him when I joined his ship. He never said anything about it. He was a man of few words but a good heart. When I was lying in my cot, convalescent, Commodore Napier came on board to see the Captain, and as only a canvas screen separated me from the State cabin, I heard them talking about me and my illness. They didn't disturb me, but I could not help recollecting the family story of his courtship of my mother, when they were both young at Malta, and he famous for his exploits, but not successful in this particular enterprise.

DECEMBER 23, 1840. Of the proceedings of the next few weeks I find a summary in my Journal of the above date, and can add a few notes from recollection :

"The war is finished and the whole fleet is now assembled in *Marmorice Harbour* (a splendid bay, almost land-locked, on the coast of Caramania) in order to refit, and rejoice in the effects of the late energetic campaign. The Battle of Acre was a fine finale, and will give *éclat* to the whole affair. The *Edinburgh* performed her part well, and suffered the greatest loss. Four men were killed and seven wounded by a single shot striking one of the carronades on the

upper deck and breaking to pieces. This a little damped the upper deck quarters, but was not generally known throughout the ship for some time. I was at my quarters on the lower deck, and as I had prepared my mind for anything which might happen, and was fully employed in directing my battery and watching its effect, I felt little apprehension. I thanked the Almighty for this, and for having given me my health in sufficient time to take an active part. With the exception of the one fatal shot, not one struck our hull, though our rigging was cut about at a few feet above the deck, including a main shroud, and a shot went through our mizenmast. After the first half hour the enemy's fire slackened, but it continued at intervals for three hours, particularly on the north-west side of the fortress, where our fire seemed feebler than on our side. The explosion of the central magazine, which killed about 1200 of the enemy, was an awful sight, and no doubt principally contributed to the evacuation of the city that same night, just as we were preparing to haul the ship closer in order to breach the walls. This saved much bloodshed, and one could not but be glad; though perhaps some honour might have been gained in the cannon's mouth. The walls presented a ghastly sight when I was able to get on shore to see them. Most of the dead bodies had been removed the day before; but mutilated human remains were being dug out in numbers from the neighbourhood of the great explosion. Rows of donkeys, of camels and of horses (employed in conveying ammunition) lay where they had stood, fastened to one another, stiff and swollen. The stench was fearful. Many of the guns were dismounted and shattered by our shot, gun-carriages in shivers, embrasures driven in. Great credit is therefore due to the defence. It is questionable whether any troops would have done better in standing to their guns, though doubtless many would have fired better while there. There were only 17 killed on our side and 32 wounded: on theirs some 1500 or 1600 killed, but wounded unknown. We then—the whole fleet—went to Beyrout, and thence to this place" (Marmorice).

This brief abstract may be a little expanded. The Battle of Acre (November 3, 1840) was not to be judged by the mere list of killed and wounded. Not only was it the great political event which settled the

Levant, down to the present day, including indirectly the British position in Egypt and the rest of Africa at this hour, and the withdrawal of France from the naval rivalry which she was once more attempting to revive with England ; but it signalised some points in naval history which deserve to be remembered. Of these the first was the deception of the enemy by laying out buoys the night before the action at a distance beyond where the ships intended to anchor. It was natural that the guns of the fortress (about 120, I think) should be pointed at these buoys as the most likely way of striking the hulls of the ships when they took up their berths ; but as the ships were ordered to anchor inside the buoys the shot and shell went over the hulls, and only did damage to the rigging, which was easily repaired. If the gunnery of the ships had been inefficient this mistake of the enemy might have been rectified, but the very first broadsides were murderous, and the smoke soon enveloped the whole of them, as there was very little wind. It is also an historical fact that for guns of that period, in wooden ships, something like perfection had been attained. Officers and men had been thoroughly trained under the newest system ; and all matters connected with gunnery worked with the regularity of clocks. This was far from the case in the old wars, when the maxim obtained that shore batteries could always defeat those of ships. Not that Blake thought so : but land artillery had vastly improved since his time. A good deal must still depend on the state of the weather and the depth of water. A ship's battery is much more uncertain in a sea-way, and when it cannot get near the fort. We had smooth water and good anchorage, at about

700 yards off, all along the faces of the fortress. Our easy victory suggested the remark of Sir Frederic Smith, the Engineer officer sent to assist us in land operations, that Acre was not taken according to the rules of war, and that its capture was a most unmilitary proceeding; at which we rather laughed; but we pitied him for having lost the C.B. which he no doubt expected.

Just after the catastrophe on the upper deck I was sent up with some message to the Commander by Jenner, who was doing the duty of Lieutenant, with me under him, on the lower deck; and, flying up the hatchway ladder, knocked my head against something which ought not to have been there. I found it was the leg of the drummer-boy, who had been doing the duty of powder-boy (or powder-monkey, as they were familiarly called) just behind the carronade on which the shot had struck. He had been leaning against the other drummer-boy who worked with him waiting for orders (as we had not yet begun firing); and this curious case of presentiment is noticeable. He had had on the previous day a vivid assurance that he should be killed in the coming battle, and had communicated this to his friend, a corporal of marines (who afterwards told us), with a message to his mother. He was a handsome lad of 15, with pleasing manners, and a great favourite on board. His head was shot away; the other boy was not touched. Two of the other three killed were shot dead like the drummer, but the third survived for a few minutes, and was being carried down the main hatchway to the cockpit, screaming frightfully, when I was on deck. The Commander had been wounded, but not severely; so also had my

friend Boys, a midshipman, and Plimsoll, and Davies, the Master,—all slightly.

The explosion of the central magazine was the most awful thing. We all saw it, and after hearing it, many of us were deaf as a post. That deafness lasted with some, as with me, for three weeks ; and indeed was in my case the commencement of a chronic affection of the ear, which has developed with age into serious deafness. As deafness has been prevalent with the elders of my family for two generations before mine, I can only say that I am no better off than my fathers ; but I began earlier, and from the cause here assigned. The appearance of the exploded mass was like that of a great waterspout of many colours, reaching to the clouds with an umbrella-shaped cone, out of which flew millions of detached substances, and lasting for what seemed to us some minutes. Dead silence followed ; all firing ceased for a quarter of an hour ; we were in presence of something beyond human experience. At length a solitary gun from a protected angle opened fire again, and it was rather a relief to us to begin again our fire in reply ; a few others took courage and joined in, but the defenders had lost all heart, and it soon ceased. The day I was ashore inspecting the ruins, I had a much nearer experience of an explosion and a narrow escape. A smaller magazine took fire,—no one knew how,—and we had a repetition of the former catastrophe on a small scale. I was under a strong archway (which protected me and some others from the débris) at the moment, and while I was wondering what would happen next, Captain Boxer, H.M.S. Castor, was carried past me badly wounded in both legs. Some fatalities occurred, but we never exactly knew the

facts, for we were instantly ordered off to our ships. The news of the evacuation of the place on the night of the bombardment was conveyed by a deserter swimming off to the English Admiral of the Turkish squadron, Sir Baldwin Walker. It was cleverly executed: not a sound betrayed the movement, and when we heard of it the garrison had got well away, and it was unnecessary to pursue it. Ibrahim Pasha's last card was played, but his land force had been entirely disorganised by Napier and Jochmus' easy victory on October 10, and the Druses were very useful in defending the Passes of the Lebanon and harassing the Egyptian outposts, while our ships had sent seamen and marines to take the small forts of Tyre, Sidon and other coast defences, with scarcely any loss. Resistance having ceased, Commodore Napier was sent to conclude a Treaty with Mehemet Ali, the substance of which was that he restored Syria to the Turks, and became independent ruler or Khedive of Egypt, paying a fixed tribute to the Porte. This was cleverly managed, and highly approved by Lord Palmerston, who had every reason to be satisfied with his choice of Napier; but the eccentric Commodore became demoralised, and committed the only fault to be found in this campaign throughout the fleet. He had been ordered before the Battle of Acre to take up a particular place in the order of battle. Instead of doing so, he chose to put the *Powerful* in quite a different place, which he thought was not sufficiently covered by the fleet. Sir Robert Stopford, who was watching his fleet from the *Phoenix* steamer (the first time an Admiral had been able to command such an advantage), was of course very angry; for the *Powerful* had been ordered to the

most dangerous post on the N.W. face of the fortress, and Stopford was obliged to send his reserve ship, the *Revenge*, to take up the vacancy. It would have gone hard with Napier if he had been tried by a Court Martial, as the officers of the fleet hoped and thought he would have been, but Sir Robert, considering, I suppose, his useful services, let it pass. The great officers of former times could not possibly have done so.

I find nothing after the last entry concerning the battle for the rest of the time which I spent on the Edinburgh (nor indeed for a period of more than three years), except a notice of the domestic state of the gunroom, which is not worth many words. It is so far interesting, as it shows how completely the old conditions had passed away, and how order and comfort in our gunroom mess had, during the last two years of the Edinburgh's commission, succeeded to the disgraceful condition of the preceding time. These petty societies illustrate the progress of more important ones. The government of our affairs by the senior men had not been at all satisfactory, as might be supposed from the preceding pages; but as they were gradually weeded out, we got so far as to *elect* our caterer, but the autocratic rule of those so elected was much disliked. I may take the trifling credit of forming a settled constitution. When elected, I refused to accept unless as head of an elected committee of three. Plimsoll and Hjerta became my coadjutors, and though there were discontented elements, public opinion was strongly with us to the last. We succeeded in putting down all bad language and excessive drinking, and the youths who had come later on the scene, like Boys and

Henderson, were brought up like gentlemen. An older midshipman, Courtenay, was always on the right side, and was a model of a gentleman.

I have no recollection of anything that passed at Marmorice, where we stayed till January 9, 1841, and then sailed for Malta, arriving there on January 22. Here we had a regular refit, and I got leave to visit my Madras friends, the Walkers, at Florence. While waiting for a reply to my letter offering myself for a week, we had a ride at Malta which amused us. The ruins of an ancient town had recently been excavated (I think it was called Kremje), and some of the lieutenants and I set out to visit them. Our horses were brought to the hotel where we were lunching, and out of the window we saw that all except one were hacks of the usual sorry kind which were palmed off on naval officers, but this one was a well-bred, good-looking animal,—quite fit for a gentleman's stable. We all secretly coveted this mount, but did not like to be greedy; so, while we were politely giving way to one another, an old midshipman (or perhaps young mate), who declared that he had ordered this particular horse, came in and without further apology mounted, and prepared to join our party and make use of our guide. We were rather taken aback by his assurance, but did not care to assert ourselves too stiffly, and let things take their course. I suspect some of our party "smelt a rat," as they say, and knew there was some fun before us. However, we set off at a good pace, as sailors always do, and had not gone a mile before our impudent companion was thrown, and his fine horse went back to Valetta. Our guide laughed as if he expected this; and we found

that the horse (called the "Admiral") had been trained to do exactly what we saw, throw the middy and go back for another. Our friend was not hurt ; but he lost his ride, and we hoped had learned a lesson. (We pronounced the ruins to be of the Cyclopean age ; and I believe they were.) Our guide had another way of dealing with naval officers. He rode a very clever donkey, which had been taught to kick the foot of any rider who attempted to pass him, however fast he might be going. We soon found this out, and each in turn made trial of his skill. We were all kicked, but not viciously, which was perhaps owing to the pace we put on. It certainly had the intended effect of moderating our speed. So much for these cunning Maltese.

I got to Rome in a fast "courier" vehicle, spending part of one night at Siena on the way, and having a noble view of Rome when we got near enough. At my hotel I met a highly cultivated French gentleman named Lebbi, who, like me, had but a short time to see the sights, and he made an excellent companion. Fortunately, though not a doctor, he understood how to deal with a bad abscess which had just formed on one of my hands. It was probably caused by the change of diet from ship to shore. He skilfully poulticed and dressed it from time to time, so that the pain soon stopped, and I was cured by the end of the week. We exchanged eternal vows, but I never heard of him again. He hardly knew any English, but found my book useful, while I improved my French. The classical remains were at that time imperfectly developed, and could be studied in a short time better than now, but, of course, I was chiefly

struck with the Coliseum and the magnificent St. Peter's. We visited them often, the former at first by moonlight, meaning to have a solitary and sentimental hour for musing *à la* Byron, but unfortunately it was crowded by hundreds of visitors, many of whom had perhaps been self-deceived like ourselves. St. Peter's far exceeded my expectations, and my visits have enabled me to appreciate the many things which have been said of it since those days. Never since then have I managed to get to any one of the three places I visited in 1841.

I made my way by myself to Naples, and saw all the sights in three days, being limited by the sailing of the steamer which was to take me to Malta. During those days I saw the Museum, climbed Vesuvius, and saw Pompeii: but the views of the bay and of the country were enough of themselves. All this I greatly enjoyed, and felt like the American tourist, one of three who waited on Pio Nono at Rome. The first was asked how long he meant to stay and see the sights of Rome. "Six months," he replied: "then," said the Pope, "you will see something." The second said he had six weeks: "then," said the Pope, "you will see a good deal." The third sadly replied he had only three weeks: "then," said the Pope, "you will see everything."

Three weeks was little enough for three such famous cities; but there was not a moment lost. The view from Messina of the Italian side of the Straits it is impossible to forget; and Syracuse was full of interest. On April 4 we were towed out of Valetta harbour by the boats of the squadron, and reached Gibraltar on the 30th. There I found Colonel Tate, commanding

the Royal Engineers, and a friend of the Larcoms, who rode with me round this famous place and into the country. I had read so much about it that it seemed quite familiar. I visited my grandfather's monument, and thought of my father and Uncle Tom, who were both stationed here. Arrived at Plymouth on April 11. My log ends on June 2, when I suppose I was allowed to take leave of my ship before she was paid off, as I joined the Excellent for the Gunnery and College course in June, 1841; and can only give a slight sketch of the next three years from memory.

CHAPTER III.

JUNE 1841 TO DECEMBER 1842.

OF the year and a half—from June, 1841, to December, 1842, I do indeed find a short account in the following few words, written in 1844,—which may be filled up to some extent ; it was a critical period for me :

“After six months in the Excellent I passed a year at the Royal Naval College. This was spent in a zealous course of Mathematical study, with a view to getting the prize of a Lieutenant’s Commission at the end of the time. I had every prospect of it for nine months, when Cooper Key, a competitor who at first had supposed that he had no chance, ascertained his superiority in mathematical power, and though I beat him at the half-yearly examination, he finally won the prize. It was a great blow to me, but I trust was made useful in God’s good providence. The closeness of the struggle, and the fact of our being the only two mates of the old Royal Naval College gold-medallists who ever had competed, together with the mediocrity of the candidates before and after us, produced an effect on the Admiralty; so that I was made a lieutenant six months after this defeat. I had then gone out to the Cape Station (March, 1843) in the Thunderbolt, Captain Broke. The time in England had been very delightful. I enjoyed the hard work and pleasant society at the Royal Naval College, besides the intercourse with the dear home circle which had gathered round my father close to me at Anglesey, Henry having become curate to Archdeacon Wilberforce. (He had been his curate at Brightstone in the Isle of Wight and followed him to Alverstoke.) My father’s house was at No. 5 in the Crescent, my

aunts' at No. 3, and the Mackinleys' at No. 12. The frequent intercourse with Henry, my expanding ideas on Church and political matters, my six weeks in the Long Vacation of 1842, spent with Leonard at Wadham College, Oxford, under the tutorship of (afterwards Professor) Robert Walker in Mathematics, the friendship of Dr. Richardson's wife at Haslar, and of Cooper Key—these were the principal marks of that time."

I think the idea of obliging mates to pass six months in the Excellent, before joining the College, was that we should not be cut off too much from the actual work of the profession by the year which was to follow of a quasi-University course. We might and did study the elementary mathematics taught by the Naval Instructor on board (which I did not find of much use), but we had to keep up and improve what we had learnt of practical gunnery and drills under a distinguished and clever captain, Sir Thomas Hastings. He lived at the Royal Naval College, and came on board every morning. The age of experiments had not yet arrived, but improvements in drill were progressing, and there were many young officers learning them before they were distributed to the fleet, besides the half-pay officers at the Royal Naval College of all ranks, who came on board occasionally, and a squad of Royal Marine Cadets who messed by themselves. There were elements of disorder among such a heterogeneous collection, and Sir Thomas, as he was called among us, had often to adjudicate. He rather liked this, we thought,—at any rate he seemed to like making orations. Not unfrequently they ended in the following words: "*I will* have discipline. I draw a line (pointing to the metal circle round which the pivot 10-inch gun was traversed); put your foot over it, and I will cut it off or die in the attempt." Naturally

this repeated oration was called a "pivot" ; but it was effective. On another occasion he was met by a serious remonstrance. He had struck out the specious theory that these green boys, the Marine Cadets, would be improved by living in the same mess-room with the mates, who were of various ages from 19 to 25 (or more), men of some experience and of traditions not favourable to the Marines at all. To these officers it appeared ridiculous. They might tolerate youngsters of their own cloth. They could lick *them* into shape ; but these sucking soldiers ! Bah ! So they were very savage when we were all huddled into the Captain's cabin. It was thought well to put the matter before us before final steps were taken. Sir Thomas soon discovered the strong feeling that existed, and dismissed us, looking much annoyed, expecting perhaps that the mates would come round after such a condescending appeal to their good feelings. But though he could not know how some of the most excited were declaring that they would "cut the service," a very common threat with unruly midshipmen, he, like a wise man, began to think there might be two sides to the question ; and presently there came into the gunroom a message from Sir Thomas to *me*. I was to come and speak to him. I was never more astonished, for I was not nearly the senior mate, and had said nothing. He pretended that he sent for me because he saw I looked angry ; but I think he must have known about me from his brother. And now he insisted on my telling him all about it. I explained to him how we could only be casually and temporarily thrown along with these boys, who had only just left school, that neither we nor they would pass a happy life in these

close quarters, and would perhaps lay up a stock of animosity for the rest of our lives. He listened kindly, but said nothing. In a few minutes he sent down a message that he had given up the whole thing. I mention this trifling incident because the new reformation of the Navy by Lord Selborne and the present Admiralty has taken up this very thing in a very different way this very year. The Marines and the Engineers are now being educated, together with the naval class, in one College for four years, when they are to diverge into their different lines. This will meet all the objections to the former crude scheme, and if the separation into the different lines can be effected satisfactorily, it will do nothing but good.

About the mathematical course during the year at the College it is only necessary to say that it was badly conceived and badly pursued. Main, the Professor, was, like Dr. Inman, a Senior Wrangler, and a thorough representative of the kind of high mathematics then in vogue. Each branch, as we got higher and higher, was little more than the manipulation of formulae, which had been gradually learnt during the various processes of algebra and trigonometry, conic sections, mechanics, differential calculus and integral calculus. Through these we advanced to hydrostatics, hydrodynamics and optics. In no part of this abstract course did we learn how to apply our knowledge to practice, nor had we time. It was a course for three years instead of one, and required superlative teaching. Main was, of course, very clever, but he did not profess to teach us. There were the books: we had to learn for ourselves, as he had done: but book-work did not count for much in examinations; the thing

was to gain an insight into knotty problems, and to acquire the art of doing this quickly. It no doubt exercised one's faculties, and taught us perseverance, and a rigid method of following out the sequence of necessary truth: so far it was useful to the mind and an aid to mental training in any subject: but that was not much in the lines of a naval officer's business. It was not a mere waste of time, but the time might have been much better employed. The older mathematical methods, by means of Newton's *Principia* and the old Fluxions, would have taught us better the reasons and meaning of things. As it was, we did not understand the real meaning of differentials, and were not encouraged to learn: it was enough if we could use its formulæ to work out problems. Here was the explanation of Key's victory. He had an almost miraculous faculty for rapid solution of problems, and this gave him numbers on the papers. It was like the instinct of the calculating boy. He had also the advantage of the teaching of a high wrangler from Cambridge in our six weeks' vacation; while I fell into the snare of going to Oxford, and being assisted by an Oxford man who did not know much more about Cambridge methods than I did.

This sense of being gradually overtaken and passed, after such labour as I had gone through on shipboard, was trying and would have been almost maddening had it not been met full tilt by the religious spirit which had been implanted in both of us. In the chapter I have written in Admiral Colomb's *Life of Key* ¹ I have described his education and character on

¹ *Memoirs of Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key*, by Vice-Admiral Colomb, chap. iv.

this side, and the author supplies some decided confirmation of what I say, from sources unknown to me, especially his letters to his mother. She was a remarkable woman, inheriting Sir Astley Cooper's great talents, as well as a deeply religious character, which she was the means of conveying to her children. Hence he was glad to know my family and friends, and they delighted to make him happy. Together we heard Archdeacon Wilberforce's sermons at Alverstoke (though he was so amazingly popular that they were but few), and thought him the greatest preacher in the world,—perhaps he was,—and also heard not seldom my brother Henry,—possibly even more practical. At Anglesey he fell into a valuable acquaintance with my Aunt Harriet, an excellent talker and adviser, and at Haslar with her intimate friend, Mrs. Richardson, who, though a young mother of many children, was a sort of mother to both of us. Her sympathetic, truly Christian spirit, her wit and good sense, were freely expended upon us ; and in no obtrusive way she made it her business to prevent our rivalry from being of the common sort, and to influence our hearts towards a modest self-effacement and a mutual goodwill. In this spirit we received the Holy Communion together, on the Sunday before the final examination began ; and fully in this spirit, I may certainly say, we took the award. All feeling of pain on my part was gone ; and not a symptom of exultation was visible in him,—only sympathy.¹

¹ Key writes to his mother : "I am first, I am happy to say, by several numbers. . . . Burrows has just been in my room while I am writing, and asked me what I was about. I said I was writing to you, telling you that I was first : so he says I am to give you

These serious matters generally have a comic side. My good uncle Mackinley took my failure very much to heart, and thought it might do me some service if he presented me to his old friend Sir Charles Rowley, Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth. He had been in many battles, and, as report went, had been a wild young man. As my uncle expatiated on my merits, I became aware that he had rather a cynical expression of countenance ; but when Sir Thomas Hastings happened to arrive in the midst of my uncle's nautical eloquence, and took up the parable when he ceased, in a still more florid style, Sir Charles could stand it no longer. “A very excellent young man, no doubt,” he cried. “Very good at his books ; sure to break out, sure to break out.” I confess that I was very glad it was over : the unsentimental conclusion was quite a relief.

I came home from sea at the precise time when the extreme High Church movement at Oxford was beginning to extend itself in all directions. Some had already gone over to Rome, and Newman himself followed in 1845. Pusey, Keble, and Hook represented that section of the Tractarians, as they were now called, who were determined to uphold the teaching of the “Tracts” within the boundaries of the Church of England, to which they were unalterably attached. Hook gradually separated himself from them, and he and Archdeacon Wilberforce became the real heads of the Moderate High Churchmen. Two of the Arch-

his love at the same time, and really, though he only said it in joke, yet I am sure he loves you for my sake. We often talk about you. It is so delightful to think that we are such good friends.” Colomb's *Life of Key*, p. 72. Ed.

deacon's brothers Romanised, which only strengthened the firm position taken up by the Archdeacon himself. Very many of the clergy, and a still greater proportion of the laity, gathered round these chiefs, a process which became more rapid still when Wilberforce became Bishop of Oxford in 1845. My brother Henry, who had been going through the Oxford University course during the time of greatest excitement on these subjects, was pulled both ways during his Alverstone curacy. He was fair-minded to a fault, and tried hard to steer an even course between the Anglo-Tractarians and the Moderate High Churchmen. Happily his intercourse with Wilberforce,¹ and afterwards with Trench, settled him on the side of the latter, so that when Dodsworth Romanised he was selected for the delicate task of succeeding him in the vicarage of Christchurch, St. Pancras, and keeping the sheep who were in danger of following their erratic shepherd within the fold. He remained there 26 years.

As this good brother had always shared his thoughts with me on these and all other subjects both by letter and by conversation (when I was in England), it was natural that we should take much the same line ; and from this long spell at home it is that I date the larger knowledge that I now got of the true position of the Church both on her spiritual and political side. I never regretted that I had imbibed such potent draughts

¹ "How highly Bishop Wilberforce appreciated Mr. Burrows' help is shown by his words in a letter of 1845 to Mr. Gladstone: 'My late curate at Alverstone, Henry Burrows, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, is one of the best men and churchmen I ever met with. I owe more to H. Burrows for devoted faithful attention to the service of the church at Alverstone than I can ever repay.'" *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. i., ch. v., p. 162. Ed.

of evangelical teaching, nor altogether separated myself from my old friends, but I learnt to build upon their foundation the Sacramental system which the new school had brought to the front, and felt that one was the complement of the other, and that there was not only room but a need for both ; but there was no room for Rome. Those have been my principles ever since.

I have but little recollection of the advantages which no doubt I gained from a more extended acquaintance with good society ; both at the Royal Naval College from half-pay officers, lazily studying with the hope of getting employment (chiefly steam-books, but not much useful practice); and at Anglesey, where there were many nice people. One mate there was F. Leopold M'Clintock,¹ who, though not taking the higher course with Key and me, worked with us at some things, energetically played fives with us, and had the *entrée* of my father's house. Through the Lefroys he was a connection, and was an excellent fellow in all ways. Happily he became my friend for life. Thus once more I was one of a trio of naval brothers, as I had been in younger days with Chads and Hawke. This of itself was a thing to be thankful for, and partly filled up a blank which could not be properly filled except by marriage ; and of that I never thought as yet.

A word must be said upon the time I passed in Oxford in 1842 with my brother Leonard. After our very early days this brother and I had been but little together. He was now a scholar of Wadham, and

¹ Admiral Sir F. L. M'Clintock, K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.

remaining in College to read for his degree. Most kindly he undertook to find me rooms, first in College and then in lodgings, and to arrange for my board in College along with himself and some half-dozen undergraduates of his own standing. We were presided over at dinner by one of the Fellows, an eccentric man named Foster ; and at times by Griffiths, who was long afterwards Warden of the College. This was a new life, and a very agreeable one. My studies with Walker went on steadily, and I learnt all about Oxford and its affairs. Here also I formed a friendship with the Ryder family through Tom Ryder of Oriel, who was my chief friend and companion. We bathed at Parson's Pleasure together, and had many a walk and talk. He was a friend of the Monros, and, like them, full of romance and poetry. He also was a friend for life, even more than his younger brother Alfred,¹ who was afterwards thrown much with me in my later naval service. Both had been much influenced by the Tractarian movement, which had naturally been familiar to Tom at Oriel, and both were able, religious and consistent. Here again I had the privilege of hearing a sermon at St. Mary's from the great Newman ; severe, like Manning's, but well calculated, as his were, to deepen the sense of sin, without which Christianity becomes a dead letter. It made such an impression on me that I wrote out a very large part of it from memory, and have it still, with its ink faded and paper yellow with time. I ceased to wonder at the power he exercised ; and all the stories of his life ever after seemed to group themselves quite naturally round what I that day saw and heard. It was one-sided, but a

¹ Admiral Sir Alfred Ryder, K.C.B.

side too often neglected. At any rate I lodged in my inmost soul "Lead kindly light" and

"Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That in thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong."

Little did I understand that I had taken the second step towards my subsequent University life, as my reading and studies at sea had been the first. I knew my faults too well to think of becoming a clergyman, and that was almost the sole idea of an Oxford career at that time.

Early in 1843 I was appointed to the Thunderbolt, one of the new paddle-wheel steamers, with a 10-inch pivot gun, commanded by Captain Broke. The grandiloquent officer, whose book on steam we had studied, remarked that "over the paddle box of the steamer was the road to glory," and as we supposed this was true, I was quite pleased with my ship, and found no fault with the enormous amount of work which fell to my share, some of which was indeed self-imposed. I had the third watch, all the gunnery, and all the youngsters to teach. I was on the best terms with the Captain and all the officers, or I don't know how I could have got through it; and it was an easy ship—perhaps too easy. The first lieutenant, Wodehouse, of the Norfolk family, was more a country-gentleman than anything else. Jameson, the second lieutenant, was nothing particular, and Lord Frederick Kerr was the third. He made no pretence of taking anything seriously, and in fact did pretty much as he liked. So also did his clever dog, a retriever. On one occasion this dog was held to be

the best officer of the two. Kerr had gone ashore overnight, and came on board in plain clothes at the solemn moment when everyone was on deck in his best uniform for divisions (or general muster). The dog was so much shocked at the contrast presented by his master to the rest of the officers that he dived down the hatchway, ran to his master's cabin, brought up his uniform cap, and did everything but ask him in words to put it on and behave as an officer should.

My work with the youngsters was not at all unpleasant. I could not bear to see them become idle young dogs—for in so small a ship there was no Naval Instructor, not even a Chaplain; so I volunteered, to the Captain's great delight, for he was a very good fellow, though a little slack: and he gave up his fore-cabin for our operations, which gave me effective moral support. We had been a week at sea, and the boys had recovered from sea-sickness: so I gave notice when we were to begin. To my amusement one of them came up to me crying, and saying that before he left England his father had particularly told him that he did not wish him to do any work. "Oh," said I, "that is very odd. Did your father think that he could take command of a man of war? We are several hundred miles away from England, and you have nothing to do but obey orders." Of course I put it kindly to the little fellow, and his tears soon dried.

By a happy accident I passed a month on shore at Natal before my lieutenant's Commission arrived to take me out of the Thunderbolt; and so again my humble career touches a point of not only English but general history. The ship was ordered post haste from

Simon's Town to deal with the Boers. A selection of these "voor-trekkers" (or pioneers of emigration), determined to strike a blow for their independence of the English, had fixed upon the fertile country of Natal, with its harbours and many possibilities, had broken the forces of the terrible Zulus under Dingan on their way, and were beginning to pour into Durban itself, in spite of the English flag flying in the place. It was strictly true that the English had long before taken formal possession, but only a handful of settlers had actually begun to live there, and the Boers believed that no notice would be taken of their proceedings. They were quite mistaken. The Dutch colony of the Cape of Good Hope had been conquered in 1806: the treatment of the colonial slaves and of the natives in general had forced the conquering race to enforce the practices of civilised life: the migrations were more or less hostile movements; and this last was a flagrant case. Thus a few soldiers had been sent to order back the invaders. They not only refused to go, but fell upon the soldiers with audacity and success. On this, two companies of the 27th Regiment had been despatched as a reinforcement, and the Thunderbolt was now sent in addition. We were to carry down to Port Elizabeth on our way a wing of another regiment to take the place of those who had gone to Natal; of which I may note that two of the officers on board were each 6 feet 5 inches in height; and further, that one of these had never been taught to spell, as we mischievously discovered by entrapping him to write notes to us,—I remember that he spelt "anxious" "ankshus,"—perhaps he grew too fast. We found that the mere arrival of the 27th and the report that

we were coming had been enough for these sensible Boers ; for after a slight skirmish with the new troops they had "trekked" again, and were in full march for the Transvaal, where their descendants have formed the nucleus of the semi-savages whom we have just conquered after a tremendous war. Paul Kruger, their President, himself, as a little boy, formed one of these voor-trekkers.

Several families of English colonists had been keenly watching these proceedings on the borders of Natal, and as soon as ever the invaders had turned their backs, in they rushed and began to settle with all speed in shanties round the beautiful harbour ; so that, by the time we had arrived, shops were already being opened, and an air of order was pervading the place. Thus we considered ourselves in a certain sense entitled to be called "Founders of Natal," a title by which, to my surprise, I was addressed not long ago by a friend at table (at All Souls) who had an independent knowledge of the facts. We should, however, have seen little of our new colony if it had not come on to blow heavily on the very evening of the day when a large party of the officers, including myself, had landed. Captain Broke headed the party ; Kerr, young Percy, a grown-up midshipman and only son of our Admiral, and our assistant surgeon, were the others, leaving only the first and second lieutenants on board. The dangerous bar (which still exists) had risen in a moment, and we could not cross it to get back on board ; so that we were without a single article of dress and entirely dependent on the kindness of the officers of the 27th, who appeared to be only too glad to supply our wardrobes and make us members of their mess.

In the morning we discovered that our ship had put to sea ; she had lost her anchor, and it took her a week to get back. When at last she returned, the Captain was determined this should not happen again, and we were all on board the pinnace, which we had kept with us. Every one told us that it was ridiculous to attempt the bar,—for it had come on to blow harder than ever. We had not got out far before Broke himself saw that we were rowing into certain destruction,—for the bar was furious,—and reluctantly turned her bow inshore. Shortly after the ship disappeared again ; and this time she was absent for three weeks. It turned out that she had lost her two remaining anchors, and had gone back to the Cape for more. This time we made certain that we were in for a long spell on shore, as we could not but guess what had happened : so we settled down to enjoy ourselves. Major Dornford commanded the little force, and he looked chiefly after Broke, Kerr and Percy : the doctor and I fell to the junior officers, and I especially to a Captain Tunnard, a thorough gentleman, and I think a good officer. He lent me as much money as I wanted, out of which I bought a small outfit, and paid £8 for a very good horse named Praetorius, which had belonged to the leader of the migration, the same who gave his name to the capital of the Transvaal shortly afterwards. He was a good, handsome beast, for which I ought to have got much more than I gave, but I got that. I was obliged to buy, because we had been so cheated by an English settler, who let out sorry beasts, that we could stand it no longer. In our last interview, when he saw that his credit was gone, he abused us in language which seemed strange

from one who pretended to be a sort of gentleman ; and when one or two of us made an advance with threatening whips, he rode off jauntily with a quotation from Shakespeare :—"Your words fly by me like the idle wind, which I regard not." Our horses did very well, and we got some splendid rides over undulating grass country, but obeyed our orders not to get as far as Pietermaritzburg, which the Boers had already fixed upon as their capital, and given the name of a leader held by them in much reverence. Before a farmhouse on the way we saw a huge python, happily dead, hanging up to dry. I don't remember hearing of these animals in the Colony. Perhaps some colonial Saint Patrick has exorcised them. But the grand excitement of our involuntary tour was a Zulu wedding. How so large a body came to be at Port Natal I don't know, but probably they intended to make common cause with us in revenging their defeat by the Boers ; and it was this combination no doubt which sent the Boers back in such a hurry. The ceremony was on a large scale, and was carried out in the military way of savages to impress duly the English officers and the new settlers, every Zulu being in his picturesque uniform, and moving with the utmost precision. As with most savages, the idea of a wedding is a sham fight between parties of the bridegroom and the bride. That of the former is to attack that of the latter and carry the bride off by force ; her party is to resist, but taking care to be beaten. Nothing can be more effective than the war-dress,—a sort of petticoat made of strips of the skin and tails of various animals, head-dresses chiefly of tall feathers, and buskins of both skins and feathers: paint freely laid

on face and body ; with assegais and knives for arms. It was fearfully noisy, of course, and it seemed, as they brandished weapons and rushed on their enemy, that there must be a number of killed and wounded ; but there was nothing of the kind. I don't think we caught sight of the bride ; but the warriors were fine men, and, as we found out in later times, fine fighters.

We were all sorry to bid good-bye to our kind hosts, who had let us do just what we liked. Their mess was good and service-like ; and they were as good friends among themselves as with us. We repaid our loan, but we could never repay their kindness ; nor have I ever seen one of them since those merry days.

My Commission was dated July 7, 1843, but I did not get it till later. With it I got my orders to remain on the station and to join the Winchester as supernumerary lieutenant, to be disposed of as the Admiral might think fit. The Admiral was the Hon. Josceline Percy, whom we found established at Simon's Bay when we returned. He, like Capel, had been one of Nelson's officers, and, with Stopford, made the third under whose flag I served ; but, like Capel, those brilliant days seemed to have burnt him out, for we never saw anything characteristic about him.

My destiny was soon decided. The Winchester sailed for the West Coast in the spring of 1844, and I was turned over to the Sappho, a brig of some 500 tons. The Honorable George Hope was the Captain, or, rather, Commander,—for these brigs did not carry captains: a gentlemanly but fussy man, who seemed not to have been intended for small vessels, as he was immensely tall, and had contracted a painful-looking stoop before he came to us: he could never stand

upright except on the upper deck. I confess he made me rejoice in being about a foot shorter. The first lieutenant soon exchanged with young Augustus Vansittart, leaving R—— as first and me second. This change gave us rather more than two unhappy years. R—— had been a disappointed old mate, and had lost whatever temper he might once have possessed ; but as he knew his duty pretty well, and did not lay himself open to be interfered with, he was in the exact position to inflict annoyance. We tried to make allowance for him, but a messmate of this sort, in a small wardroom, into which our cabins opened, and in tropical heat, was as painful below as he was on deck, and I am afraid we did not at all times bear it as well as we ought. For my part I had a frequent relief from worry in my absence on boat-service, this being the chief business of our vessel. A great impetus had been given to the pursuit of slavers (chiefly Portuguese and Brazilian), which infested both coasts, by Lord Palmerston, copies of whose treaties with different Powers were carried in our boats. We had to take provisions for a week or two, and make the best use we could of such information as could be gleaned by ourselves or by the ship. Rendezvous were appointed ; and there was a novelty and excitement about it, to say nothing of frequent risks, which made it a pleasing relief to disagreeable monotony. As second lieutenant I was always in command, sometimes of two boats ; and because I had had more experience than most in this particular sort of work. I have very little record of details, but will quote a few words written at first starting on this duty on the West Coast.

"H.M.S. Sappho, March 28, 1844. I have just returned from my first cruise in the cutter with eight men, carrying my orders, and slave papers, besides one pounder in bow and cutlasses and muskets. I was to cruise between Loash and Elephant Bay, two points to the south of Benguela. The novelty of the thing was amusing enough, though we had rather a want of exciting chases. Except a Portuguese man-of-war schooner which gave us some play, we did not fall in with a single vessel. The weather was much cooler than on board ship, and at first I was interested in watching the character of my crew. I was seriously thinking of trying a daily service with them; but, as I believed they had never even had one on Sunday when cruising, I contented myself with that. They were very much astonished at such an innovation."

I find one more notice of a cruise on the West Coast; and then shall have to trust to memory for what took place on the East Coast.

"April 4, 1844. I have been watching a Brazilian schooner at Benguela with the greatest anxiety for some days. She has been lying here for five months, waiting for a good opportunity to get away. The day after I came to this part of my station we observed her bending sails. The next day we saw several boats passing between her and the shore, which we supposed to be for water, and to-day we have distinctly seen her embarking slaves. As she must have seen us two days ago when we were obliged to show ourselves in chase of a brig which turned out to be American, it is evident that she either despises our power or our speed. During the day, with the above exception, we have kept concealed in a little cove under the "Bonnet" of Benguela, and keep look-outs at the top of the hill well out of view of the town and harbour. At sunset we put inshore just far enough to keep our friend in sight and remain on the *qui vive* till it is time to retreat back to our cove before daylight. We had heard that the last Brazilian vessel, chased in vain by one of the Sappho's boats before I joined, had resolved that they would not be captured by any of our boats; so we should not be surprised if this one showed fight. The worst of it is that I have not above three or four men that I can depend upon, nor have I water for a long chase. I have had two merciful escapes in two days: one from a treacherous piece of rock which

gave way under me, while climbing the precipice of our look-out place; the other from a loaded musket which went off while it was being cleaned, the ball from which tore up the thwart on which I was sitting. I have been trying to bear in mind the thoughts suggested by Passion Week: one has time on boat-service to think. I long for the Communion on Easter Sunday. I find my feelings of anxiety to take this vessel are mixed, and I wish they were more philanthropic; but I believe I think much more of the honour and glory of success and the reputation of sharp cruising. It is not much of a virtue in me that the usual passion for money-getting does not trouble me; but I find myself much too anxious and hasty about everything.—April 9. The very day that we were reduced to our last drop of water, and had run down to leeward for more, the Brazilian sailed. Fortunately, I just got in sight of Benguela again in time to get a view of him as he was stealing away under the land. We were now at the highest pitch of excitement, and went after him at the top of our speed. We were fast coming up with him, and I was just about to fire my one-pounder across his bows, being grievously afraid that I should lose sight of him in the dark, as the sun was setting and the weather getting thick. But my hopes and fears were soon at an end, for at that moment the Sappho hove in sight (quite by accident, as we heard afterwards) and intercepted him. Before we could come up they had boarded him, and found that after all there were no slaves on board (possibly he had landed them; or perhaps we had mistaken), nor any signs of anything for which the vessel could be condemned. I was glad on the whole, for though, if it had turned out a prize, it would have been a bore not to have got him ourselves, yet, as he was not one, it was satisfactory that the Sappho should ascertain it for themselves. So all was for the best. The night was so bad that I left the Sappho again directly, shortened sail, spread the rain-awning, and slept well, while torrents of rain fell for hours.”

After this mild excitement we were sent down to the Cape to refit and provision for the Mozambique Channel. It was discovered that this coast was the most favoured by slavers, as they had so many more chances of escape while our efforts had been directed to the

West. The *Cleopatra* frigate, Captain Wyvill, had preceded us, and the *Helena*, Captain Sir Cornwallis Ricketts, soon after joined us. The *Cleopatra* (I think) had sent a prize to the Cape, of which an account was published by the Rev. — Hill, chaplain of the ship, describing graphically, and no doubt truly, the shocking treatment of the slaves from personal observation. Most of this was known before, but only to a few. The little book circulated in England and on the station, waking up the zeal of all concerned. It was certainly useful to me. I suppose I got it from Hill, whom I came to know well ; and he did me another service of a different kind. He was something of a scholar, and, finding I had classical tastes, gave me an old copy of Homer's *Iliad*, and a *Clavis Homerica*, which in a way did duty for a *Lexicon*. I had also an *Odyssey* translated by the poet Cowper. Thus, having no further use for mathematics, I determined to study Greek in such little spare time as could be got out of three watches and boat-service. Luckily I did not possess Pope's *Iliad* ; so I was obliged to hammer away at the Greek original. No doubt I was only partially successful, and should have been much the better for a Greek grammar, but I had been taught the Eton Greek grammar very fairly well, and remembered it ; and I got at the sense of the grand old poem. The beautiful translation which I had of the *Odyssey* served as a sort of elucidation of the Greek *Iliad*, so that I took pleasure in the work, and read all twenty-four books, seldom achieved at school or college. As Herodotus was the first Greek I made my own in my subsequent Oxford course, I found out how much I had learnt of his Ionic dialect in my

Mozambique studies. These were my "spicy breezes from Mozambique's shore,"—a famous line as far removed from reality as any poetical licence I know of that sort.

And now as I have to give some account of my boat-service in these waters, a word on the geography and people becomes necessary. Roughly speaking, the portion of the East African Coast which we had to watch was that which lay opposite the West Coast of Madagascar. The Portuguese had possessed this vast extent of coast, but very little else, since their discovery. They had planted colonies here and there, but they had all been failures. The city of Mozambique alone had any pretensions to importance: there was a fort and a regiment of soldiers, but scarcely any commerce worthy the name, and the soldiers were many of them convicts, transported (like the English to Botany Bay), and made of some use in this way. Some officer was appointed from home as Governor-General of all the colonies on the coast; and in our time he was a general of reputation and honour who shared our opinions upon slaves and slavery, but he stood almost alone. This was, therefore, only a place of call. But the real work for us lay off the part of the coast where the mighty river Zambesi rolled through many branches into the ocean. Like the Nile and the Ganges, this river, flowing through nearly the whole breadth of Africa, swollen by hundreds of affluents, divided, when it came within the lower regions, into a series of rivers which were very little known to the colonists, and not in the least to us or other Europeans. On one of these the colony of Quillimane had long been planted. It was named after

the branch on which it stood, at that time believed to be the chief exit of the great river: but I think I was about the first to discover that it was nothing of the kind. If it had been, it would not have accumulated the immense bar which made the approach from the sea so dangerous: but being of no great length, and only at its full height occasionally when the deeper mouths overflowed, its more languid flow was insufficient to carry the substances washed down from the interior to any great distance out to sea. Thus vessels passing in and out to the town could only cross the bar at high water. This was really the same with boats, but the officers in charge of them rarely knew that this was the case, and many had been capsized. When that took place the chances were very much against the crew, for there were no inhabitants on the shore to help them, and the water outside the bar was not deep enough to allow ships to anchor within two miles. Providentially I happened to hear this from an officer of the *Cleopatra*, and received direct permission from Captain Hope to choose my own time and never allow myself to be hurried so as to be caught when the bar was dangerous. Captain Gambier, of course, was equally humane. Once on the Quillimane, it was a fine broad river with banks covered by mangrove trees; and, ten miles up, we came to the little town, and found our way to the house of M. Azevado, a merchant of good Portuguese family, who supplied our ships with fowls and a few vegetables, and always treated officers with kindness and hospitality. At his house we met people, black and white, from whom we tried to extract information about expected slavers. We did not get much, of course, but we every now

and then found something suspicious, and at last were rewarded. We saw a good deal of other colonists while on shore, for, of course, it was very pleasant to them to have some relief from an almost intolerable monotony. They were all alike, enervated, sickly, and lazy, but a few, like Azevado, were of a better class of society. Each had numerous slaves, and obtained them easily from Tête, another small colony a long way up the river, or from Lumbo, which was further still.

On this river I once had a pleasant surprise. We were sailing leisurely in mid stream when my look-out man reported a canoe in the distance, carrying a quite white man (the colonists were almost as black as the natives). We overtook him, and found this was no other than M. Peters, a Prussian naturalist, employed by the King of Prussia to collect specimens of the flora of East Africa. I don't know which of us was most pleased to meet the other. I gave him a good meal, and we talked incessantly for some hours ; he was brimful of African information, and did not object to be drawn out, while he had a good deal to learn from me. I found him most intelligent. Max Müller told me in much later years how greatly he was valued in Germany. His son has, I believe, taken a leading part in scientific matters, but expressed himself very strongly against the English at the time when our relations with Germany came to be "strained." When we parted that evening (never to meet again), he placed me in a difficulty. He took from his own neck a handsome gold chain, of African gold and manufacture, and put it round mine. How was I to make any return? I had only one possible thing to give, and that was

worth its weight in gold during these long and lonely cruises. It was a beautifully bound pocket volume of poems, selections from Beattie, Collins, Gray, and Byron; and came to me from my step-mother's drawing-room library. It cost me a pang; these things could not be replaced in Africa. He was greatly pleased, for he knew English well, and loved our poetry. I did not keep his chain long: for a box of epaulettes had reached my ship from Henry Chads, and I had nothing to give him but this very chain!

I only remember two other remarkable adventures of this period. One was the danger my boat was in on attempting to cross the Quillimane bar from inside. There was a very high and rather rotten flag-staff on the shore, which the Portuguese had erected as a look-out for the state of the bar, as well as for ships outside. We were at the mouth of the river expecting to see the Sappho come to the roads. At last we saw her; and as she was overdue, resolved to get out to her, though it was not high water. My look-out men reported the bar navigable; but I had my suspicions, and mounted the flagstaff myself. Still I thought we would try. It had been difficult to get a proper sight, on account of the sun shining directly across it; but when we arrived pretty near we found that we had been deceived, and that the breakers were rolling in most dangerously. There was nothing for it but to put the boat's head round instantly and to drop our anchor, assisting it by our oars till the ebb tide, which was running out furiously, should slacken. But the oars would have been useless if the anchor had not held. Would it hold? Well, it did, miraculously, as it seemed, for the breakers

were close upon us. At last we were safe, and I inwardly thanked God.

The other was the consequence of a very useful and pleasant mistake on this same bar, which, by the bye, like most great bars, was much given to shifting its channel. Crossing from outside at a very high tide, my boat had been carried to the westward by a strong current, and I had got inside, opposite another river of which I knew nothing, except that there were other mouths of the Zambesi. As this was probably one of them, I thought it might be well to explore it, and take a rough sketch. I found it a very deep and broad river, with no signs of habitation on its banks, and passing through what looked like, and no doubt was, a primeval forest. With a fair wind we sailed on and on, and the river seemed to get broader and broader, but the night was drawing on, and I had no orders to sail into the interior of Africa. So I anchored in mid-stream about a dozen miles up, and completed my sketch. All night long we heard the noises made by wild beasts of all kinds, coming down no doubt to drink; there were elephants we were certain, and others we supposed might be lions. We could trace no signs of a bar when we came out to the ship: it was evidently a flood "too deep for sound or foam," and we felt that we had discovered a way of reaching the vast, unknown, mysterious regions of the great Continent, open to every ship or almost to any boat. My sketch and remarks were sent to the Admiralty, and probably led to the further exploration, of which Livingstone and the Central African Mission have known how to take advantage. It was the North Luabo. The mention of wild beasts on the banks of

the Luabo reminds me that I have not said anything as yet about the hippopotami, who were familiar to us on the Quillimane. They frequent rivers which are not too deep, and specially the pools in those rivers. In sailing over those pools we often scraped the back of these huge beasts, and they happily never revenged themselves for our ineffectual shots at them by suddenly rising under our boat and breaking its back. Once we caught sight of a mother and her young one on an island, but they dived before we could come up. I cannot say that they were much like the sea-horse, with the young one on its back, which may be seen among the allegorical figures in the quadrangle of Magdalen College, representing the good tutor taking his pupil out into the world,—not that our baby hippo was on its mother's back. Perhaps he had grown a little too heavy.

In October, 1845, Captain Hope was relieved by Captain Fitzgerald Gambier, under whom the cloud which had hitherto darkened our little ship began to lift. I find a very occasional notice of this good man in my diminishing Journal. The first is dated October 30, 1845:

“The new Captain of the *Sappho* began the practice of reading daily prayers to the Ship's Company with a short, sensible speech after divisions: ‘I have sent for you, Ship's Company, to tell you that I intend having prayers every morning after divisions, as I have been in the habit of doing in a former ship. Your attendance will be perfectly optional; but I sincerely hope that your reverence for God, whose blessing we all require, and ought daily to ask for, will induce the greater part, if not all, of the Ship's Company to attend.’”

I find a further note to the following effect:

“February 17. About one third attended.”

This does not sound satisfactory, but the practice had only recently been revived, and only here and there. I say "revived" because it had once been the regular system of the whole service, and was certainly so in the reigns of the Stuarts. It seems to have declined with the advent of the Hanoverian House, and had been *totally forgotten* till a few religious captains, a very few, resolved to introduce it again. If I mistake not, the order to have them still held an obsolete place in the Articles of War. Some of these captains were friends of my own,—Ryder, Caffin, and Nott. With the vast majority both of officers and men this was a most unpopular revival. Poor Caffin had to suffer a humorous persecution. He commanded the *Scourge* in the Cove of Cork. The Admiral of the station lived ten miles off, at Cork, and his flag lieutenant went up from the Cove every morning to make reports from the ships in harbour. The first day after the arrival of the *Scourge*, this officer heard her ship's bell ring for prayers. He knew well enough what it meant ; but, when he reached the Admiral, reported : " Man dead, sir, on board the *Scourge*." " What," cried the old chief, " a man dead and no report sent me? Bring me word about it to-morrow." The morrow came, and again the bell for prayers. The flag lieutenant reported with assumed gravity : " Another man dead, sir, on board the *Scourge*." The Admiral, of course, flew into a passion—" Send Captain Caffin up to me immediately. What is the Service coming to? " What happened then no one knows ; but nothing could be done to this audacious officer who dared to do his duty ; and the practice spread. Captain Nott, a blunt old Commander of the *Excellent*, when I was sent there to learn

gunnery, had a way of his own for making the seamen take to the new system. This was to assimilate the style of Divine service as much as possible to that of carrying on duty on the quarter deck. Thus the Creed was introduced by an authoritative order to "Repeat the Belief," and the Lord's Prayer by "Say the Lord's Prayer." Nobody dared to smile. Every one responded heartily; and thought the Commander as good as a bishop.

Gambier was a truly religious man, who had himself suffered persecution for his opinions: he was, too, not only a genial, consistent officer, but one of the three men I have known as specimens of perfect gentlemen. The others were Thomas Walpole, Rector of Alverstoke, and Francis Leighton, Warden of All Souls. They were all descended from good old families, and good manners and character were bred in the bone. He had been in the Battle of Navarino, but had not been much at sea since he was a young man: he was now over 40, and once had a fine figure, but was now stout. Nevertheless, he was still the most active man I knew, and he loved to see his officers and men practise every form of agility. He adopted a system, only occasionally in force in the Service, of turning the "hands up to skylark" when circumstances permitted; and then the men raced each other up the rigging, or played at "sling the monkey." The officers were not generally of an athletic temperament, and, if they came on deck at all, looked on at the Captain and me indulging in every trick we knew,—but my repertory was far more scanty than his, and he was glad to have a pupil. Amongst other things, he taught me how, after taking a good run, to jump upon his hands, folded

behind his back, from which I had to mount upon his shoulders ; then, supporting my legs with his hands, he would waltz round the deck, and I had to balance myself so as not to be upset by the roll of the ship : in fact, what professional tumblers perform with ease except for the unsteady platform. But his great feat was not so easy to learn : it was to sit on the deck, unsupported by arms or legs, and to move in that position several yards : I think I never accomplished two. But he was too stout to perform my much easier feats with chairs, the most showy of which, though not difficult, was to place two chairs back to back, and tumble backwards from one into the other.

He and I found these tricks exceedingly useful on a certain occasion. The mercantile community at Quillimane—perhaps some kind of club—asked him and me to a grand dinner, and we accepted. Gambier put himself under my guidance as pilot over the bar in the Captain's gig,—at high water, of course, and on a calm day. The company was greatly pleased at our coming. Such a thing had never happened before. The dinner was sumptuous ; the only thing was that neither of us drank more than a glass or two of wine, nor did we smoke ; and as neither of us knew more than a few words of Portuguese, the flow of conversation was limited. One or two of our hosts spoke a little English, but, after the cloth was removed, silence reigned ; and we should all have gone to sleep if the happy thought had not struck Gambier that we might show off some of our tricks and edify these poor bloodless creatures. They were only too glad, and wondered what would happen next when we threw off our coats (with epaulettes) and advanced into the

middle of the room with the air of professionals. At each of our performances they were more and more astounded ; and when I mounted and stood upon my human horse and he danced round the room with me (it was fortunately high enough to enable us to be comfortable without breaking the head of the rider), still more when Gambier circled round on his posteriors, their delight was vociferous. Never had they seen or heard of such a thing,—nor anyone else, for that matter. So our amusements bore some fruit, besides keeping us in health and good humour.

Six months after my friend had taken command I find this entry in my Journal :

“March 15, 1846. I think I can trace on the whole a great change for the better in the ship since our new Captain has joined. Bad language is now seldom heard ; men are often seen reading their Bible ; my own messmates have left off coarse slang ; W. (I cannot think who this was, or “B.” who follows) is beginning to think very seriously, and even B. is giving some evidence of an awakened conscience. It is quite plain that God rewards those who have taken most pains to keep from vice (although they may not have much religion), by gradually bringing them forward to abstain from the proper motives. . . . How difficult it is to prevent midshipmen in a small craft from getting into company with the warrant officers and seamen if they once take that line.”

I then mention my failure with one on whom I had bestowed much pains ;—perhaps my own fault. I see also that I had taken the ship’s boys in hand, with the Captain’s encouragement, and remark—

“My little school often reminds me of Keble’s lines :

“’Tis not the eye of keenest blaze, etc.,
But timid glances shy
That seem for aid parental
To sue all wistfully.’

The sharpest of my boys are the worst: the duller ones, who think more, as well as more slowly, have by far the best soil to work upon."

This good Captain, who, of course, became immediately a real friend, and could not but see how hard it was for me to "get on" with the first lieutenant, was wise enough to abstain from interference.

"The other day when I could not check myself in time from answering R—— rather sharply when he found some trivial fault on duty, the Captain afterwards told me that I had answered him too sharply; so I suppose I did, though I could hardly restrain myself from speaking much more so: so hard it is to bear being publicly lowered when you feel you don't deserve it. I am often tempted to regret having come into a profession where one is subject to the caprices of individuals in almost every stage of it, and where one is frequently obliged to live in an atmosphere of contention and guardedness, however much inclined to love peace. This is however the pride and rebellion of our nature. Here I am, and here I am to be; here is the position after all that is probably best for me."

Not long after this I find an entry of an opposite kind. Our new Captain had many virtues, but one great fault for any officer in command. He carried his mild and placable temper much too far; and he had strong ideas of giving men leave to go ashore in season and out of season. Our ship was, in consequence, by no means in good discipline.

"July 11, 1846. I have just seen seven men let off who were drunk on duty, three of them sentries at their posts on shore (at the Cape), and two of them petty officers in a working party. One of these last had been disrated and rated several times for drunkenness, besides being let off times innumerable. . . . Yet at the very last flogging that took place the Captain told the crew publicly that he would not look over one case more."

Very naturally there was a case of something like

mutiny, which was hushed up. This leads me to moralise :

“How is all this dreadful disorder produced? I think by not taking sufficient notice of small offences, by want of proper severity when cases occur, and in fact general inconsistency. Talking to men is substituted for discipline, no palpable notice is taken of breaking leave, nor encouragement shown to those who do not return drunk.”

I have a little forestalled the time we spent at the Cape, which was in March, 1846. The cause of our going down there was to look after a prize which R—— took there and we followed ; and I can now copy something about her from my Journal.

“February 17, 1846. I have now been lucky enough to find myself bonâ-fide First Lieutenant of this ship for the last two months, and shall be so, D.V., until we get to the Cape six weeks hence, R—— having been sent in charge of the Brazilian vessel, *Triomfante*, in the middle of December. She is a doubtful prize, but we have no doubt done the right thing in sending her to the Cape for adjudication. I discovered her on one of my visits to Quillimane, and had an infinity of trouble about her, as she cost me no less than four or five trips to the town, each time harassed with bad weather and a most dangerous bar. I had to negotiate with the Governor, to frighten and threaten the Brazilian captain of the vessel, to bribe a pilot to take her out, in opposition to another pilot who was counterbribed to keep her in, to steal about the town at night in order to get information, and even at last, when all was settled, to bring her out over the bar in the middle of the night. That was a triumph.”

The name was auspicious, and so was the final result. There were sundry articles which were held by the Prize Court at the Cape to condemn a slaver in the absence of the slaves themselves,—such as matting for them to lie upon, stores of food used by slaves, tubs for feeding them, and so on. Not one of these

was to be found, but there was one suspicious article on which we relied, and, as it turned out, judiciously. She had on board no less than 200 *pots de chambre*, nicely packed as if for sale: but who was likely to buy such articles in these squalid settlements? We felt they were nothing more nor less than substitutes for feeding tubs, and so decided the Prize Commissioners. But as we were absent when the judgment was given, I never understood what became of the prize-money that was due to us. I never got any: that was always my fate. As a midshipman, my prize-money for Malay pirates amounted to some £40, and I had about the same for the capture of Acre: both sums were sent to my agent, Mr. H——, a custom of old times recommended by my uncles: but Navy agents were perhaps honest men in their days. Mine got into money difficulties, and settled them by putting his head under a fast train: there were no assets. As I have no other such cases to record, I may quote a few words I find about a failure to deal with a vessel which was typical.

“On March 14, 1846, I boarded, in charge of our boats, a barque under American colours, which the ship had chased for two days and nights, when it fell calm. Now was our opportunity. At last we caught her, and observing some suspicious things on board, resolved to ignore the flag and detain her till a breeze might bring up the Sappho. We were aware that Brazilian vessels, bearing American colours, were expected from Rio Janeiro, and the hours we spent on board more and more convinced us that this was one of them; but our Captain gave him the benefit of the doubt, and we had to concur. How shameful that these Americans should be able to thwart us!”

We had not, however, the responsibility of captains. If they sent a vessel to the Cape to be adjudicated,

and she was acquitted, they had to pay for detaining her ; so they were right to be cautious, and only very strong men would act. This deceptive proceeding saved many a slaver. I next find a notice of my short period of command.

“Feb. 17, 1846. As First Lieutenant I have got my wish in that way, though disappointed in not taking down the *Triomfante*, as had been originally intended. I am thus able to put a few of my ideas into practice. One of the first was to establish a daily school for the ship’s boys, and I hope finally to do the same for the adults. This answers well. I am also able to assist the Captain in holding an afternoon service on Sunday (besides the forenoon one). This is quite voluntary and well attended. Since R—— left he has begun a system of reading every morning to the sick under the fore-castle. I find him very good, and more sensible than our last chief, but, like him, rather fidgetty and more prosy. I find the situation of Premier is a great trial of temper, and one that requires more quickness and foresight than I have at present ; but still it is the place to aim at filling in the profession, and I should like nothing better than to continue in that line.”

On returning to our cruising ground from Mauritius, I remember at least one more visit to Quillimane by a curious circumstance. My old host, Azevedo, offered to hand over a large building to me and my crew for supper and a night’s rest. In one corner were stowed a number of planks to the height of 3 or 4 feet above the floor. On this I mounted and slept, as I thought it wise to keep an eye on my men. We all slept sound, and got on board next day. Two or three days afterwards one fell sick with fever : the rest all followed one after another : but I escaped scot-free. The doctor attributed that to my having slept a few feet above the rest, and so just above the miasma, which kept low along on the ground. He may have been right.

The men, however, recovered, though a few had been dangerously attacked.

Somewhere about this time I had a novel duty to perform at the town of Mozambique. A large English ship put into port while the Sappho was there on a short visit. She had run ashore while the master was drunk, and so large a hole had been made in her bottom that the pumps could hardly keep her afloat. The crew appealed to us for help. Our ship was obliged to leave soon after our carpenter had reported that she would require some days to repair, and it was plain that it could not be done by the crew, as the master was a hopeless drunkard. So I was left behind to see to the business, with a carpenter's mate to take the leak in hand: for there was no dock at the place. I made it my first care to keep the master sober, and deal with the crew; and succeeded much better than I expected. Of course, I assumed entire command, and prevented the man from having liquor of any sort. He was rather a capable man when he was sober, and I gave him many a temperance lecture. I think I must have had some of our own men with me, but I cannot remember, and have no notes. At any rate, by heeling the ship over we got at the leak from outside, and thoroughly repaired it inside and out. All went well, and when the Sappho returned for me ten days afterwards, our charge was at an end. We ought, of course, to have had salvage, but it was superbly decided that we should not demand it. I wished to see something of this colonial capital while thus employed, but never dared to leave the ship for a moment. I saw, however, a sight which it was not easy to forget. There was a merchant ship lying at

some distance from us, and a man was seen to swim away from her. While we were looking, we saw a shark seize him by the leg and carry him down to the bottom. For a few moments the water was red with his blood, and his shrieks were heart-rending. It read a lesson to the crew of the *San Juan* (I think that was the name of my vessel), and I found little difficulty in keeping them on board.

The only other incident of slaver-hunting which I remember was in the river Angozla. Towards the end of our time we got information that the ship slavers had found our English vigilance too much for them, and that slaves were now being sent in dhows, or large native vessels, with one great sail, from ports to the north of Mozambique to Zanzibar and Muscat. This trade had long been carried on by Arabs, or "Moormen," but the English had been too much engaged with the oversea traffic to South America to pay any attention to the coasting traffic to Asia and the Indian Ocean. I think we must have been about the first to deal with a horrible practice, which we have hardly yet been able to destroy. I had charge of two boats which were sent up this river, one quite unknown to us,—the cutter being commanded by Woolcombe, our only mate. It was already evening, and the tide was falling. We had failed to see any signs of life, when suddenly our clever look-out man, Magee, perched at the head of our mast, declared that he saw a sail moving in an opposite direction to ourselves through a dense forest of mangrove trees. This could be nothing but a creek ; we started at our utmost speed to find its entrance : and then, on finding it, pursued our prey like hounds after a hare. At the

very end of the creek there she was! a large dhow with many marks of feet, many of them small, sunk deep into the mud, and no living soul on board. They had escaped in the forest: and our boats would in a very few minutes have been hopelessly aground. So we gave up all idea of landing, and burnt the vessel; having first measured her length and beam in case of our claiming prize-money (which was paid for prizes destroyed with no one on board). We lost no time in this operation, and had a fortunate escape. The creek was almost left by the tide without water to float the boats; but we got them out somehow, and our action was approved when we rejoined our ship. Angozla was the furthest we got to the north during our three years, and Inhambane the furthest south. Of that I remember nothing. I cannot say it was a pleasant time, but no cruising on either side of Africa ever was. At any rate, it was fairly healthy, and the Sierra Leone coasts were as certainly the contrary, while I have said enough to show that such a central station as the Cape was a real matter of thankfulness. Nor did it lose its charm on our final visit on our way home. The Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, asked me to his house at Cape Town, and I remember a delightful ride with him and two of his five handsome and lady-like daughters. He was the object of my adoration,—very handsome and religious; and he had commanded the Guards at the Battle of Waterloo. I liked the story that he had resigned (or been superseded in) the Government of Madras rather than officially patronise Hindoo superstitions. That was what I called a man. One of his daughters married my old shipmate, Lord Frederic Kerr; another married

my kind friend Turnbull, of Madras ; and another, Colonel Desborough, who afterwards, as General, was Governor of a Military College at Cowley, near Oxford, and was a friend of my brother Arthur's as well as mine. Sir Peregrine's wife, Lady Sarah, was a daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Then I had also some nice rides at Simons Town with the Miss Dacres and Gambier, and then, hurrah for old England!

I see I have hardly mentioned Augustus Vansittart, the junior lieutenant of the *Sappho*, a very good fellow, who went on two or three expeditions to Quillimane under my command. He was a good officer enough, but not remarkable in any way. I had many talks with him, and did not find much in common. So that it was sadly pleasing,—some little time after we separated,—to get a letter from one of his sisters in America, telling how he had remembered me in his last illness, and left me his prayer-book as a legacy. He had died of consumption, and two of his sisters had taken him across the Atlantic as a last hope. I cannot help thinking that his disease may have been brought on by his inveterate habit of carrying in the bosom of his blanket frock (officers being allowed on the coasts of Africa to wear, even on duty, a blanket suit, but he alone did so in our ship) a mongoose, the most clever and fascinating of his species, and I have heard from doctors that the constant inhaling of the breath of cats and dogs often brings on that disease, so perhaps it may in the case of other animals. Certainly it never left him day or night. If it was not coiled round his neck, it was asleep in the folds of his frock. I never gave a thought to the mongoose again till some 25 years later when I was living at Glion, on the

Lake of Geneva, with all my family, for several weeks. One day a stranger joined our party at lunch. We discovered that he was a retired artillery officer, Captain Vansittart, and I soon found out that he was a brother of my friend. On asking him about the mongoose, he told us the following story. It had been left with him when Augustus died, and was the delight of all who came across him. On leaving England he gave it to the Zoological Society, where also he made friends. Then Queen Victoria heard of him, and became his possessor. She also fell in love with him ; but, sad to say, the pet forgot himself and ran up a handsome glass chandelier. Whether in the attempt to get him down, or however it was, the chandelier fell and was dashed to pieces,—so much to the good Queen's annoyance that she banished him from the Palace. Nothing more was known of the daring delinquent.

I remember nothing particular of the voyage home. We touched at St. Helena, where Colonel Darby, Commander Royal Artillery, of an old Hadley family, found me out, and gave me dinner at his mess ; and at Ascension, where I ascended Green Mountain ; arriving at Portsmouth in November, 1846. To my great delight, my kind father, now very infirm, came off to see me when we got into harbour, and to thank my Captain for all his goodness to me. At Anglesey I found all my family, and was let off the irksome proceedings of paying off. So ended my foreign service. Perhaps the greatest mercy we experienced was the arriving safe. The Sappho was a very crank ship, and we had to keep a more than usually sharp look-out for squalls. She often heeled over further than she ought, but we were only once in any serious danger.

It was in the Mozambique Channel ; and I had the first watch (8 to 12). I had observed a suspicious appearance of the horizon, and, when relieved, told the officer of the middle watch to keep his eye upon what might turn out to be a squall. He was a slow fellow, and took no heed. All sail was set,—royals and flying jib,—when, about an hour after I left the deck, the squall suddenly burst, fortunately, on the weather beam, and every soul rushed up the hatchways. The ship, if not on her beam-ends, was very nearly so. The smaller sails, happily, were blown right away at once, and some smart seamen let fly the fore and main sheets without waiting for orders. The ship righted, and we drew breath. In the very next commission of our dangerous vessel she went to the bottom, probably in a similar squall. She was commanded by a friend of mine—Moresby—and was, I think, on her way to Australia. She was never heard of after she sailed from England!

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN THE EXCELLENT. 1846-1852.

I JOINED the Excellent, gunnery ship, as soon as possible, with a view to renew my knowledge of gunnery, and becoming the gunnery officer of some large ship in a few months. I don't think it had entered my head that I should in a very few months (perhaps it was weeks) be offered a place on the staff of the Excellent itself, and be set in the direct road to a commander's commission, while at the same time remaining, as it were, at home. I was most thankful for this recognition at the hands of my two old friends, Captain Chads, now captain of the ship, and Governor of the Royal Naval College, and Jenner, who was senior gunnery lieutenant. I remember being quite taken by surprise when Jenner asked me if I would accept it ; and, when I seriously replied that I did not think myself as yet equal to the situation, that he kindly said that he had long known my energy and ability, and everything else would come. I felt my deficiencies, chiefly because, in the small vessels in which I had served on the Cape station, gunnery had hardly ever been thought of, and we might almost as well have been without guns at all. I little guessed then that I should serve six years in this ship, half of them

as senior gunnery and first lieutenant. But, after all, this was quite the average time, taking 13 years from my ceasing to be a midshipman ;—too long, but better far than spending one's prime as a mate, which was not uncommonly the case when I went to sea. Still less did I guess that this was a final step towards my change of profession and becoming for the rest of my long life a university man.

Of course, I accepted the offer as a command, and found plenty to do in drilling and superintending drills under officers whom I respected and liked ; of whom my old Captain was, without doubt, the most active, zealous and thoughtful man then employed. His whole mind was set upon the practical efficiency and improvement of the Navy, and not only the Navy, but concerning national defence and kindred subjects. Without being scientific or even very clever, he was a man of excellent common-sense, and a patriot of the first order, with a morale founded on principle which supplied the impulsive energy. Inventions of all kinds were frequently submitted to him, and had to be reported on by us, chiefly as to concussion and percussion shells, which took a long time to bring to perfection, and systems of concentrating guns on a common object. He soon detected impostors. There was one plausible man who professed to have succeeded in striking an invisible target at some considerable distance. Our Captain was instructed to test it. This he did by placing himself on the very spot professed to be struck (in some wood) and reporting that he was not only safe and sound, but had been exposed to no danger. Lord Palmerston, set to work by the Duke of Wellington's famous letter on the defenceless

state of England, was encouraging every patriotic design: so also was Prince Albert, *e.g.* the Volunteer movement; and Chads was often sent for to London. One of the most constant duties of the gunnery officers was the examination of young officers in gunnery, when that was made as regular as those in seamanship and navigation; and it now was. I often find old officers who retain a vivid recollection of that examination and have never seen me since; Admiral Hickley, for one, who lives close by me in Oxford, Sir Vesey Hamilton, and others whom I meet at Navy Club Dinners in London. We, of course, had to prepare new editions of the gunnery books distributed in the Service, and to take the ranges of new and old guns. This last was not only a dreary and monotonous work, but it added to the deafness which I first experienced at the Battle of Acre, and from which I had almost recovered.

We had in July to October, 1848, an episode in this long and, as time progressed, dreary service. Captain Chads was selected to try the *first experiment* with line of battle ships provided with screws,—block-ships as they were called at first, no one having as yet perceived that the introduction of the screw was to revolutionise ours and all other navies in the world.¹ We had also to play our part in pacifying the South of Ireland, and putting a complete end to the rebellion

¹“Sir Robert Peel finds that the Admiralty is now building a large vessel to be worked by steam power, applied by means of a revolving screw instead of paddles. It may be doubtful whether the same degree of velocity can be attained by means of the screw, particularly in a very large vessel. Of this a full trial will be made.” Sir Robert Peel to Queen Victoria, Sept. 22, 1842.—*Letters of Queen Victoria*, vol. I, p. 541. Ed.

headed by Smith O'Brien, commonly called "The Cabbage-garden Rebellion," as the leader was ignominiously captured in this homely place of refuge. Of the three-months' cruise I wrote an account at the time, and will make a few quotations from it.

"Our ship was the *Blenheim*, 72 : I went as Gunnery Lieutenant and kept watch besides. Our crew consisted of 200 seamen and 100 boys from the *Excellent*, and 100 marine artillerymen : a few mates and midshipmen made up the complement. We started, in company with the fleet under Sir Charles Napier's orders, on July 15 for Cork, where we were to show ourselves, and encourage the loyal population who were alarmed at the rising rebellion. Here I may say that Captain Chads proved himself better acquainted with fleet manoeuvres, and smarter, than any Captain in command . . . but was never a disciplinarian. His model was Lord Nelson, and like him he always had the hearts of the men. We were all much impressed with his clearness of head in conducting the experiments with the screw.

"The rebellion became more pronounced, and we went off by ourselves to Bantry Bay and then to the Shannon. The first was a type of Ireland—a magnificent harbour, abundance of fish, great landlords, along with a pauper population and grievous distress. The potato had begun to show the blight. We never landed without being surrounded by hundreds of half-naked, half-starved creatures, huts like pig-styes, gin-shops numerous, a horror of the poor house, the people preferring to starve or get sent to gaol. From Bantry Bay a large party of us went to Glengariff, fifteen miles off. This is a village at the head of the Bay, where this fine piece of water becomes a lake studded with islands and fringed with trees. The lofty hills on either side of the Bay give grandeur to the view, and some gentlemen's seats in romantic spots, with their yachts lying at anchor near them, redeem it from wildness. Some think it equal to Killarney. Coming back we had great fun. Most of us were in jaunting cars, and each was bent on reaching home first. So it was a race in which drivers and driven were equally wild. In one of the cars was one of our marine officers, an Irishman, and the most irascible of mortals. He became furious at being passed, and the worse he behaved the more we laughed

at him, adding fuel to the fire. In each of our cars we alternately bribed and bullied our drivers; we jostled each other's cars off the narrow road; we flew off our cars and turned our rivals' horses back; we broke loose from those who treated us in this way. At last, so many of the cars had got off the road that the drivers of two who survived the process found themselves racing without passengers. One overtook the other and pushed him off the car; they then had a fight till we came up. We were mounted in a moment, and after very nearly running over the frantic marine, succeeded in reaching Bantry at the head of the procession. It was the more amusing as none of us were very young men; but Ireland has an atmosphere of its own, and the marine was only too good a butt for our exuberant spirits. He was in a very quarrelsome state, and swore he would bring our driver before the police; but finding our laughter inextinguishable, got a little better. Next day he was another man, and we never saw him in a passion again. (I think Henry Boys was my car-companion). . . . It was here that we first came across the 'Irish squireen.' Several came off to us, and especially fastened on the midshipmen, who could not in any way shake them off. Belonging to gentlemen's families, but too poor to live as such and too proud to work, they besiege the Government for places, or lounge about the towns in dirty shooting coats. They generally say they are expecting Commissions in the Army; they will drink any amount of whiskey, and are not above borrowing from any one who is simple enough to lend. . . . The south-west coast of Ireland, which we skirted on our way to the Shannon, is remarkable for its bold black crags and rugged little islands, scarred by their everlasting battle with waves of the Atlantic. The entrance to the Shannon is very fine: we were not prepared to find so noble a river. The people were astonished beyond measure at seeing a line-of-battle ship moving at speed between their verdant banks. . . . We anchored at Tarbert, one of the principal towns in that part of the country, yet a miserable slovenly place. Our principal duty was to search all ships and boats passing up and down, in order to detect all arms on the way to Limerick, or rebels (of whom we had police descriptions) on the way from it. There were not many ships, for the traffic is small for such a fine river, but the trade in turf (? peat) between Limerick and the bogs round Kilrush, carried

on by large boats, is considerable. Every one of these we had to search by day and by night, but never found what we looked for. It had, however, a good effect. Two expeditions fell to my lot of a more exciting character.

“The first was in consequence of information which reached us in the night of August 10, that four rebel chiefs, Meagher, Doheny, Dillon and O’Gorman, were to embark at the mouth of the river in the *Jessie*, an emigrant ship. We were lying at this time off Kildysart, near Foynes, about twenty miles from Limerick. I was hurried off in charge of 36 men, as soon as they could be got ready, with Boys in a second boat, all armed and in high spirits. The wind was fair, and I found myself at Carrigaholt, 35 miles from the ship, at 7 a.m., having communicated on the way with both Tarbert and Kilrush. I was just examining the Coastguard man at Carrigaholt when Colonel Vandeleur’s yacht hove in sight. He is an active Magistrate of this neighbourhood, and, with the Commander of the Coastguard, had been out all night in hopes of falling in with this same *Jessie*. They had failed, but were not a little relieved by finding out from the Coastguard that the rebels had been refused a passage by the *Jessie*’s Captain, who had been frightened by the heavy penalties just promulgated by the Lord Lieutenant (Lord Clarendon) for harbouring them. The High Sheriff of Clare, Mr. Burton, having seen the return of the yacht, now joined us, and from these officials I heard of the plans they formed last night when they got the alarm. They had called out all the military and police of the neighbourhood and stationed them in a line from Kilrush to Kilkee, thus forming a cordon across the isthmus of the little peninsula which forms the northern bank of the river, and after alarming the Coastguard had started off in the yacht. I immediately sent one of my boats to guard the ferry and took charge of the coast with my own, boarding all ships and boats which came in sight. However, at 1 p.m. the Magistrates, in a state of intense disgust, came and informed me that after all our precautions had been rendered useless by the folly of the Stipendiary Magistrate in command of the cordon, who had drawn in a portion of the soldiers near Kilrush, and the rebels had escaped through the interval and were believed to have gone to West Galway for a ship. It was ascertained that they had been concealed

by a priest at Carrigaholt, who, with his accomplices, was arrested.

"I now recalled my boat, and started on my way back. While waiting for the turn of the tide, and the men about to cook their supper at the Beale Coastguard Station, a county gentleman (not a squireen) found us out, and insisted on my dining with him. Mr. O'Connor would take no denial, and there was time before the tide turned, so I went. The contrast between his hospitality and intelligence on the one hand, and the squalid condition of his house and grounds, was amazing. He and his sister and niece were the only inmates of the most desolate and dirty house imaginable: the approach was through a wilderness; weeds choked up the path to the very door; not a vestige of comfort was to be found within. The outward appearance of the Squire and his sister was in keeping,—yet more true and hospitable hearts, more genuine kindness, could not be found anywhere, and a great deal of good sense besides. He and his sister gave me an excellent dinner; their only fault being that they were too urgent in pressing me to eat and drink: it was pleasant to see the relations between him and his tenants, as we walked round the estate; and he took a most rational view of Irish affairs,—rare enough, I should think. The niece was a pretty girl of twelve years old; deaf and dumb, yet asking one most clever questions on her slate or fingers. One would like to know how all this came about. We started for our ship at nine; but with the flood tide right in our faces, heavy rain and a strong wind. The men had a heavy pull on this terrible night; we knew very little of the river, we lost sight of the lighthouse in the rain, our compass was quite useless through the motion of the boat; but at last we arrived at Tarbert in the morning. Thus ended a day and two nights of excitement. I contrived to get four hours' sleep, and then had to exercise general quarters; but I survived!

"The other expedition was equally abortive. The Blenheim had come back to Tarbert from Foynes, a most desolate anchorage in a large lake formed by the junction of rivers. Three or four miles from us a vessel was anchored, with workmen employed in erecting a lighthouse. This, strangely enough, had never excited our suspicion; but shortly after we had left Foynes, Colonel Vandeleur and a serjeant of detectives came on board to tell

us that the rebel chiefs had been concealed in this vessel even while we were lying so close to them, and were believed to be there still. This was only disclosed to Captain Chads. Presently I was sent for, and ordered to be ready at midnight, with boats armed and provisioned to pursue the culprits; Henry Boys volunteered to command the second boat. We started full of hope, arrived at the vessel at four, and boarded her amidst the deepest silence. Not a living thing could we see; the silence was unbroken. At last a sound was elicited between a yawn and a grunt, and an Irish kerne crept up from below, pale and trembling at the sight of armed men. We could not help laughing loud at this 'ridiculus mus'; but soon got a light and pulled three more sleepers on deck. None of these were our men; but by cross-questioning and terrorising these squalid creatures we discovered that our information was correct, and that the rebel chiefs had only left three days before! The workmen pretended that they supposed the strangers to be the engineers who were expected to come down about the lighthouse. We could do nothing more but put their case in the hands of the police, and start back to our ship. The rebellion was dying out in smoke. No one dared to rise, though there was plenty of disaffection.

"In the course of duty I had to board several emigrant ships, almost as wretched as we had found the slavers on the coasts of Africa. On board a small craft of 160 tons, the *Ann of Limerick*, I found 109 souls besides the crew, and no doctor. They evaded the regulation, by which they should have had one if they carried 100 souls, by counting two children as one person, thus reducing their total to 89. I questioned many of the emigrants about their condition and prospects: many of them had relations in Canada who had sent money for the voyage: all were flying from the winter and the potato-failure. Of course I had to muster them all on deck by the Captain's book, and in making a strict search for the rebels came across a distressing case. A woman was going to join her husband, along with their four small children; but not having a farthing more, she had only paid for three. She was, however, allowed to bring them all on board on condition of putting one on shore at Limerick. This she could not find it in her heart to do, and so one of the four was a stow-away. The Captain insisted. Which was she to send? The mother was

distracted. I and the midshipman with me felt that we must help her, but we had only a few shillings in our pockets, which we gave, and we were separated from our ship by distance and a gale of wind. We got a little more from some pitying passengers, but could not make up the necessary guinea. At last, after much persuasion, the Captain yielded; and now the poor creature fell down on her knees before us; no efforts could raise her. She poured forth that torrent of blessings which none but an Irish woman could call down. How eloquent they are! We were "the only real jintlemen who had ever came near them," etc., etc.

"Strictly accordant with these experiences were all our conversations both with rich and poor. All sadly foreboded a recurrence of the famine: the potatoes all showed blight; the whole style of cultivation was careless and negligent; the crops were few; great flowering weeds choked the vegetation. The potatoes were not attacked by disease quite in the same way as in the late great famine, as the leaves, and not the stalk, were generally blighted; and so they were being got in as rapidly as possible to save what they could. To us it seemed the Hand of Providence, which was leading these poor people to disuse the potato by this means, when no persuasion had the least effect. At Kilrush I went to see the Union Workhouse. The arrangements as to order and cleanliness were quite perfect; but the poor rates, we were told, were eating up all the estates. In many cases the landlords, who, through encumbrances, were only receiving a small part of their nominal income, were paying rates on the whole, and were running deeper and deeper into debt: yet all admitted that the land ought to and must support its poor. Many of the inmates (who numbered 1000, besides 17,000 out-door paupers) could speak nothing but Irish. I never saw so many bad countenances as among the children. Perhaps they had been ground down by famine, and unable to get education: for there is no doubt that education and food do improve the countenance.

"The intelligent faces of the Roman Catholic children at Tarbert School were a remarkable contrast; but Mr. Fitzgerald, the church clergyman there, of whom I saw a good deal, told me that the influence of the priests was very much on the wane in his neighbourhood: they could not prevent the children from coming to his schools, and that numbers were coming every day. On my way

to dine with the Knight of Glin, with some of my messmates, near Tarbert we stopped at a sort of hedge-school by the roadside, where, in a barn-like building, all open to the wind and rain, were collected some fifty children, who were being taught by a tattered schoolmaster, with uncombed hair and a most unwashed face. The children were, on the contrary, wonderfully clean for Ireland, the girls especially, and neatly dressed, but of course without shoes. We asked what he taught them, scarcely supposing that he exceeded the limits of the alphabet, or perhaps a little reading and writing,—for he told us that he was not one of the National Society's masters, but just taught, for one shilling a quarter, what he could, and this was enough to live upon. To our surprise, however, he began to enumerate so many branches of knowledge that I thought he would never stop—Algebra, Euclid, Astronomy, Geography, etc. Hardly believing this, we asked him to call out a boy that we might examine him. We gave him the 47th proposition in the 1st Book of Euclid: the boy took up his slate, drew the figure correctly, repeated the enunciation, and proved the theorem in a masterly style, referring to all the previous problems on which it was based, and answering all the difficult questions we proposed. We were delighted. He was a noble fellow with a modest countenance and full of intelligence. The master told us that he was the son of a poor farmer, and would probably be a priest. All his children were from the very lowest classes, and he believed their parents would rather go without dinner than neglect to send them to school. I thought what a pattern they were to our English children; but it must be remembered that the Irish do not recognise that they ought to be tillers of the ground: they have the tastes of gentlemen and indulge them: their idea is to live without working with both hands, and to enjoy as far as they can the pleasures of the intellect.

“By the end of August all fears of insurrection had subsided. Mr. Smith O'Brien had turned out a fustian ‘King of Munster,’ and had, along with his band of followers, been committed for trial. We were no longer wanted in the Shannon, and were ordered to the Rendezvous off Cape Clear. We there cruised with Napier's fleet for ten days, when we all repaired to Cork, the Blenheim performing the feat of towing the Bellerophon

forty miles in a calm at the rate $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, the first time that such a thing had been done. It brilliantly concluded our experiment. Our Captain's report decided the question of introducing the screw universally into our steam navy. Early in October we rejoined the *Excellent*. None of us regretted our having been selected for this interesting and successful service." (Finished December, 1848.)

Many things combined to make our mess a sort of premier mess for the whole Service. As gunnery officers, they were better educated than others, and prided themselves upon keeping up good traditions; they also knew something of the society of the neighbourhood. I cannot say that they were much assisted by the chaplain of the ship, who was also Professor of the Royal Naval College, my good friend M——, a correct and conscientious man on the whole, but of a very middle-class style and little influence. As I had so much to do with him when a mate at the Royal Naval College, he and I were great friends, and he was humble enough to listen to many of my suggestions, *e.g.* as to establishing a Sunday Morning Service on board, having previously contented himself with providing one for the Royal Naval College. This was a sacrifice of time and labour; for his whole forenoon was now occupied. That developed into an occasional service for Holy Communion, which he was surprised to find not badly attended by the seamen. Next I persuaded him to let me take the ship's boys in hand, with a view to prepare them for Confirmation and Holy Communion. This he declined to do himself, but said I might do what I liked, and he would sanction it. I gave him great credit for his magnanimity, which many clergymen would not have shown; and it turned out remarkably well. I remembered Captain

Nott's method of introducing daily service into the ship (which had, by the bye, passed away), and tried to make my teaching and exhortations as nautical as possible. I held my class in the after part of the Sick Bay (and afterwards in the Schoolroom) on Sunday evening after our mess dinner (when we all wore our epaulettes and undress uniform), and I went just as I was, making them understand that attendance was quite voluntary, and mustering them from my book in ship-fashion ; ascertaining who were confirmed, and whether there were any unbaptised, and, as we proceeded, who were communicants. I went through the Church catechism with them, "spounding" and "splaining" to the best of my untutored power ; and they not only attended as well as I could wish, but were most grateful and deeply interested. The practical proof of this was their brave attendance at Holy Communion, where, after a time, there were more boys than men. It required no little courage in youths of 15 to 18 to present themselves ; for our little altar-table, rigged between two guns on the main-deck, screened off on the outside of each of the two, was public enough to attract attention. I was rather puzzled about the baptism of the few I found unbaptised. But the clergy of Alverstoke were very kind about it, and accepted me as their single sponsor in each case. They were baptised in the usual place during afternoon service, and all behaved admirably. *That* they did at all times, I must say : the only case to the contrary being a most natural exception ; it occurred as follows. I was most particular in teaching them that the Church expected those who had been confirmed to receive Holy Communion, and was in

the habit of asking questions which might familiarise them with the idea. One evening, after what appeared a very successful talk of this kind, a boy, more stupid than the rest, on my asking what was the next thing after confirmation, zealously wishing to answer quickly, turned over the pages of his prayer-book, and, observing that the service for matrimony followed it there, rapped out in a triumphant voice—"Matrimony, sir." This tickled us all so much that the general laugh was uncontrollable, and we did not prolong the lecture. Many of these boys wrote to me after they went to sea, and I have kept a few specimens of their letters.

I found a decided help, in dealing with the boys, from the school, which began to flourish under an excellent schoolmaster during this period. He only took the second-class boys, to be sure, but I had a few of the oldest of these, along with my first-class boys, who formed the bulk of my youths. These last were, in fact, young men. Education of the people, which has now assumed such huge proportions, was then only beginning to be heard of. The only prominent advocate of a scientific system on Church lines was a clergyman, Sir W. Dawes, whose pamphlets were rousing the clergy: and the Government had gone so far as to appoint two inspectors for the country, Moseley and Bellairs. The reign of time-tables and public examinations was just opening. No doubt our school profited by all this: but we supposed we were doing original work. I established the time-tables, and was well backed up by our practical Scotch master (who, by the bye, was not a Church of England man, but a Presbyterian, yet never interfered with my religious teaching). Our school became so widely

known that people came to see it, and, I believe, adopted our plans. In short, in many respects I was much in the position of a go-ahead curate in charge.

In these humble efforts I was influenced more than I knew by constant contact with the Alverstoke clergy, and I can never be thankful enough for it. My excellent brother Henry had come to Alverstoke with Samuel Wilberforce in 1846, and was all along my quasi-tutor, but he and all of us were, in a sense, the pupils of that great man, who had become Bishop of Oxford in October, 1845 ; so that I lost sight of him in the flesh during this period 1846-1852 ; but his spirit had transfused itself into his successors and the whole neighbourhood. I remember how, when I was in England in 1842, I witnessed his method of combating the low principles which as yet generally ruled. He asked me to go into Gosport with him, to attend a public meeting in which he was to propound some of his schemes for a new church and new schools. He was rather violently opposed by the leading tradesmen, who had never before had a *man* amongst them ; but his ready eloquence made a favourable impression and a good beginning for the future. One of the speakers accused him of being opposed to the “ spirit of the age.” “ Of course I am,” said he, “ when I know the spirit of the age to be wrong : I make it my business to oppose it, and always shall.” This was a new idea, not only to the grocers and butchers, but even to me, who had young and foolish notions on that subject. However, I spoke (not, I think, very well) and backed up his plans with all my might. His defiance of the “ spirit of the age ” appealed to my

conscience, and I think became a decided factor in the formation of my practical principles. I ceased to care so much about majorities or mere success as I did. But, far above these lessons, I felt that in him I was following one whose foundations were laid in the evangelical system of his great father, which had become part and parcel of himself, in the intense love of Christ and the Bible, in which Christ is found from beginning to end ; and, at the same time, one who had grown up in familiarity with the Oxford movement, and had learnt, step by step, how to combine all that was good in it with his own ground-views, as well as to separate the chaff from the wheat. I have often fancied that he was more perfect in those earlier days of glorious sermons, devoted energy and simple faith, than he afterwards became when he was the idol of society, one of the ruling spirits in Church and State, and harassed by a thousand impediments in his mission to the upper classes. In that last of his great functions there has never been anyone since to compare with him ; and such a one is sadly wanted now.

Of course, the centre of my little orbit was, for the short remaining portion of his life, my dear and honoured father. He lived for a year and a half after my return, and next to my brother Henry, who for years had been, one might say, son and wife to his failing old age, I think he valued my frequent visits to him from my ship. His old lameness had increased, and he used to lean his whole weight upon any arm strong enough to bear it up and down Anglesey Terrace. He entered, like a good father who had seen the world, into all that interested me, and I only regret that I didn't pick up more from him about his own

chequered career ; but that seems to have been a general failing on both sides.

Anglesey was not the same thing after his death (in February, 1848). He had never actually spoken to me of matrimony, but I observed that it was in his mind ; and the idea seemed now to become familiar.

I only stipulated in my own mind that I must find a thorough gentlewoman, an earnest Churchwoman, and, withal, such a one as I could devotedly love. In Mary Anna Gardiner,¹ my ever-true friend, Aunt Harriet Larcom, found for me all this and a great deal more. She was her bosom friend : Roche Court became the goal of many a happy pilgrimage from my ship by boat, or on foot by road. No difficulties interposed. After four months' courtship, with the hearty goodwill of all concerned on both sides, our marriage took place at old Fareham Church on September 13, 1849 : and I have had reason to bless God for it during the 53 years which have passed since it took place. It is true that our fortune was small, but we hired a newly-built cottage near Gill Kicker landmark, and found that we could live on our income. Nobody expected us to entertain, of course, and we were quite as much entertained as we desired. The Bulwers and Mr. Croker, the celebrated Admiralty official, received

¹Third daughter of Sir James Whalley Smythe Gardiner, Bart., of Roche Court, Tackley and Cuddesdon, and of Frances, sister of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., of Rolleston, Staffordshire. The estate of Roche Court is of peculiar historical interest, having come down through the Roches and Brocas to the Gardiners of the present day, in direct descent, through a period of nearly seven centuries. The history of the family is fully dealt with in *The Family of Brocas of Beaurepaire and Roche Court*, by Montagu Burrows. See also page 241 below.

us in style, and my bride's sweet singing was in great request. The only criticism which ever reached me was that I had broken up the finest trio in South Hants, as her sisters took parts which were perfect along with hers, but not of much use without her flute-like soprano. Not the least of our blessings was that Lady Gardiner allowed us to carry off her housemaid of 18, Ellen Streek, who soon became nurse to our children ; then became a model house-keeper, and, finally, the sole and indefatigable nurse of her mistress ; combining with that not a little practice of her old offices when called upon ; as she does still (at the age of 79). There are few such instances in the world, though possibly more in feudal times.

Three years after I married I was made commander ; and almost immediately afterwards took steps to place myself as a student at Oxford. Not that either of us thought of any change of profession, or certainly not for some time ; and when it was settled, it was entirely my own doing. The course of self-education which I had been pursuing all my life was now taking a more ecclesiastical turn. I re-read Butler, studied Newman, Maurice and Manning, Pearson and other books recommended by my clerical friends, and more than ever envied their university education. The last year of my life in the Excellent I had almost nominal duties, for, the first lieutenant being promoted, I took his place, and the duties were only those of routine. My position passed to my second, S. H. Henderson, and I had not even to superintend examinations. My Captain was constantly applying for a quicker promotion, and very angry at not being attended to. I think he perceived that so many years of monotonous

life were sure to turn my mind in other directions, for he knew me of old ; and no doubt it was beginning to do so very strongly during this year of leisure. Perhaps I was more led than I knew by my friends, Barlow and Lea. One day at our Alverstoke missionary meeting I was to take a part, and made a speech which Lea declared was what might have been expected from an Oxford first-classman. This I thought ridiculous ; but he was himself a first-classman ; and it made an impression. Walpole also put me on a Committee to consider the need and position of a new church in his extending parish. So I was being led up. I might perhaps have continued in the active line of the Navy if I had been appointed to a sea-going ship ; but then I should have been thrown back for years from the envied promotion which I had earned, and was soon to have. I thought, too, how much more my defective eyesight would tell against me than it had done in the Excellent, where the defect did not so much signify, and I knew how strong my eyes were for reading and fitness for literary work.

Two interesting things occurred just before the close of my service in the Excellent. The first was on the occasion of Louis Napoleon's election as President of the French Republic. To the grand review of the French Navy at Cherbourg in his honour our naval officers were invited ; and the Admiralty wished as many of those who were at Portsmouth as possible to make their appearance ; providing us with an Admiralty yacht for our accommodation. The admirals and captains had another to themselves. We found it very agreeable, and learnt something of their gunnery system, which we reported to our chiefs.

The other was an unexpected visit to the Excellent a week before I left. It was on a Saturday forenoon, which was a cleaning-up day and leave-day,—only a small proportion of the men being left on board. The captain and commander were both away, and I was in command, when a message arrived from the post-admiral to the effect that Prince Albert would come aboard in half-an-hour, with the two Belgian Princes (then staying at Osborne), to inspect the gun-exercises. I have given a minute account of this visit in my commonplace book: so I will only say here that I offered to put the men through all the exercises which were performed with blank cartridges, but explained how impossible it was to fire at a mark when it was low water, and the men, who were allowed to pick up our shot, were hidden in the hollows of the mud. This did not please the Prince, who declined to see any other exercises than his forbidden one, and took his departure. The captain of the Royal yacht was in fault for suggesting the visit at such a time; but it would have shown a better spirit if the Prince had accepted the situation, and allowed his guests to see what was to be seen. I was amused to hear that my promotion was attributed to this visit! Indeed, my commission was, I afterwards heard, already signed; for the Duke of Northumberland had just become First Lord of the Admiralty, and, being himself an admiral, understood Captain Chads' strongly-worded letters so well that he acceded to his request at once.

CHAPTER V.

OXFORD.

IMMEDIATELY upon my promotion, I took steps to enter upon an Oxford course. I thought there was not a day to be lost, as I might be called into active service again at any time. There was, however, every appearance of a long peace. The country was turning its whole attention to social, religious and political reforms. Our defensive preparations had so much advanced that nobody felt anxious about French invasion. Even a year and a half later than this, in March, 1853, our Foreign Minister publicly announced that there was not a cloud on the horizon: and the funds were at par. This, I felt, was my time. I was at last my own master. My two Oxford brothers, Henry and Leonard, both first-classmen, did not oppose, though I don't think either of them was strongly for the step; but they most kindly gave me good advice, when they saw that I had made up my mind. I went to Oxford to see things for myself, and was indebted to F. Menzies, a family friend, for the advice to choose Magdalen Hall, rather than Worcester College, these being the only places which at that time accepted married men. I spent the Lent

term in preliminary work at Anglesey, assisted by Lea, and moved to 29 St. Giles', Oxford, with my family, in March, 1853. This was the only house possible ; but it was only used as a sort of lodgings till something else could be got.

At Oxford I had no great advantage from having College tutors, who were overworked in teaching and superintending a large institution without assistance from any body of Fellows. Here I found out what I had gained from the prolonged habit I had formed of working by myself without help. I spent 10 or 12 hours a day doing work for the newly-formed School of Moderations, along with that for Responsions (or Little-go). I felt the want of a public school education, chiefly in learning to write Latin, but there were then many books which helped one to acquire the art ; and by attending the "construes" of the "Lusby Scholars," I picked up higher and higher ideals of translation, as well as purged out not a few of the errors into which my solitary reading had led me. But, of course, I could not expect to become a good scholar in the full sense of that word. The subjects of the later years of the course, philosophy and ancient history, were much more akin to my age and tastes, as I soon discovered. I was fortunate enough to find private tutors, who much encouraged me, and advised as to long vacation work. For that work I was installed in what was then a large but low room in the enormous roof of old Roche Court,¹ and was never interrupted except for meals, and the lovely music of the reconstituted trio, and a romp with my lively children.

Samuel Wilberforce was deeply interested in my

¹ His wife's home, near Fareham, Hants.

Oxford career, and was always a great admirer of my wife. He occasionally asked us to dine and sleep at Cuddesdon, where we met many nice people ; and showed extraordinary kindness in arranging that we should combine with other guests for the expense of carriages. The Aclands became our intimate friends almost from the first ; their children grew up with ours, and have remained our chief Oxford friends ever since. Thus we became a sort of pets of the heads of houses and senior tutors, who watched my progress with a very friendly eye. Such a thing as a naval officer of my rank working through the whole Honour course of *Literae Humaniores* (except moderations, which could not be attempted without a much longer preparation) had never been heard of before (nor since), and I made a point of never missing chapel, morning or evening, or a University Sermon. The long walks involved in the first of these practices gave me all the exercise I wanted, and the sermons gave me plenty to think about. I still have abstracts of the best of them. The galleries of St. Mary's were full of undergraduates in those days ; but I cannot say that the backless benches were very comfortable.

It was in the midst of this pleasant and (to me) useful life that the war with Russia broke on the world, like an unexpected and sudden thunder-clap. I cannot say that I had any desire to receive employment just as I was established in a course of training for which I had been so long preparing, and it was well known in the Service that I had entered on a literary career ; but I offered my services to the Admiralty, and was ready to go where I might be sent ; (I still have the Admiralty letter acknowledging my offer). No

appointment, however, came at that time. There were many more officers of my rank than there was employment for, a very large overstock of commanders, and I soon ceased to expect a summons. One came towards the close of the war, which I accepted instantly, but of that presently. I also, on finding that my old chief, now an admiral, was going as second in command under Napier, with the Baltic Fleet, explained that I did not wish for employment, as I was now thoroughly committed to university life, but that if he wished me to be with him, I should not refuse to serve.

I had by this time passed "Smalls," which I found very easy, especially the Horace, which I contrived during the three hours to put into verse, but, thinking this might be considered audacious, did not send it in. During my second year I read all the fundamental part of the Final "Greats", while I completed the Moderations work. The subject of Logic I had so fully mastered that the examiners said they would have given me an Honorary Fourth instead of the mere Pass Certificate, if that had ever been done before. (It was not given in any but the Final Pass Greats, and then very rarely ; some years afterwards even that was abolished.) Of the final subjects, I chiefly studied in the second year Aristotle's Ethics and the outlines of Ancient Philosophy. This was, and is, I think, still the central book of the School of Literae Humaniores. Commentaries and translations abounded, and as Butler's Analogy might be taken up too, and I had already read it, I was in a position to use it as a commentary. I was the last to take it up in the schools, and found it had been so neglected, and my use of

it so valuable to me, that I afterwards transferred my notes to my book, "Pass and Class," with Professor Mansel's warm approval. Gladstone, in one of his latest books, accuses Mark Pattison, the rationalistic Rector of Lincoln, of being the cause of the expulsion of Butler's Analogy. I believe it to be true, and it is a heavy charge.

I was benefiting greatly by Professors' lectures during this period. Nearly all Honour candidates did the same, and, of course, it was especially necessary for me, who had next to no help from tutors in my Hall. I suspect I had in this misfortune an advantage in reality over other candidates. Very few colleges had really first-rate tutors who could be matched against the Professors, on whom I diligently attended. These were, first of all, Mansel for Logic and Philosophy, then Rawlinson for Ancient History, Wall for Logic, and, latterly, Wilson, President of Corpus, for Modern Philosophy. Then I had a first-rate private tutor, for all these subjects and others, in Palin of St. John's, and a more fashionable, but less useful, one in Chandler of Pembroke, who not long after this time became Professor of Philosophy. I attended one course of Professor Jowett's lectures on Plato, but did not gain anything from them, or, at any rate, not much: he had not yet attained his unenviable reputation.

My method was the simple one of writing as hard as I could during the Lecture, so as to lose no thought of the Lecturer; and I often gave his words, when at all remarkable. If he was dealing with one of the great books of the School, of which I had already made an abstract, then my notes from Lectures occupied the leaf left blank opposite; and I always noted my own ideas

as to his agreement or disagreement with the author. My method certainly suited examinations. I not only knew all my books thoroughly, but nearly all that had been, or could be, said about them. Taken in this way the course was a splendid one, and though many changes have been made in it, its reputation is as great as ever. It is still admitted very generally that there is nothing in the world like it for forming the mental character of the statesman, the clergyman and the literary man. All these tutors and Professors became my friends, to whom I may add Woolcombe, Edwin Palmer, Riddell, Haddan, Meyrick, Ince, Heurtley, and some heads of houses, besides the leading undergraduates of my time, Thackeray, Fowler, Bowen of Balliol, Jex Blake and others.

With all this preparation I never expected a first class. I felt very strongly my necessary deficiency in scholarship proper, (only to be gained by years of Public School life) and in the wider knowledge of the Classics. I had read little beyond the books of the course (except Homer, in which I was never examined). I think I made up a little for this deplorable ignorance as to Greek literature by a careful study of Liddell and Scott's Lexicon. I explored with gratitude the abundant, almost infinite, treasures of knowledge which it contained, and remembered a great deal. I think also I owed something to the task I set my too loquacious tutor, Chandler. Six months before my examination I asked him to look over the answers I would write to the last set of papers, keeping the allotted number of hours. This he did. I asked him what class they would have got. He said—"Probably a good third." Our course together was about at its end. I didn't

tell him what I meant to do ; but I set to work, and read over again with extra care all my books and all my notes. I felt that I now had a chance of a second. To my utter astonishment, when the classes were announced, I found I had got a first. I thanked God. My position was made. My practical change of profession was justified. . . . When Molyneux, the good old porter of St. John's College, ran after me, as I passed, with a grin of delight and crying out—"Family place, sir"—I didn't guess what he meant for a minute or more. He referred to the firsts gained by Henry and Leonard. I think there never had been three brothers who had gained firsts in Literae Humaniores, except in the case of the Denisons and Greswells. Fortunately, I didn't stop there: but my sole idea at first was to get a degree and have done with the schools. For this purpose, as a pass in two schools was then necessary for a degree, I selected Pass Mathematics, as an old subject which could be got up again in a few weeks. This was soon done; but rather in a slovenly manner. And there I should have stopped, if Palin had not suggested that there still remained about four months of the time allotted by statute for examinations in what were called the Second Honour Schools, of which Law and Modern History was one; and that the training of the School of Literae Humaniores was an excellent foundation for it. The Ancient History (the paper and *vivâ voce* of which I had done best in) was in itself half the battle in mediæval and modern history, and the balanced judgment acquired in the other parts of the course would be of use for the whole work. The mere art of short essay writing was just as valuable in one course as

in the other. It was here that the ten or fifteen years in which my age and experience of life had greatly helped me, told in my favour ; and I soon found out that it was more than a match for the vigour of youth.

I put myself at once into the hands of Reid of St. John's for History, and of Tristram (now Chancellor of the London diocese) for Law. Neither was first-rate, but just enough for my purpose, especially as to criticizing answers to papers which had been set in the schools. I mastered my Gibbon and Lingard just as I had my Aristotle and Plato. All the reading for this school was a pure delight ; and even the Real Property Law opened my eyes to many problems in our social relations, which educated people are bound to understand. I had no doubts about success in this examination ; and Freeman, who was one of the examiners, said, publicly, that I had done quite enough for two firsts. Almost immediately I found myself a popular private tutor, and had to refuse all but men who were reading for Honours,—rather, I think, a new exclusion, but a very convenient one for me ; and I declined to take more than one man at a time, thus gaining the advantage of thoroughly understanding each case, and so making the most of it.

It was in the very thick of my finishing polish-up for the School of Literae Humaniores that a sudden and unexpected call to Naval duty flashed down to Oxford. I had contrived to keep my eye upon the Crimean War, with all its mistakes and disasters ; and when everything broke down, and the winter had set in upon our poor army, I was, of course, deeply moved. The summons came in the form of a letter from Admiral Chads, stating that he had authority from Lord Ellen-

borough to offer me the post of assistant to Colonel MacMurdo in forming a Naval Transport Service for getting up the supplies for the army to the front. I was to see Colonel MacMurdo at once in London. I perceived that the letter was three days old, and have never understood what caused the delay. It came in the afternoon, and I went to town by the next train just as I was,—my wife being away at Roche Court there was nobody who required to be consulted. Colonel MacMurdo, celebrated for his brilliant services in India, was particularly kind and gentlemanlike, and pleased at my expressing my readiness to start that night if required. But it appeared that he had given me up, and already engaged a Lieutenant Herbert, gunnery officer of the *Excellent*, in the place offered to me, a man I had never heard of. (He was promoted to commander at the end of the war, but soon died.) I returned to Oxford that night, recounted my adventure next day at Roche Court, and found cordial approval.

This was the last bugle-call. My work did not suffer, and my success in the schools, above described, soon removed all difficulties as to providing for my increasing family. Pupils continued to come, and most of them took first and second classes in the Law and History School. A few read with me for the School of *Literae Humaniores*, but, though I could teach them Ancient History, I did not know some of the books often taken up, such as the *Politics* of Aristotle, and my work got in a year or two to be confined to Law and Modern History. I little knew that I was being led by circumstances, as men say, towards the professorship in which I have passed forty

years. I was soon making £600 a year by my pupils, and had not far from the whole school passing through my hands.

The above facts will account for my final change from the Naval Service to that of the University. Up to this time my studies had only been a completion of the education which I had been pursuing all along, a means of employing my first leisure time since I went to sea, a substitute for the desultory life almost universal amongst half-pay naval officers. For nearly all the four years already passed at Oxford I had thought over the question of what I should do when I took my degree. I had a strong leaning towards the life of a clergyman, stronger perhaps in the earlier than the later part of the time ; but it was in that later part that I attended two sets of Theological Lectures, one by Dean Stanley on the History of the Eastern Church, the other by, I think, Dr. Heurtley. Bishop Wilberforce did not dissuade me, but was reticent : my brothers much the same. They all seemed to feel that I should do more good as a layman. A clever friend said that no one could mistake me for anything but a sailor, however I might disguise myself. The weak state of my wife's health impressed me with the prospect of going about the country at the will of doctors, and how was that consistent with a curate's position ? So that I took the new position of a fashionable Oxford tutor very much as a dispensation of Providence. Here was the finger pointing to an Oxford life. I had not a minute to think of any fresh studies or pursuits. I was to teach what I had learnt, and not to bother myself with further changes.

Yet there was one other pursuit that claimed my

interest even in the midst of my busy life—that of authorship. This again stole upon me unforeseen, and in two different channels—newspapers and books. I had been from its beginning (under Henry Haddan and Montague Bernard) a diligent reader of the *Guardian*, a weekly paper which had been recently and most successfully started in order to represent the High-Church party, and Mr. Gladstone especially as its secular leader. These, and I think Roundell Palmer (afterwards Lord Selborne), had been writers for the *Times*; so that it became at once a first-class journal, and elbowed out the *English Churchman* and the *Record* from the position they had previously held. Like the rest of the world, I felt deeply the Indian Mutiny, and was pained by the bitterness with which “Clemency Canning,” the Governor-General, was assailed, for remembering mercy as well as judgment in the punishment of certain culprits. I wrote a letter in his defence to the *Guardian*, citing the behaviour of the Athenians towards the revolted Melians. To my surprise my letter was not only accepted, but I received one next day offering me a place amongst the regular writers for the *Guardian*, and inviting me to dine with the proprietors in London. There I met those above named and Sir Frederick Rogers, afterwards Lord Blachford. They welcomed me kindly, and gave me *carte blanche* as to subjects: I retained the post for five years; but could not agree with them latterly, and much disapproved of their indiscriminating laudation of Mr. Gladstone, who was developing into a bitter opponent of Conservatism, and a supporter of the extreme school of High Churchmen, which I felt to be dangerous. So I was obliged to resign the work,

which had given me great pleasure and brought me a useful addition to my income.

The other kind of authorship grew, quite naturally, out of my work with pupils. I had indeed already made some slight excursions of the sort. To see your poor thoughts for the first time in print, with your own name on the title-page, is a unique experience. The cause of it was a lecture given, at my brother Henry's suggestion, to his parishioners at Christchurch, Albany Street, on Pitcairn's Island. I knew enough about it to make a romantic story, partly from naval friends who had visited it, partly from the clergyman of the little community, Mr. Nobbs, whom I had just been meeting at Anglesey. The success was flattering, and my brother urged me to publish. It got to a second edition at once ; but I did not carry it further, as the secretary of the C.M.S. put out a much fuller, but, I must say, a more prosaic work on the subject, shortly afterwards. This happened just when I was leaving the Excellent on promotion. The next venture was an anonymous pamphlet, entitled, "Is Educational Reform Required? and What?" This was published in 1859 by Parker, and was, on the whole, a series of arguments against the further changes in the University course, which were being warmly advocated,—chiefly by Jeune, Master of Pembroke (afterwards Bishop of Peterborough). Astonished at my own audacity, I did not for some time reveal the authorship, and was gratified to find it attributed to one or other of the leaders of the University. It silenced injudicious reformers, and what slight changes have been made since were based on its suggestions.

Encouraged by this success, I meditated a far more

important undertaking. A year or two of experience in “coaching” Honour men convinced me that what they wanted quite as much as coaching was a simple but complete account of the schools, and of the methods of dealing with them. Nothing of the kind which gradually took shape in my mind existed. It hardly could exist unless it was provided by some one who had recently gone through the course successfully ; and I felt that the advantage I had possessed in point of age and experience of life would enable me to surmount the difficulties presented by a meagre school education. I felt strongly that this was a scheme which might turn out a real blessing to many, and that, as I had been helped so much by many friends in my own course, where I had to grope my way in darkness, it was but fair that I should hold out a hand to others. I saw also that I could weave a good deal of moral advice into the book, and warn the unwary of pitfalls without seeming to preach too much. All this turned out even better than I expected. *Pass and Class* was the title I selected, and Parker got it up well and cheaply, in editions of 1000 each. It went through two of these, the first (of 1860) almost at once, and became very popular. Tutors recommended it in every College, and my coaching became comparatively light and easy when my pupils knew what books to get, and how to read them. I put out a third edition, “revised and enlarged,” in 1866 ; but that was the last. Some changes took place in the schools, and I thought the book had done its work.

This was the most important public work I did during my tutorial period, and it brought a large increase in my acquaintance with all classes of the University,

especially with under-graduates. These were, many of them, High Churchmen. I was indeed distinctly one myself; but, providentially, had from the first resolved not to attach myself to any of the Tractarian leaders, knowing as I did the whole bearings of the controversy from my Alverstoke education. I received much kindness from several of them, Pusey, Charles Marriott, Medd, Bright, Chamberlain, Liddon, Barrow and others, but was on my guard; and always set before myself the model of the "Prayerbook as it is," the great fathers of the English Church in history, and Bishop Wilberforce (except as regarded his politics). Thus I became a member of the English Church Union, when it was founded about this time; and of a devotional society, which I soon found was in the hands of extreme men, and left. I had strong feelings about reforms of the Church, and tried to find channels for them in many directions, but I felt sure that they would never be obtained if the extreme party had its way. The Rationalistic party was beginning at this time to become powerful, professing, indeed, to derive itself from the great Doctor Arnold of Rugby, whose life, cleverly written by Stanley, was a sort of battle-flag, pushed to the front. At any rate, the battle began to rage under chiefs of Arnold's school, who went much further than Arnold—amongst them Jowett, tutor of Balliol, supported by many of the younger Oxford men, who were captivated by much the same sort of arguments as were used by the Rationalists of the 18th century. So that Oxford, the leader, as it had often been, in national controversies, became the focus of bitterly contending opinions. Unfortunately, the leaders of the extreme High Church party were

by no means prepared with the weapons suitable to join battle with the new enemy. They had been successful against the Low Churchmen, or Evangelicals, who succumbed and bided their time ; but this was a contest of a much more severe kind. Even Wilberforce, who was considered the nearest approach to a champion, at the meeting in 1860 of the British Association at Oxford, rushed into battle with Huxley and was entirely discomfited. He met with rude and contemptuous language, but his own had been scarcely less offensive. By general consent these unseemly contests were not encouraged ; but the cause of the Rationalists sailed on triumphantly. I held office at the time as secretary of the Geographical Section of the Association, but missed the hearing of this famous scolding-match by some duty which devolved on me.

In 1859 I was elected to the secretaryship (at Oxford) of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, which I have kept ever since. Livingstone had given an address in the Sheldonian Theatre, which had produced almost as great a sensation as Peter the Hermit's fiery summons to the First Crusade. There was something so new about it, so strange, so vividly and naturally delivered ; he looked and spoke so utterly unlike any other human being, his face blackened by the African sun, his English so much overlaid by his lifelong habits of foreign speech, his enthusiasm almost too great for words, and yet the native art by which he guided his appeal,—ending with “ I have opened the door : I leave it to the old English Universities to take care that it shall never be shut ”—reminded one of John the Baptist, nothing less. A very large meeting of dons in New College Hall elected Ince and me to

help London and Cambridge to form the society and find a head. Bishop Wilberforce took it up with his usual spirit and success, Mackenzie of Cambridge answered to the summons, and soon became Bishop : a little party of us went with Wilberforce to form the junction with Cambridge. There the University gave Honorary Degrees to us all.

During this period I began to visit the Continent. I wanted relaxation, and was able to afford it. I went with my brother Henry to Paris and Normandy in 1859, and in 1864 to Switzerland and Italy with Leonard and his wife. The first was cut short to ten days by news of my children having the measles ; the second was quite successful. The glories of the Matterhorn had only just become known, and Zermatt was delightful : so also were the Italian Lakes. But it got to be very hot, and we thought of returning home ; when at Verona we happily met a friend, who assured us that we had yet four days of immunity from mosquitoes at Venice, if we started instantly. They always come on a particular day, July 26, and then Venice was intolerable. This sounded ridiculous, but we resolved to risk it, and sure enough it turned out exactly true. This I reckon as the most successful and pleasant thing I ever did. We had not got the subject up at all ; so everything was a surprise. We had excellent quarters in the Hotel Loredano on the Grand Canal ; we saw everything, as people do who are pressed for time ;—pictures, churches, palaces and all the rest, especially St. Mark's, where we went often ; and ended with a visit to the Lido by moonlight. There I was seized with the inspiration of Byron and Shelley, and, dashing off my clothes, rushed into the

breaking surf with a joy such as they might have felt in their most exalted and least heathenish moods. How cool it was after the heat of the last four days! How lovely and how lonely that long line of dashing surf under the beams of a full moon! What centuries of history had worked themselves out on that shore! But it was time to call our gondola and make our way back to the mosquitoes. Would our prophet's warning come true? It was the fourth night, yes—we had scarcely gone to bed before we heard the dreaded hum. We were not much bitten, but we had little sleep, and turned our backs on the enchanted islands with rejoicing early the next morning,—glad to come and glad to go. I hoped to see them again some day. The chance has never come.

(1861 or 1862). Beginning to feel desperate about the Gladstonian Liberalism of the *Guardian*, I accepted the invitation of a brother malcontent, George Anthony Denison, to join him in setting up a new paper to be called *The Church and State Review*. We thought our articles brilliant and our principles captivating, but the world seemingly disagreed with us: we did not last a year. I might have guessed that my colleague's rashness and violence were enough to ruin anything.

In 1862 the newly-invented Church Congress met at Oxford. I had for some time been advocating this method of bringing Churchmen together, and, along with Emery and Beamont, of Cambridge, was in reality one of the founders of it; but as I was unable to attend the first of the series (which was held at Cambridge in 1861), my name dropped out of the trio; but I took a leading part in the second Congress held at Oxford, and that was much more organised; and

so much more famous, in consequence of the Bishop of Oxford being President, that it generally took rank as the first, while the Cambridge gathering, which was little beyond an ordinary meeting, was considered merely tentative. At a large meeting of Churchmen, Medd and I were elected secretaries (I cannot remember who was the third). The commencement is worth mention. The Bishop had kindly consented to preside, but these Congresses were no children of his. His policy in Church matters, as he showed later about Diocesan Conferences, was decidedly autocratic ; and half-believing that our scheme would come to nothing, he had made no preparation for it. But sleeping at my Warden's, as he often did, he either thought better of it, or Leighton persuaded him ; and I had an invitation to breakfast on the very morning of the Congress, which began at 10 or 11. He begged me to tell him what he was expected to say, while he ate his breakfast! Nothing loath, I soon swallowed mine, and poured out all my ideas, almost without stopping ; he made no remark, and I scarcely supposed he was listening. Well, the time came for his opening speech : the Theatre (Sheldonian) was crammed full ; a distinguished company sat breathlessly to hear the words of wisdom from the English Chrysostom, which were to mould and guide the Church of England through the misty future. What was my surprise when I heard this gifted man repeat every sentence with which I had just crammed him, but with the vigour and earnest grace peculiar to himself, and so often rewarded by the "applause of listening senates!" I could hardly believe my ears. It set the tone of the Congress, and the new Institution was safe from that moment.

Within a few hours I learnt how useful he had been to me during the last few weeks. I was in Medd's room on the second day, deep in Congress details, when a telegram arrived with the news that I had been unanimously elected Chichele Professor of Modern History. Not even my First Class astonished me more. The Royal Commission of 1852 had ruled that the existence of 40 Fellowships ("idle Fellowships," as Lord Salisbury called all those in the University which had no definite duties) were an abuse, and that ten of them should be turned into two Professorships, five salaries to go to a Professor of International Law, and five to a Professor of Modern History. These salaries were small at first—rather less than £100 a year per Fellowship, or £500 in all; but, as the College lands increased in value, the Fellowships grew to be of an average of £200 a year, and soon, for one or two years, £300: so that these appointments were the richest in the University. Three years previously Montague Bernard had been elected to the first of them, and the time appointed for electing the second had arrived. There were many competitors, several of whom had attained considerable reputation, and who were on the way to become famous, such as Stubbs, Freeman, Froude, Pearson; and I did not think it possible that I had a chance, especially as some of the five electors were Liberals. These were the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sumner), as Visitor of the College; Lord John Russell, as Minister for Foreign Affairs; Bethell, as Lord Chancellor; Dr. Lushington, as Judge of the Admiralty Court; and Dr. Leighton, as Warden of All Souls. I thought, and others thought, that I ought to try: so I collected testimonials (the first of which was a short but splendid one from

Bishop Wilberforce) from University and Naval friends, as well as from old pupils. This kind friend also undertook to see the electors, and enlisted Mr. Gladstone in the same service. I have no idea how much I owed to them ; but I did not expect much ; and I hoped much more from my *Pass and Class*, a copy of which I sent to each elector with my papers. This apparently more than compensated for the absence of historical reputation. The school was new and unformed. The electors preferred the promise which my book conveyed as an earnest of my success in teaching the subject. I had grown up with it, as it were, and was resident, while the others above-mentioned had left Oxford. After a few years my inferiority to the historians, whose reputation was fast growing, was no doubt remarked upon by hostile critics ;¹ but it was notorious that neither Stubbs nor Freeman, who successively became Regius Professors, could ever keep a class together, so that they could not have personally helped forward the school ; Froude had turned such wonderful somersaults in religious professions that he would at that time have done more harm than good ; and Pearson went out to Australia. I at least kept up an average attendance of 20 men during many years, and published books or articles in leading reviews every year. Thus the electors may be considered as justified, if I may say so : I think also the novelty of

¹ "The Tractarians . . . fought the battle of Anglo-Catholicism, at Oxford and elsewhere, with a whole-hearted conviction that knew no misgivings or scruples. Oxford has not forgotten the election, as late as 1862, of an orthodox naval officer to a chair of history, for which Freeman was a candidate."—*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1908. Art., "Bishop Gore and the Church of England," p. 84.

the idea of turning a naval officer, like me, loose upon the slow-moving University took their fancy. Possibly a Board composed of narrow Tories might have hesitated.

This welcome appointment gave me at once the run of All Souls, but not an actual Fellowship, as that (distinct from the salary) could only be given by the election of the Warden and Fellows, a concession to the privileges of the latter body granted by the Commission. Bernard, who was very acceptable at College, had not yet been elected Fellow, and we were both kept on without election for some years longer, as a kind of protest against appointments in which the Fellows had had no share. Three years later we were both elected together. Not long afterwards, when they got used to Professors, and new ones came on the scene, this supposed privilege was sacrificed, and Professors became Fellows *ipso facto*. I found myself kindly welcomed from the first, and liked the new society. They were mostly country gentlemen or clergymen, and some of them with titles, or sons of peers, as Lygon, who soon became Lord Beauchamp ; Bertie, brother of Lord Abingdon ; and Bathurst, who soon became Earl Bathurst, and remained Senior Fellow till he died. The College had been still more aristocratic, as explained in my *Worthies of All Souls* ; but the strict examinations now brought in a literary aristocracy, and a few men of inferior birth found their way in with the rest of the nobles. The former exclusive ideas still, however, prevailed to a great extent, and College traditions kept them going after they had become a glaring anachronism.

The first thing I set about was to compose an

Inaugural Lecture, which I did not publish, but printed for private circulation and widely distributed it. I was quite aware that my views on historical subjects were open to attack before I had a fair chance of explaining them, and I still think this was the best thing I could have done. Goldwin Smith approved of it, and, I may say, all my friends. My appointment was viciously attacked in the *Saturday Review*, but I was sure it was by a disappointed competitor (as it was) and I don't think it did much harm. The long vacation gave me time to lay out my plans, and was thus the first of those admirable institutions spent in preparing the lectures I was to give in term, for some 40 years. I at once gave up taking private pupils, and began to add to my stock of knowledge for more responsible work.

Side by side with this change of work ran a much greater development of theological controversy, already noticed. I was elected Chairman of the Oxford Branch of the English Church Union, which made an extraordinary rise in numbers by the exertions of Rhodes Bristow, who devoted himself to this business. The Union met generally in my room at home, or at All Souls, and gathered in all the young High Churchmen in the University, and many senior men, who did not, however, take very readily to the leadership of a layman. The famous Jowett question supplied a point of attack and defence, and we watched with deep interest the windings of the struggle. Twice at least the University declined, after many bitter passages, to give him the income of £500 a year which he and his friends demanded. Other Regius Professors had received augmentations of their incomes from different

sources, but not the Professor of Greek. It was argued that in this case the University was morally bound to step in ; the £40 a year chargeable to Christchurch was a ridiculous salary ; the large majority of the University said it was not their business : they did not elect and they did not approve of the appointment. Curiously enough, this delicate question was practically settled by another Professor, Freeman, who wrote to the *Times* in his downright way, pointing out that Christchurch (from which the chief opposition came), was the very body which ought to assign the stipend. The Dean and Canons were the culprits. They had never thought of making up the salary to the value of money of the present day, but had gone on drawing the difference themselves. The annual £40 was now equivalent to £500. Let them do their duty. Strange that this had never been said before. Once publicly exposed, there was no escape. Public opinion settled it, and exonerated the University. The struggle was over ; but it left much bitterness ; and a virtual success rallied many to the Rationalist side. New-comers joined the ranks, and these opinions, developed under the progress of the "Higher Criticism" and the growth of the Natural Science School, have been the most influential ever since.

But the conflict between the extreme High Church School and the party of the Moderates developed too, —a much more slow, lingering process than the other, and still going on inside as well as outside the University. Inside, the brunt fell on me. I had been able to keep our branch of the English Church Union in the paths of moderation and practical reforms, and so I used to think,—but I now doubt,—might have

continued to do, if it had not been for the importation of London firebrands, to whom some of my supporters were already linked. Still, I thought such men as Dr. Bright, afterwards Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and other seniors would be with me. I was soon undeceived. At a meeting of some 200 men in Holywell Music Hall in November, 1866, it came to a head. I could not find any one to read a paper on the side of Moderation ; so I had to write one myself (of which I still possess two written copies), and entitled it—"The Ritualism of the Day," insisting on its being not a natural development, but a change to which we were strangers, and against the principles of the E.C.U. itself, which had declared its freedom from any new or particular views of Ritual: that such changes as were now advocated were a question for lawyers, how far they were sanctioned by the Courts ; that law and custom once settled by the nation could only be altered by the nation, by Church and State in their proper constitutional assemblies,—and a great deal more which is familiar at the present day, but in the heat and hurry of that time seemed scarcely to have entered into the heads of the innovators. I subjoin the note I made on my paper a few days afterwards:

"This paper was very ill received, except just the last part, which was cheered. Hisses were heard, and frequent interruptions. (Not a voice was raised on my side.) I received no vote of thanks as chairman of the meeting, and resigned my connection with the English Church Union in two or three days."

I felt before long that I was fortunate in having so unimpeachable a reason for breaking with my Ritualistic friends, but I still retained a certain amount of intimacy with them, and especially with Bramley,

who had joined partnership with me in my enterprise to support more moderate views in the Church press, though rather from the Conservative side than the ecclesiastical. Among the more sober Churchmen of the day the feeling against the *Guardian*, which had supported Jowett and Stanley and failed to check the Ritualists, was fast rising, and a very influential meeting was held in my rooms at All Souls to consider how a new Church paper could be started to take its place. Several dignitaries were present, and (I think) Bishop Christopher Wordsworth amongst them. At any rate, he was a principal contributor to our expenses, as was Archbishop Longley and other Bishops. It was unanimously agreed to try the experiment, and it was left to me to take it in hand. Lygon, afterwards Lord Beauchamp, gave substantial help, though I don't think he trusted me on the ecclesiastical side, but he was an eager Tory, and Bramley, who had money, joined me as half-sharer in the expenses if we failed to be a paying concern. Thus started, we bought the moribund *English Churchman* (which had once been the leading High Church paper before the *Guardian* stepped into that place), for a small sum, gave it a new name, *The Churchman*, and tried more than one editor. They were egregious failures, and I had to do a great deal of the work myself. At the end of two years we were making no profits: on the contrary, I was losing £100 a year by it (individually). Wisely we accepted a modest offer from Mr. J. N. Chambers, who started it again, with its old title, on a distinctly Low Church platform; and it has gone on ever since. How the *Guardian* must have chuckled (inaudibly) at our failure!

My permanent residence at Oxford being assured by my Professorship, I had in 1862 commenced to agitate for the building of SS. Philip and James' Church. The population of North Oxford had largely increased, and St. Giles' was overcrowded. I had taken up the anti-pew movement from the beginning ; and thought this pressure favoured the idea of freeing the church and building another further north. The first part of the scheme found only partial favour, and after much discussion it was decided to set about the other part. In this I took a leading share, and almost all the £8000 which it cost was collected by me. Two persons gave large sums, Mrs. White, a rich widow, and Archdeacon Clerke ; but the interesting point was that, for the first time, almost the whole University was persuaded to join in the good work. The parish could not have done it of itself. As it was, the whole fabric, except the spire, was completed in a little more than two years, and the spire came as a separate thing three years later. I had my wish on the two points in this work on which I was bent,—free seats, and Street as architect : I had observed his merits when he restored our dear old church at Hadley. I made one more attempt to free St. Giles'. A great deal had come out of the first attempt. By way of compromise it had been freed at all the services save that of the forenoon, and even for that it was freed over the whole western portion ; but I was not satisfied. I persuaded the Vicar and Churchwardens to summon a vestry, and we had a stand-up fight, in which I was beaten by a majority of two. Vested interests were too strong. Both churches have remained to this day as then arranged.

I became Examiner in Law and History in 1867 and 1868, with Boase, Sir James Ramsay, Holland (who had succeeded Bernard as Professor of International Law), and Bryce. The last had been a pupil of mine in Law ; Anson (afterwards Bishop of Lichfield) and Kennaway (afterwards Sir John K.) had also been pupils (in History). I also began to write for the *Quarterly Review*, on "University Reform" (which the University Commission almost exactly followed) and on "Female Education." Also, I put together seven lectures annually delivered since I became Professor : which Murray published (under a bad title), "Constitutional Progress." They were on "The Chief Architect of the English Constitution" (Edward I.), Ancient and Modern Politics, Relations of Church and State (two), the Imperial and National Principles, the National Character of the old English Universities, and the Religious and Political History of England. Lord Stanhope and Stubbs corrected the proofs. This book was favourably reviewed, but (as I thought) not sufficiently pushed by Murray, and did not get to a second edition. Perhaps the essays were not striking enough. But I had already jealous enemies in the press. The lectures on Church and State were the most popular. They had previously appeared in pamphlet form, and were spoken of as the best contribution on the subject ; I really think they were, but even they were thought to be not clerical enough ; for the High Church clerical spirit was still prevalent, and actively opposed checks of any kind : all who advocated them were called Erastians. As an author on religious politics, I was evidently falling between two stools : and perhaps this was the reason why I gradually

turned my efforts at authorship more towards the secular than the ecclesiastical direction, reserving the latter for the Oxford Diocesan Conferences, which I had some hand in persuading Bishop Mackarness to institute in 1872. I fired, indeed, two last shots before I gave up my favourite project for joining the clergy and laity of the English Church in furthering Church Reform. In 1878 I was asked to contribute an article in Murray's *Church and the Age*. This was entitled "The Place of the Laity in Church Government," and had a certain success. The editions were large, and it passed through two, perhaps more. Dean Hook, Bishops Ellicott and Barry, Walsham How, Arthur Haddan, and Sir Bartle Frere, were men who had a right to be heard, but the remaining two acted rather as a drag. My paper was, I believe, useful in promoting Diocesan Conferences, then in their early infancy. In 1875 I published "Parliament and the Church of England" in order to set forth the historical side of those relations in some detail. It had a *succès d'estime*, but did not get to a second edition.

My distinctly secular authorship began with a little memoir of Sir Henry D. Chads, my old patron, who died in '86. Whether my dear friend, his son, the present Sir Henry, asked me to write it, or I proposed it to him, I am not sure ; but I have always been glad that I took the opportunity, not only as it was a real labour of love, but because it reintroduced me to the little world in which I had spent so much of my life, and no doubt (indirectly) led to my taking up the *Life of Lord Hawke* at a later date. This little sketch was only intended at first for the *United Service Magazine*, in which it appeared in 1869 ; but it was

soon reprinted, and made into a separate little book : as such, I think, it was supplied for a short time to ships' libraries. Its semi-private and colloquial style differenced it from any biography I have ever seen ; but it is a pity that I thought there was not matter enough to make it into a larger book. I was afraid of saying a superfluous word.

The restoration of All Souls' Chapel, in which I was largely concerned, led me into an examination of the College archives, and that opened out quite a new set of interests, connected with antiquarian studies. That again had been fostered by my connection with the Antiquarian and Historical Society, a flourishing and rather numerous body, of which John Henry Parker, the Broad Street publisher and bookseller, was the parent. His books on architecture were in all our hands, and Freeman, by his books and lectures, had given the study a great charm. Oxford, whose every stone may be said to have a history, was exactly the place for such a subject, and the constant excursions made it practical. In my preface to the *Worthies of All Souls* I have described the dramatic formation of the idea of writing the book in 1871, and need only repeat that I was on the lofty scaffolding erected for the repair of the decayed roof, and found the workmen in the act of laying bare the original scroll on the eastern collar-beam. In a few minutes the letters came in sight,—*Surgite mortui venite ad judicium*. Here was the unexpected and highly suggestive title-page of the ruined sculpture-book, which lay behind the plaster covering and great altar picture of Queen Anne's period, when the so-called restoration took place. It suggested the idea of an

historical judgment. It had never yet been done. Why should not the first Chichele Professor be the first to attempt it? The good old Warden was delighted with the plan, and promised hearty assistance ; and though this was very slight, the encouragement went far. In this work I first learnt what research meant. One enquiry led to another ; and the idea soon began to germinate,—that the College history of such a place as All Souls could only be properly understood in relation to the political history of its times : and this I made a leading feature both in the expanded title and the text. Coxe, librarian of the Bodleian, strongly supported me in this view, and Stubbs, then Regius Professor of Modern History, most kindly looked over the proofs. So I started under good auspices, and I think the book gave satisfaction. The Fellows of the College had not the least idea of its history, and could never explain how the institution had acquired its peculiar character. What was more, it led to the publication of the histories of all the other Colleges at a later date, but on a much smaller scale,—more like guide-books than histories. Macmillan printed, in 1874, 750 copies at (I think) 14s. apiece ; but though it got out of print, he did not see his way to a second edition. So much for my first important book ; which was indeed useful in another way, as it supplied many an illustration, and gave much insight into the byways of history, for my lectures.

Several subjects of interest had been running parallel to the last, and may be mentioned before I say more on my set publications. I have mentioned that in 1868 I began writing for the *Quarterly Review*, and might have developed into a regular contributor,

as Dr. Smith, the editor, seemed much pleased with my articles, and called one of them "excellent"; but I found the work too absorbing, and got to write only when he asked me to take a subject. Forty pounds an article was not to be despised, but the necessity of having them written by a certain time, and the wide consideration of the public taste, were inconvenient in a very busy life. I had the satisfaction of finding that my article on "Female Education" (April, 1869) had even more effect than I expected in checking the extravagance of the noisy enthusiasts for "Women's Rights," and in placing the subject on the sound basis which is now generally recognised. In 1875 I wrote again on a purely historical subject; but it was not till 1877 that I wrote "On the Balance of Power" (April), nor till later that my article "On the Rise of the Modern British Empire" appeared. But I wrote several shorter articles in the *Church Quarterly* about this time. This was the nearest approach to a moderate and orthodox Church paper at that time, and the editor (Ashwell at first) was always anxious to hear from me. The *Church Times* took an extreme Tractarian line, was cheap, positive and aggressive. It had, and has, a large circulation, and, of course, I never wrote for it, or for the *Guardian*, which always remained a first-class paper, written by gentlemen and scholars, but taking up each of two mischievous principles, Tractarianism and the Higher Criticism, in succession, and doing constant injury to the Church, in my opinion. In July, 1876, I wrote for the *Church Quarterly* on Lord Falkland, in July, 1877, on Lord Clarendon, and in October, 1877, on Dean Mansel, from whom I had learnt so much. In this I ventured to point out how

he had given himself away, and incurred undeserved opposition, by a too obstinate adherence to his formulae when they did not really apply, and so lost his place as a leading Oxford teacher. That was gone, and had been taken by John Mill and other inferior men ; who had poisoned the philosophy of the School of Literae Humaniores. The last article I wrote in reviews was some years later (October, 1886), " A Century of Irish Government " in the *Edinburgh Review*. In this I made use of my grandfather's *Tour in Ireland* (1773) (MS.) and of passages from my uncle's, Sir Thomas Larcom's, Memoranda (MS.), of which he left behind him a vast number ; and it certainly was quite a new light on the subject. Mr. Reeve, the editor, whom I met at All Souls, was much pleased with it, and asked me both to a distinguished dinner-party in London and to his house near Bourne-mouth. I find I have not mentioned in its place an early article in *Blackwood's Magazine* on the " National Character of the old English Universities " (March, 1868).

Two, or rather three, continuous subjects which never ceased to employ my thoughts all this time should find their place here.

Beginning with the National Schools, I trace my close connection with the great movement of the present times to my work in Sunday Schools, which began on board ship, went on at St. Giles' Parish School, where I took the first class of boys for many years, and found a more extended field when the Education Bill of 1870 established School Boards. The Church Schools in Oxford were in a more flourishing condition than in most places, owing very much to the Diocesan Board

which Bishop Wilberforce established, and to the very considerate management of H.M.'s Inspector, Rev. A. Pickard. There was no real need for a School Board, but the new Act empowered the Municipal Council of a town to demand one if they pleased. The Oxford Council had been for very many years a Radical, or at least strongly Liberal, body, and though it was proved to them that there was quite accommodation enough for the children of the place in existing schools, they saw their opportunity for sapping the strength of the Church in Oxford, and exercised their right. This united Churchmen and the Wesleyans in a strenuous effort to protect religious education ; Board Schools being subject to the Cowper-Temple clause, and forbidden to teach any distinctive religious tenets. Headed by Archdeacon Clerke, the clergy mustered loyally : a public meeting was held, over which I got the Duke of Marlborough to preside : we were powerfully supported by Dr. Bell, the ruling Wesleyan preacher, and determined to fight the battle on the election of members of the School Board. I was placed as chairman of the Committee for managing the election : but the chief part was really taken by Hathaway, Rector of St. Ebbe's, who before ordination had been a barrister in good practice. We passed on our enthusiasm to the population of the city, and secured a majority of three Denominationalists in a School Board of nine, rejecting altogether the three leading Liberals of the place. The Warden of All Souls became chairman, and as he was becoming infirm, it fell to me to work with Hathaway in organising the new system. This turned out very successful. The attendance of children required constant attention, and

vastly improved ; the school teachers, though ill paid, showed *esprit de corps*, and managers took to their duties with fresh spirit ; fresh schools were built wherever the Inspector desired (some twenty new rooms in the first two or three years), and we had the satisfaction of finding that, with the exception of Stockton in Durham, ours was the only considerable town in England which had stood the shock so far as to form a School Board, and provide for its being worked without a single Board School. From one triennial election to another for nearly thirty years we vigilantly retained our pre-eminence, till a new Inspector came and found support on the existing Board which took us by surprise. We tried to shut the stable door when the steed was stolen : large sums were supplied by zealous churchmen ; schools were repaired, and some built, and we were in the way to defy our enemies ; but the Inspector, the Board, the Nonconformists, and the ruthless Department in London were too much for us, and we succumbed. The new Act of 1902 found us with three Board Schools, but the rest are perhaps safe.

One very useful agency to be mentioned, which kept our school system alive not a little, was the branch of the Church School Managers and Teachers' Association, which we imported from London at the time of the first Act. This held quarterly meetings for discussion of school problems and local matters, such as the annual excursion, pupil teachers' affairs, and so on. The Vicar of St. Peter in the East (J. R. King) was very useful in this organisation, and gave the members a tea for one or two years ; but when I was elected president, I took up this function, and have continued it annually ever since,—about thirty years.

The school movement above described had a powerful effect upon Oxford politics and on my relations to our people. The old Reform Bill of 1832-3 had placed political power in the hands of the ten pound householders, who had now begun to find themselves scarcely more popular than the corrupt representatives of the old Tory system which they superseded. The leading tradesmen of Oxford, like their brethren generally, had scarcely become aware that a change was impending, and put (more or less) Radicals into Parliament at every vacancy. No one dreamt of a Conservative M.P. To carry a Gladstonian and not an extreme Radical was thought a serious innovation, as in the case of Mr. Cardwell. But there were a few tradesmen (who might be counted on the fingers of one hand) who harboured notions of rebellion in their secret breast, and a very few University men who no doubt agreed with them, but made no sign. Indeed the University was in those days so entirely separated from the city that no one in his wildest dreams thought of any common action. There were two exceptions, the bursar of Lincoln and myself. But how were the public to be aroused? A feeble effort was just now made to set up a Conservative newspaper, which deserved to fail, as it almost immediately did. The obscure person who had been chiefly concerned resolved to ask assistance, and a fairly respectable company, of which I was one, was formed. It also was a poor thing, but it made some impression, and was the chief agent in forming the nucleus of a party, more than half afraid of hearing themselves speak. I wrote a good deal for it, and, for some few months, also for the existing county paper, Jackson's *Oxford Journal*, till the Conservative proprietor inter-

ferred on the ground that this very old and established paper must not be turned into a party organ at the risk of his losing half his subscribers. Fortunately we found a skilled editor willing not only to give us a fair price for our *Oxford Times*, but to buy it on condition of keeping up its principles. He had quite a talent for organisation, and in the course of a very few years made it a very good property. Some years later still he formed a company amongst those who had sold him the paper, reserving half (I think) of the shares to himself. He kept honestly to his obligations, absorbed nearly all the small papers in the three counties, got the *Oxford Journal* into our hands (though still kept as a separate paper), and was largely instrumental in settling Oxford and the three counties as Conservative constituencies.

The success of the Church Schools, the new newspaper, and a growing courage in attacking occasional seats in the Municipal Council were gradually bringing forward a Conservative movement among the working classes in Oxford ; but we sadly wanted a man to lead them, and to drive home the mistakes of the Gladstone party and of the Radicals generally. The hour and the man arrived. Mr. Alexander Hall, Master of the Heythrop Hounds, and head of one of the two great brewing firms in Oxford, offered himself, and was gladly accepted. It was amusing to observe the terror of the Radical leaders when, in two or three speeches to great mobs, he showed himself a perfect master of open-air, not to say mob-oratory, and found no one to compare with him in that respect. The "Little Squire," as his friends fondly dubbed him, was followed about by thousands who

hung on every word; but there was always good sense and a good deal of knowledge along with his remarkable eloquence, his appeals to the patriotic watchwords which the people thoroughly enjoyed, and his spirited denunciations of his political enemies, local or Parliamentary. When Hall finally retired from Parliament I had the principal share as a vice-president in obtaining Sir George Chesney for his successor, and when he died, Lord Valentia. Three or four other outlying University men gradually took a prominent part in the organisation of the party; our registration was placed on a working system: we got a good agent: we founded a club, which, when the Unionist party was formed, added that to its "Conservative" title, and which secured good premises in George Street, (while Herbert Morrell did the same service for East Oxford), and by degrees we got a majority in the Town Council. All these things gave us such a position that we have easily beat our opponents whenever they contested the seat. While I write (at the close of 1903) the first formidable movement is taking place by reason of the Chamberlain agitation, which has aroused the long-dormant Liberalism of the University and formed an effective junction with it and the oft-beaten Radical citizens; no one can tell what the next election may bring forth. Our party are hardly aware of their danger, and I am getting too old to lead them as I used.

On looking back at this political portion of my career I am not inclined to regret it. I do not think that it interfered with Professorial work. I wrote fresh Lectures for nearly every term in the ample vacations; and I gained something from mixing with

new classes of the population, nor did I spend any considerable amount of money in the business. It made me indeed more sensible of what I could not fail to observe previously, that the Liberal and Radical portion of the University were unfriendly, but as they did not take any prominent part themselves, they could hardly complain. My old friends were passing away, and I was very much left by myself ; the call came, and I obeyed it. My zeal for the good of the English Church and for the welfare of the State on its old historic lines coincided. The Whigs, the Liberals and the Radicals were arrayed against what I considered the cause of religion, they cared nothing about the Colonies, and they misguided England. I hailed the advent of Disraeli, though I often disliked his methods. Still more did I welcome Lord Salisbury, whom I regard as the nearest approach to a great Statesman that we have seen in my lifetime. I had a duty as an English citizen ; was I to slink away from it? Some of my electioneering experiences were amusing. On the first trial of strength, our weakness lay not only in our scanty list of supporters, but in the absurd timidity of some, especially in North Oxford, where our Villa-Conservatives were afraid of being mobbed, never having before recorded their votes. Their alarm was in some degree justified by the action of the enemy, who sent a wagon up to St. Giles' School-room, where the votes of the North were to be given, full of jeering youths in Radical colours, who shouted as every supposed Conservative came up. Observing this proceeding, I ran down to Gloucester-Green, where I knew that election mobs assembled. I was looking about for some " blues " when a fine hearty-looking

man came up to me and asked what Captain Burrows wanted. "Could he help me?" "Yes," said I, "I want a dozen Tory roughs to come up to St. Giles' polling place, and to shout down the red roughs in the wagon, who had had as yet their own way." "To be sure," said he; "wait five minutes and you shall have them." In less time than that there they were, capital young fellows, up to anything. "Form in line," said my friend, "right face; march." I guided them; they drew up at the gate. The Radical wagon thought it best to drive off, and my poor frightened sheep took courage. After all was quiet I asked my fine old friend how he came to know me and help me just in the nick of time. "Why," said he, "I was sergeant of Marines on board the next ship to the Edinburgh, where you were, at the battle of Acre, and as I live at Oxford I have often seen you about, and am glad to do you a little service." I could not offer money to such a man, nor indeed to my roughs. They were all gratified with success and thanks. Two more of my fellow-labourers deserve mention. One was a scamp who had often been up before me as chairman of the School Board for gross neglect of his children's attendance. After the election he staggered by me half drunk, and in his drunken way addressed me thus: "Voted blue, sir, yesterday—no more School Board summonses." I am afraid he found out that he had made a mistake. The other was by no means a scamp: but he had not been able to resist temptation on election day. Four days afterwards he met me in the street, looking seedy enough. "Please, sir," said he, "would you kindly give me a shilling. I have kept it up for three days, and I am very bad. I haven't

a farthing more to spend." As he was perforce almost sober, I of course gave him a lecture, but no shilling. The next time I saw him he was at his vocation, lighting the town lamps, and he gave me a knowing wink. More than once afterwards he confided to me, looking all round in the dusk, his particular sentiments, and expressed his utter contempt for the Radicals. Once there was a Radical fête, and there was to be a torch-light procession, but it didn't come off. The torches were put in some building to which he had access. He quietly walked off with them all, restoring them when it was too late! He was never absent from a Conservative meeting if he could help it, and I suspect he was one of the most useful men we had. He is still lamplighter. I have never once seen him the worse for drink, but never without his wink and his merry smile.

Running along with the occupations of the first few years of my Professorship, (authorship, schools, newspapers, and politics), was my connection with the Oxford Diocesan Conference. I think I espoused the cause of such assemblies as soon as anybody. They were more local and business-like than congresses, brought the Bishop and Archdeacons more closely into contact with the laity, and seemed likely to form a wholesome state of public opinion on Church matters. I had a talk with Bishop Wilberforce about them before he left the diocese, but he was quite decisively against them. "Mont," said he, "I can govern my own diocese, and I don't want you or any one else to interfere." This sounds harsh and narrow; but though of course said kindly and half in joke, it was really of a piece with his growing autocratic tendency. At our quarterly meet-

ings of Diocesan Societies he gave many proofs of this. So great a man must have *some* faults. I lost very little time in attempting to win over his successor, Bishop Mackarness. In 1869 I had written strongly in favour of these assemblies in my article published in the *Church and the Age*, and by that time I was able to quote four Dioceses as already at work. Bishop Mackarness was quite well-disposed, and found that many of his leading clergy were heartily for it. His difficulty was as to the laity, who, he believed, would not come to these Conferences. I undertook to get him the names of people likely to come in the three counties, and called in two friends to do for Berks and Bucks what I did for Oxon. He magnanimously gave up his objections on reading these lists, and summoned the twenty-four of them whom he thought most representative to meet him. I was one. It turned out that twenty-two out of the twenty-four supported the idea. He was always fair to me, and took care that I should be on the committee which selected subjects and speakers. I was thus more often asked to take part than I should have been otherwise. Nearly all my papers and speeches were in favour of lay connection with Church government, in different forms, and of parochial as against monastic clergy. I for the most part obtained a *succès d'estime*, but could not expect to exercise influence in such an assembly as I have described. There was an excellent rule that voting by orders might take place if a certain number signified approval. It *never* took place. The laity were afraid of being excommunicated. Things went on under Bishop Stubbs much as under his predecessor, though he was an old personal friend. He knew what labour

the practical defence of the Church Schools had cost me from first to last, and once publicly said in committee that he wished I could accept a Canonry, but as it was I must take his hand and his thanks.

My deafness was much against me in these conferences. I could not reply to opponents because I could not hear their criticisms. It was so painful that I should have given up, if the electors of Oxford parishes had not at each triennial election placed me first or second amongst the sixteen allowed to the city. Herbert Morrell was first two or three times when I was second, but I was generally first. When Paget was appointed I begged to be excused. This had become necessary, for the illnesses which caused me to resign my Professorship had increased my infirmity, and forced me to give up nearly all meetings at which I was not absolutely obliged to appear.

Another continuous function helped to keep the ecclesiastical interests of my life at full stretch for ten years of this period. I was asked by the editors of the chief organ of the American Church, the *Churchman*, to take the place, which had just been vacated, of English correspondent. I was much pleased to be asked, and dated my first letter December 11, 1869. I knew the paper, and had made acquaintance with certain Bishops from the United States, who took my fancy as representing a type of Bishops better in some respects than our own. They were more frank and open-minded, less donnish, accustomed to work with a class of laymen in their Synods of a far superior kind to ours,—judges, commercial magnates, educated gentlemen ; and they had adopted our Prayerbook with very slight modifications, mostly for the better. They were

too well-informed to approve of the ritualism then making itself known through Purchas' and Mac-konochie's trials, and were untouched by the rationalistic movement. I suppose these were the people who recommended me. The editors applauded my letters, and I got into such a swing of journalism that they only took me two hours a week to write. They came to an end through the progress of ritualism in the American Church, which began to give trouble just as in our own.

To the facility acquired in these weekly letters I attribute what some might call the *cacoethes scribendi* which developed into my two histories of our family, written for private circulation in 1877 and 1883. The first was a *History of the Family of Burrows*, started, I think, by Dr. Lee's *History of Thame*, or more probably by some enquiries he made of me before he wrote his book. At any rate something led me to examine the Thame Register, where I found notices of our family going back as far as 1660, and was soon able, with the assistance of my brother Henry, and still more of his wife, to form a pedigree. They warmly encouraged me, and I set to work. It was truly a labour of love. Certainly literature has afforded me no pleasure to be compared with that of tracing out all the channels by which our blood has run, till the present generation took its place in God's world. Much of it I knew before, but now I had to find chapter and verse for everything, and to collect materials from every quarter. (It took four months to write.) I can safely say the result was satisfactory. Very little more is left for the future ; and the work was crowned by the discovery of the long-lost Burrows vault, with the remains of

some bodies turned to dust, absolute dust. The gratitude of the family has been most kindly expressed, and one of the best judges of such matters in England has called it the most interesting family history he ever read. This led to my *History of the Family of Larcom, Hollis and Mackinley*, my mother's relations. Here I got a little more contemporary help, from old ladies of the family, and rejoiced in picturing the worthies who made their way in the great wars with the French, and their brilliant descendant, my uncle, Sir Thomas Larcom. These two books are my legacy to the family ; and I cannot but believe that they may in future generations have some stimulating and ennobling effect on their lives and character. They are not for the public. Perhaps in the next century the memory of those times may have so completely passed away that even a private family's annals may be of some use in reminding the world that " Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona " ; men who feared God and honoured the King.

CHAPTER VI

CONCLUSION

HERE the autobiography must be closed, perhaps rather abruptly ; but the remainder is either too domestic and personal for publication, or concerns more recent Oxford events which have not yet come into focus. But it may be permitted to touch briefly on three or four points of which no mention is made, probably owing to the fact that the autobiography was written in extreme old age, and death intervened before there was time for revision and final completion.

In 1885 my father applied himself to the congenial task of writing the *History of the Family of Brocas of Beaurepaire and Roche Court*. He was attracted to it in two ways—by his special turn for family history, and by the fact that his wife was a direct descendant of this very ancient family ; but the immediate cause was his acquisition—by a most curious series of accidents—of an old oak chest containing a continuous series of Brocas deeds and papers from 1271 to 1782. Seldom has a more delightful windfall come to the lot of historian or antiquary : for, apart from the intrinsic interest of the documents themselves, the seals alone formed a most remarkable—probably an unique—series.

But the first results of research were iconoclastic. What little knowledge or legend remained of the Brocas family proved to be hopelessly inaccurate. There was the well-known tomb of Sir Bernard Brocas in St. Edmund's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, erected by his grateful master, Richard II. (who also accorded him a splendid funeral at a cost of £800); but unfortunately there is no proof whatever that he decapitated a king of Morocco,¹ and we shall now never know why, at a time when crests were first beginning to be borne and were of the first importance, he was allowed to adopt the "Moor's head in profile, crowned," which may still be seen on the brass in the Brocas chantry at Sherborne St. John, on the gate-posts at the moat-bridge of Beaurepaire, and on the weathercocks of Bramley Church, commemorating some of their old possessions. The inscription over the Westminster Abbey tomb, composed in the eighteenth century,² was still more hopelessly misleading, as it states that the Brocases were Normans who came over with the Conqueror, instead of Gascons, who came over with Edward II., and confuses the great Sir Bernard with his son, who was executed by Henry IV. for conspiring in favour of the deposed Richard II., and has found a monument perhaps yet more enduring than a tomb in the Abbey—a line in Shakespeare.³

¹ "Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head."—Addison, *Spectator*, No. 329.

² Cf. *The Roll Call of Westminster Abbey*, by Mrs. A. Murray-Smith, pp. 54-55.

³ Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, Act v., Sc. 6.

But if there were legends to destroy, there were others more glorious to elucidate, for Sir Bernard Brocas, for instance, proved a "verray perfight gentil knight," who fought at Crecy, Poitiers and Najara, was the bosom friend of the Black Prince,¹ fell in love with the Fair Maid of Kent, and persuaded the Black Prince to woo her in his behalf, with the sad result that the Prince himself fell a victim to the lady's "très grande beauté et son très gracieux contenance qui merveillement lui plaisoit," and incontinently married her. But the whole of this charming tale, which surely would have been seized upon by Shakespeare had the chronicle then been extant, may be read in the Brocas book, which throws a flood of light upon the times when Froissart wrote, and the Roy Outremer held a fair share of Southern France, and cool-headed, hard-hitting Gascons were tempted to follow his fortunes to England, and settle down on the rich estates² which were the rewards of successful service.

But the book was published in an unfortunate form. The historical part and the antiquarian part were bound up together, making a volume as alarming to the eye as it was heavy to the hand; and this certainly deprived it of some of the success it deserved. But it had an important sequel. It brought into prominence the vast importance of the "Gascon Rolls" as materials

¹ "Qui moult grandement avoit servi le Prince, et pour lui tant en ses guerres que autrement avoit moult travaillé." *Chronique des Quatre Premiers Valois*. See *History of the Family of Brocas*, p. 91.

² "Eton men and Windsor residents will at last learn from this account of the estates held by the family at Windsor and Eton what is the meaning of the familiar term 'the Brocas.'" *History of the Family of Brocas*, p. 5.

for the study of the English government of the Gascon provinces. These Rolls, containing many thousands of official documents, extending over two centuries out of the three during which our island was connected with its dependency, were brought off from Bordeaux when the English were expelled in 1453. They were deposited in the Tower of London, and then in the Record Office, where they lay practically untouched for 400 years. In 1885 M. Francisque Michel began the task of decipherment, the French Government paying the expenses of his preliminary volume, and without the light thus thrown on that early period the Brocas history could hardly have been written. It was owing to the energetic representations of Montagu Burrows that the English Government was induced to co-operate with the French Government in this enterprise, and the work of deciphering and editing these unique records is now steadily progressing. In return for his services in this matter the French Government created Montagu Burrows "Officier de l'Instruction Publique," the highest grade in that branch, rarely given to foreigners, and in his letter of thanks the recipient expressed the hope that this might be the beginning of an *entente cordiale*, a hope that has been strikingly, if tardily, realised.

This task was hardly over before he was asked by Professor Freeman to write a volume for the "Historic Towns" series, and was allotted the appropriate subject of the Cinque Ports, appropriate because it evoked his intimate knowledge of early naval history, as well as of history in general. Books written for a series have their drawbacks: the life of a series is usually short nowadays, and the space available is necessarily curtailed.

Nevertheless this was one of his most successful books ; it has gone through several reprints, and remains the standard work on the subject. It was perhaps the first serious attempt "to bring before the general reader the development of these grand old towns into a great and powerful corporation charged with the control of a principal industry and food supply of the people—the herring fishery—trusted with the defence of the English shores and the passage to the Continent, gradually formed into a local Royal Navy, and, performing the most brilliant service, chartered by each Sovereign in turn with unrivalled privileges, honoured with the highest place above all others at Coronations, and retaining a titular rank, confined to themselves, which is not even yet obsolete."

In November, 1865, he was elected a member of the University Extension Committee. Now that the question of University Reform is again so much to the fore, it is interesting to observe what were the subjects that came before this important Committee forty years ago : they seem such ancient history now, they were of such striking novelty then. Among them were : (1) To consider the suggestion for extending the University by founding a College or Hall on a large scale, with a view not exclusively, but especially, to the education of persons needing assistance and desirous of admission into the Christian Ministry ; (2) to consider the best means of adapting the existing Colleges and Halls to the object of University Extension ; (3) to consider the expediency of allowing Undergraduates to reside in Lodgings, whether with or without connection with Colleges, and to recommend provisions for securing their discipline and tuition ; (4) to consider whether

Colleges and Halls should have the power to permit their Undergraduates to go into Lodgings after two years' residence.

Montagu Burrows was put on to the Sub-Committee formed to consider the first of these points, together with Dr. Shirley, Dr. Pusey, Professor Montague Bernard, Dr. Mansel and four others. The Sub-Committee reported in 1866 (the year of Mr. Keble's death), and their report formed the basis of the scheme for Keble College.

He resigned his Professorship in 1900, when increasing deafness made it impossible for him to carry out his University duties efficiently ; but five years of vigorous life were still left to him, filled with labour on behalf of the manifold causes that interested him—his religion, his College, his politics and his poor. Of his private character it is difficult for a son to speak, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read the *Autobiography*. There are detailed the principles that guided him, as a result of the influences that formed him : they have only to be translated into the terms of family life. But the few who knew him intimately will never forget two points in his character—the marvellous lessons of patience that he taught to a naturally impulsive, keen, vigorous disposition, and the peculiar bright light of hopefulness and trust that shone through his views of life, of politics, of family affairs, as the result of a manly confident religion fusing with a sanguine temperament. Many will remember him as a stalwart fighter, a champion of unpopular causes, a busy organiser, an awkward opponent ; to a smaller circle he will be best recalled by “ his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.”

His death (July 10, 1905) was such as he would perhaps have chosen for himself, sudden and painless, with his natural force but little abated by the weight of eighty-six years or the hardships of his early youth, so that one is tempted to believe that

“Somewhere surely afar
In the sounding labour house vast
Of Being is practised that strength
Zealous, beneficent, firm.”

He was accorded a University funeral, perhaps unique in the fact that the sword of a Naval Officer reposed on the coffin of a Professor, and that the flags at Portsmouth were dipped for a Fellow of All Souls.

SOME NOTES ON PROFESSOR BURROWS AND ALL SOULS COLLEGE

By CHARLES OMAN

HIS SUCCESSOR IN THE CHICHELE PROFESSORSHIP

I HAD the honour and good fortune to be elected to an All Souls' fellowship in 1883, when Professor Burrows had already occupied the Chichele chair for twenty years. Yet it was my privilege to share membership of the College with him for nearly a quarter of a century, as he survived till 1905. He was already, when first I knew him, well on in his sixties, but was a picture of vigorous and genial old age, full of energy, and interested in every new development in the College and the University. His only infirmity was his deafness, which had already grown very marked, and increased perceptibly with his increasing years.

I believe that in the time before I made his acquaintance, in the troublous period when the last University Commission was first pending and then carrying out its schemes, Burrows had been a mighty fighter in College meetings. But of this I know only by hearsay: the old battles had died down a few years before my election, and All Souls, having escaped the radical changes to which some would have doomed it, had

become a most peaceable community and a praiseworthy exponent of brotherly love. In the seventies things had not been so quiet: the College had been divided into several parties, one of which simply opposed all change, while others had different schemes for recasting the functions and management of the foundation on various new lines. The fear of the Commission was on every man, and some thought that All Souls could only hope to survive by surrendering its old institutions, and taking up in one way or another a wholly different scheme of existence. There were some fellows who were prepared to make it a sort of appendage of the Bodleian Library, and at least one who wished to make it into a kind of school of Oriental languages. A more numerous party thought that it could only be saved by becoming an ordinary undergraduate College, and of this section Burrows was one—as was also our late Warden, Doctor Leighton. I have heard of the ingenuity with which they discovered means of housing a very considerable number of undergraduates in our oddly-planned quadrangles, and of the curious apartments, veritable ‘prophets’ chambers,’ into which they maintained that the young men could be introduced. College meetings palpitated with interest, and occasionally grew very warm, while these projects were being discussed. Unlike our humdrum gatherings of the twentieth century, they were protracted far into the dusk, with much oratory and many prophecies of coming evil. Fortunately all the schemes of sweeping change were one by one rejected, and the College faced the Commission with plans which were finally approved in the main, whereby the old character of the foundation was maintained. It con-

tinued to be a body of fellows, chosen after examination in law or history, though it undertook to endow and receive into its community a considerable number of Professors and readers in these same subjects, and to devote a good deal of money to extra-mural University purposes. Burrows, like most of the others who had favoured more radical changes, admitted, ere many years had passed, that all had been for the best, and welcomed the working of the new statutes, under which we have lived so happily for the last thirty years. I think that he had favoured the scheme for introducing undergraduates because he loved young men: he did not forget the days when he had been the most popular 'coach' in Oxford, and would have liked to see about him boys who would remind him of his old pupils.

This recalls to me his never-failing kindness and attention to the minute body of juniors who have always formed part of the foundation, our four Bible clerks. I think that he never missed making the acquaintance of any one of them: he was fond of entertaining them, and always spoke up in their interests when they were being discussed at the College meeting. Very few of them failed to become his good friends, and those who did were the less worthy members of the band. His untiring kindness to them often put to shame the younger men among us, who with no burden of years upon our backs, and more spare time, sometimes felt that we were not doing all our duty to the lads on the back staircase.

To all junior fellows Burrows gave a hearty greeting, especially if he found that they were neither doctrinaire Liberals nor extreme High Churchmen—two classes

of persons whose views he could neither understand nor admire. But even they shared in his wide affection for all who had been duly elected to the foundation and showed themselves loyal members of it. Their theories were their misfortune, and he could tolerate anyone who tried to do his duty as a conscientious All Souls man. The only ones in whom he could find no pleasure were those who shirked their 'statutory general meetings' and never put in an appearance in chapel.

A proper participation in the public worship of the College was the thing that he liked most among the juniors. He himself, even when he had passed the age of eighty, was a very constant and regular attendant at the services: I often noted him pounding down from the Parks on a cold or rainy day, when too many of us held ourselves excused, and admired without copying his devotion to duty. As I was a frequent (though not an over punctual) visitor at chapel myself, I think that he passed me as a good second-class member of the fraternity. It was only after I ceased to reside in College that I realized that besides his regular attendance there, he was also doing his duty as a parishioner of St. Giles' Church, and supervising down to the last the Sunday School class which he had formed some forty years back. But of this more is told in another chapter.

One of my first reminiscences of Burrows as an orator is my recollection of his short and breezy speeches when, as Sub-Warden, he had to take the chair at the College Gaudés. His style was the reverse of formal, and his material was often humorous: he never tired of poking fun at those who were (or had

been) afraid of Professors, when first they were introduced into the College. We could not but acknowledge that he was the least professorial (in the invidious sense of the word) of all men. Airs of superiority and Olympian gravity he never affected, but was as fond of his joke as the youngest of us. But this did not mean that he treated all subjects in a light vein: where he thought that there was any serious principle involved he was always in sober earnest. I noted this especially when the question of the presentations to College livings came up. He had a great dread of the consequence of letting extreme and lawless ritualists get promotion in the Church, and his first impulse when a living was to be given away was to discover who among the candidates could be considered 'loyal Church of England men' and who could not. He often protested against anything being done for men who belonged to the societies which he considered dangerous and disloyal.

Secular politics, of course, never came up at College meetings. But outside the walls of All Souls Burrows was always active in the Conservative cause, and anxious to interest in local work those of his juniors who were of the same party as himself. I had one or two curious jobs consigned to me by his suggestion during the general election of 1885 and 1886, including the very odd, and in some ways trying, one, of instituting a personal canvass in the back courts behind St. Aldates Street, where dwelt some of the more abnormal and unsatisfactory specimens of Oxford voter. They polled up very well in the end, and I was able to give a good account of them to him that sent me among them. They were still in 1885 remembering

with regret the good old days of Mr. Hall's candidature, 'when an election was still an election,' and banners, bands, and beer had made things far more lively than they had become in these degenerate days. No election meeting was complete without the Professor, and his short and pithy speeches were always expected and readily given.

When Mr. Gladstone came down to Oxford, and dwelt in All Souls for a week during the summer of 1890, Burrows was for the first time brought into close personal contact with him—they must of course have often seen each other in old University contests in the 'fifties,' but I think had never actually held converse together for more than a few words. Our distinguished visitor, who came down to us in a most genial and brotherly frame of mind, had hardly been ten minutes in the Common Room when he selected for close conversation and graceful compliment the two men who had worked hardest against him in Oxford at recent elections, Burrows and Dicey. Both had nourished some doubts whether they ought to put in an appearance at his reception, and both were surprised to meet with such a hearty greeting. Mr. Gladstone's open goodfellowship and tactful avoidance of all dangerous points of discussion had obvious effect on Burrows, who averred that he had never before realized how much of the Conservative there was in the old man. Nor was this surprising, for our visitor had been uttering most ultra-Tory sentiments concerning the University, regretting, for example (what surprised us most), the suppression of the class of Gentlemen Commoners, and deploring the sinking of the level in dress and decorum among undergraduates.

I fancy that after 1890 the Professor had a much more tolerant feeling for the statesman who had for thirty years been his bugbear in Church and State. So had we all, for the matter of that.

Burrows lectured with exemplary regularity all the time that he held his professorship—down to the summer of 1900, when he retired or ‘went on half pay,’ as he accurately expressed it in naval terminology. He was never one of those who contented themselves with repeating over again a limited number of courses, and frequently wrote new ones down to the last. They were often on naval subjects, and I fancy that he had lectured several times on the importance of the sea-power in the history of Great Britain long before Captain Mahan popularized the subject. His lectures were well attended in early days, but the audience had fallen to a very moderate figure for some years before his retirement. It is hard to get undergraduates to come to professorial lectures, and particularly so when they are on topics—such as naval ones,—which the young men consider to be of doubtful utility for examination purposes. This is the difficulty set before all professors under the present arrangement of affairs in the University. They are not expected to lecture on the ordinary subjects of the schools ; and if they do, the undergraduate still prefers to go to the courses of some tutor, who is supposed to be the most practical purveyor of the exact amount of knowledge required for each several examination. If, on the other hand, the professor chooses to lecture on the subject in which he is himself most interested, he will get but a small audience. It may be ‘fit,’ but it will certainly be ‘few.’

I must add, in conclusion, that Burrows was a most cheery figure in the social life of the College. He was as regular an attendant at the Gaudés as at the College meetings or the chapel services. He was distinctly the most sprightly of our seniors; despite of his deafness, he always contrived to keep abreast with what was going on. The great centenary Mallard Procession in 1901 interested him greatly, and he was with difficulty prevented from taking part in that section of it which consisted in a perilous promenade with torches among the pinnacles and gables of the roof. The sky-walking had a great attraction for an old sailor. This would have been quite in keeping with the agility of one who began to play golf at the age of seventy-two, learnt the art of bicycling at the age of seventy-three, and was with difficulty induced to abandon the latter pursuit somewhat later, by the entreaties of alarmed friends and relatives.

The College of All Souls has been fortunate in possessing many sons who have led lives out of the ordinary groove of academic routine. It certainly never possessed one of a more marked individuality or of a more loyal spirit than 'the old commander,' as we loved to call Montagu Burrows.

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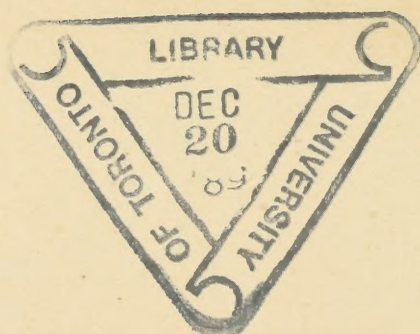
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